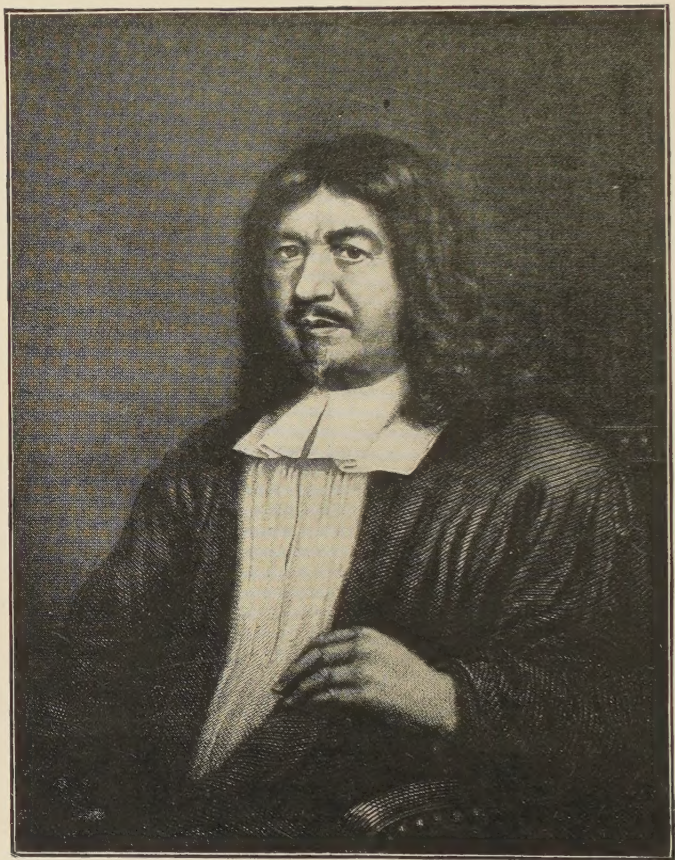




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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



John Bunyan

(From a Painting in the possession of John Fenwick, Esq.)

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FROM

THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME

DELIVERED UNDER

THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

*Wherein is Discovered the Manner of his Setting Out, His Dangerous
Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country*

"I have used similitudes."—HOSEA xii. 10.

BY

JOHN BUNYAN

Edited by

GEORGE OFFOR

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. ROBINSON

and

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

IF it be a paradox to say that the fewer the facts known about the life of a great man, the greater the number of his biographers, the proposition would at least admit of some plausible argument.

A little more is known about Bunyan than about Shakespeare, and he has not quite so many biographers. But they are nevertheless legion. Men so different, and of such opposite poles of thought and temperament as Macaulay, Froude, and Carlyle, have been at the pains to clothe the few bones of actual fact that are known to us concerning the life of the great tinker apostle with a wealth of inference and suggestion, which, while it reflects credit upon the subtlety and intelligence of the biographer, is a more convincing evidence of the extraordinary and catholic influence which John Bunyan has exercised and still exerts over all who read him.

Of this influence, born of, and perhaps, among English-speaking people, in its extent and power second only to, the Bible itself, I shall presently have more to say.

The actual facts of Bunyan's life as certainly known are not many and may be stated in a few pages.

He was born in the year 1628 (the actual date is not certainly known), at Elstow, a small village near Bedford. His father was a tinker and brazier, apparently in a fair and decent way of business; settled in the village; a householder, and not the itinerant tinker, half thief, half gipsy, that the name is apt to suggest. Of his mother nothing is known. He says of himself and of his own parentage and childhood: "I was of low and inconsiderable generation, my father's

house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all families in the land." And again: "I never went to school, to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house, in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen."

It appears nevertheless that he had some sort of schooling, which is more than most boys of his class are like to have had in those days.

There was, as it happened, a school in Bedford—a grammar school, founded by Sir William Harper, Lord Mayor of London in the time of Queen Mary. To this school he was sent as a small child, when exactly and for how long a time, is not known. Indeed, no really definite thing is known about him, except that he lived at home at Elstow, and was brought up to his father's trade of a tinker until the year 1645, when he was seventeen years of age.

In that year, and, as it would seem, at any rate some few weeks before the battle of Naseby, which was fought on the 14th June, he enlisted as a soldier and was present at the storming of Leicester by the Royalist troops a fortnight before that battle. That he was also present at Naseby seems probable, but so little is known of this episode in his life that it is not even certain whether he fought on the side of the King or of the Parliament.

The only allusion he himself makes to the matter, and the principal evidence upon which his various biographers have founded their different theories, is as follows:—"When I was a soldier I was with others drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it. But when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room. Coming to the siege as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the heart with a musket bullet and died." The story is told (as all mention of himself in any of his works is made) simply to point a moral, but there is no reason to doubt the facts.

It is generally agreed that Leicester is the "place" referred to, and if so, it seems most likely that he was serving in the Royalist army, who were the only active besiegers, for when the town was retaken by the victorious Parliament army after Naseby, there was no siege, and no shot fired that could account for the death of the comrade who volunteered for sentry duty in Bunyan's stead.

On whichever side he served, however, it was not for long. He was back at Elstow by the end of the year, and shortly after his return, young as he was, he married. Apparently he was partly persuaded to the step by his friends who thought that marriage would steady him as, according to his own account (to be taken however with some reserve) he had been a wild youth, addicted to sports and dancing, and much given to cursing and swearing. His wife was a penniless orphan and brought him as her marriage portion two books of piety. Here is his own account of the matter. "I lighted" (he says) "on a wife whose father was counted godly. We came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us. But she had for her portion two books, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. . . . She often told me what a godly man her father was, how he would reprove and correct vice both in his house and among his neighbours, what a strict and holy life he lived in his day both in word and deed."

Even before his marriage, and indeed from his very earliest boyhood, he had been much troubled by religious doubts and scruples. These were renewed with greater force than before, and by his own account of his spiritual life and feelings at this period, and for some years afterwards, Bunyan seems to have developed an ingenuity in self-torture that is almost unparalleled. Those who wish to read the story of his mental struggles and sufferings will find it in his "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," which is practically a spiritual or religious autobiography.

To return to the actual facts of his life. When he was about twenty-one he made the acquaintance of a Mr Gifford, the minister of the Baptist Church and head of the Baptist community in Bedford.

Gifford had been an officer in the Royalist Army, a roysterer and a gambler. He had become converted, and, as is usual in the case of converted sinners, his Christianity was of the hardest and most uncompromising type.

It would scarcely be expected that a man of this stamp would have administered much comfort to a mind like Bunyan's, already self tortured to breaking point by its own

imaginative fears and scruples. As a matter of fact, the immediate effect of Gifford's exhortation was to plunge the unhappy neophyte into a sort of reckless despair. "I thought," he says, "none but the devil himself could equal me for inward wickedness and pollution. Sure, thought I, I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued for a long while, even for some years together."

At last, however, his trouble came to an end, his scruples left him, he felt no longer that he was irretrievably damned; he became a Baptist and joined Mr Gifford's church in Bedford. In 1655, being then twenty-seven years old, he was called upon to take part in the ministry. He preached first of all in private, being afraid, and doubting his powers; but his extraordinary capacity was at once obvious, and thereafter he preached continually in public whenever and wherever called upon, as it seemed to be opportune.

In these ten years since his marriage, however, he had not been idle at his trade, and he was now become a householder and a man of some mark and prosperity in his native village. His wife had borne him four children, one of whom, unhappily, was blind, and he seems to have maintained them in reasonable comfort.

His fame as a preacher spread rapidly and in 1657, less than two years after his call to the ministry, he gave up his duties at the Bedford Church under Gifford and devoted himself wholly to preaching and to religious controversy.

About this time his wife died and he married again in the summer of the year 1659.

So far, the whole of Bunyan's life, after he had attained to manhood, had been passed under a government built up by the forces of Dissent and naturally favourable to Dissenters. But a change was now at hand. Cromwell had died in the autumn of 1658 and his son Richard had resigned the Protectorate after eight months of quarrelling and confusion between Army and Parliament.

In February 1660 Mark and Fairfax entered London; in March the Long Parliament dissolved itself; in April the Convention Parliament assembled; and on the 25th May Charles II. landed at Dover. Almost immediately the natural reaction began to make itself felt in religion as well as in politics.

The stringent Acts passed in 1593 against Protestant

Sectaries, which had not been enforced for many years, were revived, and although the Act of Uniformity, originally passed by Queen Elizabeth in 1559, was not definitely re-enacted till May 1662, it revived in spirit with the landing of Charles. Proclamations were issued closing the Dissenting chapels and requiring the people, under penalties, to attend service on Sundays in the Parish Churches. Separate meetings were forbidden, the Government fearing, not without reason, that they would be used as much for political as for religious purposes.

Like many other Dissenters, the Bedford Baptists refused to conform. Bunyan, as the most prominent man among them, was singled out to be made an example of. On the 12th November 1660 he had arranged to preach in a house in the village of Samsell, near Harlington. News of this was carried to a local magistrate, and a warrant issued for his arrest. Bunyan was informed beforehand, but decided that it was his duty to carry out his engagement and face the consequences.

Accordingly he went to Samsell at the time indicated, was formally arrested, and taken next day before the magistrate. The magistrate, finding that the meeting had been merely religious, and not in any way political or revolutionary, offered to release Bunyan on bail if he would engage not to preach again till he came up for trial at Quarter-Sessions. Bunyan refused. He was then told that if he would promise to call no more meetings he might go free altogether. He again refused, and was accordingly committed for trial, and removed to the Bedford Gaol. Being indicted at Quarter-Sessions, he was equally uncompromising, and the Judges were compelled perforce to sentence him in accordance with the Act of 1593. This sentence was imprisonment for three months, and if at the end of that time he remained obstinate, banishment from the realm, with a liability to hanging if he should return without license. Accordingly he was imprisoned in one or other of the Bedford Gaols for three months. Shortly before the term expired, overtures were made to him to induce him to give some sort of promise of compliance with the law, but he still refused, and instead of being brought up again at the end of the three months, and banished in accordance with the terms of the Act, he was left in his prison. It may fairly be assumed

that the authorities did not want to make a martyr of him, and preferred to leave him in prison quietly, rather than exile him, and be compelled perhaps eventually to hang him, if he should (as he probably would have done) persist in returning to England to continue his preaching.

At any rate the blame, if blame there was, does not lie with his Judges but with the law which they were bound to enforce.

At the time of his arrest his second wife was with child, but the trouble so affected her that she was prematurely confined and, though she recovered, the child died.

In April 1661, very shortly after the expiration of his first three months of imprisonment, Bunyan was offered another chance of freedom. On the occasion of the coronation of Charles II., on the 23rd of that month, a free pardon was granted to all persons then awaiting trial for felony, and all convicted felons were to be allowed to sue out a pardon under the Great Seal within a year.

The question was raised by his friends as to whether Bunyan was legally convicted, as, if not, he should be set free at once and without condition. The Judges concluded that he was legally convicted, and must sue out his pardon if he wished to benefit by the Coronation amnesty. His young wife came up to London to plead for him, but as she told the Judges, in answer to their questions, that if her husband were released he would certainly go on preaching in public, they could naturally do nothing for her, though they listened to what she had to say, and treated her with great consideration.

Bunyan refused to sue out his pardon and was therefore left where he was, but very considerable freedom was allowed him. He was at first permitted to go where he pleased, and his imprisonment would have been merely nominal if he had been willing to remain quiet. But he used his freedom as might have been expected and, as he says himself, followed his wonted course of preaching, taking all occasions that were put into his hand to visit the people of God. The authorities could not tolerate this open defiance, and for a time he was kept closely confined. For six years this sort of thing went on, the severity of his imprisonment being relaxed and again drawn close, as the authorities hoped to find he had become more amenable, and found that he was as firm, or as obstinate, as ever.

Meanwhile Bunyan complained of his illegal detention, and petitioned, but without avail, to be again brought to trial. It is not easy to see that a second trial could have availed him much. The only possible result would have been banishment in accordance with the Act of Elizabeth and, perhaps, the infliction of further pains and penalties under new Acts passed in the early years of the reign of Charles II. against Dissenters. In 1664 the Conventicle Act was passed, forbidding meetings of more than five persons beyond those of the household, for any act of religious worship except those laid down in the Prayer Book, under penalties of fine, imprisonment, and transportation.

When Bunyan had endured his variable and not always very harsh imprisonment for a period of six years, the first Declaration of Indulgence was passed, removing some of the disabilities of Protestant Dissenters, and he was released. Almost immediately, however, as he persisted in preaching in public, and would not confine his ministrations to "private places," he was re-arrested and again imprisoned.

This second term of imprisonment lasted altogether another six years, but it seems probable that during the greater part of that time he was allowed a very considerable measure of liberty, and that even his preaching in quiet places in the fields and woods was known and connived at.

It is certain, at least, that his family and friends could see him whenever they pleased, that he was allowed to preach to his fellow-prisoners at the gaol itself, and that at least during some part of the time of his imprisonment he was permitted to go abroad, and continually spent his nights with his family. A story told of him about this time will show that his imprisonment was not very strict. He was away from the gaol visiting his family and friends, and had not intended to return till the following day. But in the evening, feeling an irresistible persuasion come upon him that he ought to return to the gaol at once (or, as some more matter-of-fact biographers have it, having received a hint from a friend), he went back, and somewhat annoyed his gaoler by arriving late at night, and demanding to be re-imprisoned. When, however, a few hours later a messenger from a neighbouring magistrate, who was of the Established Church and disliked Bunyan, came to the gaoler enquiring whether all the prisoners were safe, the

gaoler was pleased to be able to produce him ; and it is reported that the Governor of the gaol said to him when the messenger was gone, "You may go out when you please, for you know better when to return than I can tell you."

It should be mentioned also that this must have occurred at a time when a second and more stringent Conventicle Act was passed, and when a wave of hostility to Dissenters was again sweeping over the country. Nevertheless the Baptist Church in Bedford, which had been closed, was re-opened, and Bunyan attended its meetings.

He was made an elder of the Church in 1671, and soon after he was chosen as pastor. At last, on the 15th March 1672, the second Declaration of Indulgence was passed, suspending the whole code of penal statutes against Dissenters, and providing that places should be appointed for the public worship of the Protestant Dissenters.

Bunyan was formally released on the 8th of May 1672, and he was enabled to take up his duties as pastor publicly and without hindrance. His worldly position at that time is described by a friend as follows: "When he came abroad he found his temporal affairs were gone to wreck, and he had as to them to begin again as if he had newly come into the world. But yet he was not destitute of friends, who had all along supported him with necessaries, and had been very good to his family ; so that by their assistance, getting things a little about him again, he resolved as much as possible to decline worldly business and give himself up wholly to the service of God." These remarks help us to understand a little how he had managed during all the twelve years of his imprisonment to support his wife and children. His friends had stood by him and they had not been suffered to want. He had stood for a principle which was sacred to all his fellow-dissenters, and had neither wavered nor temporised. That principle—the right of free religious meeting—was now admitted by the Government, so far at least as Protestant Dissenters were concerned, and it would have been strange if the hero of the long fight should have found no help from the side whose cause he had championed.

Though he is spoken of in the quotation given above as devoting himself "wholly to the service of God," it does not appear that he actually gave up all trade. He renewed his

business of a tinker and brazier, no doubt with assistance from others and probably on a better scale, with workmen and perhaps his children, to help. His blind child had died before his release, but that was his last trouble.

For the remaining sixteen years of his life he suffered no more misfortunes, domestic or political. He continued his preaching and writing, visiting London frequently and preaching there to large congregations, opening new Baptist churches in all parts of the country, growing continually in fame and consideration, beloved by his co-religionists, respected by the Government, and seeing his influence and his power extend over the whole of England, and reach out to the new settlements of America.

In 1687, being then fifty-nine years old, he suffered from an attack of the then prevalent "sweating sickness," and was perhaps not wholly recovered from its effects when, in the following August, he rode over from Bedford to Reading to reconcile a family quarrel. At any rate, on the way back by way of London, he was caught by a storm of rain and, on reaching a friend's house in London, took to his bed, and before the end of the month was dead. He was buried in the Dissenters' burial-ground at Bunhill Fields.

These are practically the whole of the actual facts which are known of Bunyan's life. Of his inward struggles, his scruples, his early "impiety" (as he calls it), his "conviction of sin," his half conversion after his first marriage, and his final mental torments and ultimate finding of grace, those who wish may read in his "Grace Abounding," which, as I have said, is his spiritual autobiography.

Too many of his ~~biographers~~ spiritual autobiography literally, forgetting that the terms in which an ardent convert speaks of his former state are apt to be very highly coloured, and that either the point of view must always be kept in mind, or the expressions themselves largely discounted. Upon a careful examination of all Bunyan's bitter, self-condemnatory epithets, and of the sins of which he accuses himself in his youth, it does not appear that he was ever anything worse than a very high-spirited and a not very truthful boy, and that as a youth he was not particular as to the language he used, and was very fond of

dancing, bell-ringing, and all country sports. If to this catalogue of crimes is added the crowning enormity, in Puritan eyes, that he swore with equal freedom, and indulged in his amusements with perhaps greater enthusiasm, on Sundays than other days of the week, you have the sum-total of Bunyan's early wickedness. It is a total that scarcely justifies the word "blackguard," which Southey has applied to him.

Of the worser sins which are common to youths of his class (and of others)—of drunkenness and immorality, he was, as he tells us himself (and when Bunyan says he did *not* commit a sin, he is much more to be believed than when he accuses himself), absolutely free.

He says expressly that he was always chaste; that he knew not "whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the cope of the whole heavens, but by their apparel, their children, or common fame, except my wife." And his worst enemies never accused him of intemperance.

I wonder of how many tinkers' sons from that day to this could so much be said?

Take all his many sentences of self-reproach and strip them of their adjectives, and very little substantive wickedness will be found to remain. Very few of us nowadays, even those of his own hard and narrow religion, will be inclined to think him so great a sinner for ringing bells and dancing on a Sunday, when it is remembered that he was hard at work all the week at his tinkering. Upon his own showing, the worst that can be said of him is that up to the age of seventeen or eighteen he was careless, untruthful, and somewhat foul-mouthed. These qualities are not uncommon in youths of that age at the present day.

So again, in dealing with what I may call Bunyan's second phase, his period of half conversion dating from his marriage, and the two books of piety that his wife brought him, and which, as he says, "though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion," Bunyan's biographers have in the same way taken him too literally. First he is a "blackguard"; now he becomes a "Pharisee." No doubt plenty of justification for the name can be found in his own words about himself. But, as I cannot help insisting, Bunyan accusing himself is an untrustworthy witness. A

man who "has found salvation" is seldom tolerant of others; of his former self he is never tolerant. He cannot paint that abhorred period of his life too blackly, and no language is too strong to express his self-detestation. And therefore it is for us, who read his self-invectives after the lapse of two centuries and a quarter, to understand them a little better for what they really mean. Of this "second phase" of his life as I have called it, his period of half conversion, he says himself: "I fell in with the religion of the times, to go to church twice a day, very devoutly to sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life. Withal I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition that I adored with great devotion even all things, both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the Church, counting all things holy therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed." And later, shortly before his meeting with Mr Gifford, and that austere convert's counsels of despair: "All this while I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope, and had I then died my state had been most fearful. I was but a poor painted hypocrite, going about to establish my own righteousness."

If anyone can read Bunyan's writings, and believe that he was ever either "Pharisee" or "hypocrite," I can only say I have a poor opinion of his understanding of human nature. Narrow he may have been; not over-tolerant; seeing the particular fact that Truth flashed upon him at each period of his life with intense belief and intense earnestness, and forgetting, or never realising, that no mortal may hope to see her as a whole; but a Pharisee? a hypocrite?—hardly.

The wonder to me is that the world at large has not been content long ago to leave it to Bunyan's co-religionists to treat him literally, and regard him themselves as—a poet. A primitive poet, perhaps, and an unconscious—but a poet nevertheless. I am not thinking of his verse (though his verse is not so bad as some of his biographers have pronounced it), not even altogether of his prose, beautiful and vigorous as it is, but of the man himself.

Poetry, like murder, will out, one way or another, but the method and means of its expression are the result of circumstances and of education. The lowest, or rather I should say the most primitive *form of expression* of Poetry is allegory.

It is also (and perhaps necessarily, since Art narrows the ranks of her disciples at every step upward) the most direct and certain in its appeal to general human nature. Educate Bunyan, and you have Milton.

But although "Paradise Lost" is probably a greater poem, and "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Samson Agonistes" are most certainly more wonderful and perfect poetry than the "Pilgrim's Progress," there is no question as to which appeals to the wider public, and has secured, and will continue to enjoy, the larger measure of popularity.

It is the poetry of Bunyan, his imagination made real and living in the persons of Christian and the others, that has made his books to live, and will keep them alive till the world has ceased to feel. The actual religion, the particular standpoint of the man who made objective the struggle of an individual soul towards an ideal, is nothing. No two readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress," of all the millions who have read it, are like to have looked at the matter with a single eye. Catholic, Mohammedan, Protestant, Baptist, all may read, and all will find the same sense of reality, whether the goal they place beyond the dark river be a merely nebulous hereafter, or the definite delights of the New Jerusalem.

It is this simple and direct appeal which Bunyan makes to the desire of dissatisfied human nature; this picture, startling in its definiteness and the brightness of its colouring, of the struggle of a man towards an ideal, that has assured to the "Pilgrim's Progress" a place next to, if not side by side with, the Bible itself, in the hearts of English-speaking peoples.

His other books, and he wrote many, have not attained to the same measure of popularity, though three of them at least, "The Holy War," "The Life and Death of Mr Badman," and "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," are widely read, and are worth the reading. "The Holy War" is a sort of co-operative Pilgrim's Progress; a drama of the struggle of the forces of corporate Christianity with the powers of darkness, as the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a drama of the struggle of an individual soul against those powers. "Grace Abounding" I have already described, and "The Life and Death of Mr Badman" is Bunyan's description of what he imagined his own life and death would have been if he had not been mercifully given grace to repent in time. He wrote also many

other religious and controversial books and pamphlets, of which the chief are "Gospel Truths opened," "Sighs from Hell," "The Holy City, or the New Jerusalem," "Justification by Jesus Christ," "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ," "The Barren Fig Tree," "The Pharisee and Publican," "The Jerusalem Sinner saved," "Solomon's Temple Spiritualised," "Defence of the Doctrine of Justification," and "Differences about Water Baptism no Bar to Communion."

Bunyan's personal appearance and manner is thus described by a contemporary :—

"In countenance he appeared to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable ; not given to loquacity or to much discourse in company unless some urgent occasion required it ; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others, abhorring lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word ; not seeming to revenge injuries, loving to reconcile differences and make friendships with all. He had a sharp, quick eye, with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. He was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip ; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey ; his nose well set, but not declining or bending ; his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest."

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK.

WHEN at the first I took my pen in hand,
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode : nay, I had undertook
To make another ; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was : I writing of the way
And race of saints, in this our gospel-day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey, and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down ;
This done, I twenty more had in my crown ;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did ; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode ; I only thought to make
I knew not what : nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour ; no, not I ;
I did it mine own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble ; nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this,
From worser thoughts which make me do amiss.

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts on black and white.
For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pull'd it came ; and so I penn'd
It down ; until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
 I show'd them others, that I might see whether
 They would condemn them, or them justify :
 And some said, Let them live ; some, Let them die.
 Some said, JOHN, print it ; others said, Not so :
 Some said, It might do good ; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
 Which was the best thing to be done by me :
 At last I thought ; since you are thus divided,
 I print it will ; and so the case decided.

For, thought I, some, I see, would have it done,
 Though others in that channel do not run :
 To prove then, who advised for the best,
 Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

I further thought, if now I did deny
 Those that would have it, thus to gratify ;
 I did not know, but hinder them I might
 Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
 I said to them, *Offend you I am loath ;*
 Yet since your brethren pleased with it be,
 Forbear to judge, till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone ;
 Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.
 Yea, that I might them better palliate,
 I did too with them thus expostulate :

May I not write in such a style as this ?
 In such a method too, and yet not miss
 My end—thy good ? Why may it not be done ?
 Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.
 Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
 Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
 Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
 But treasures up the fruit they yield together :
 Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit
 None can distinguish this from that ; they suit
 Her well when hungry : but if she be full,
 She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
 To catch the fish ; what engines doth he make !
 Behold ! how he engageth all his wits ;
 Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets.
 Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,

Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine :
 They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,
 Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

How does the fowler seek to catch his game ?
 By divers means ! All which one cannot name :
 His gun, his nets, his lime-twigs, light and bell :
 He creeps, he goes, he stands ; yea, who can tell
 Of all his postures ? Yet, there's none of these
 Will make him master of what fowls he please.
 Yea, he must pipe and whistle, to catch this,
 Yet if he does so, that bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
 And may be found too in an oyster-shell ;
 If things that promise nothing, do contain
 What better is than gold ; who will disdain,
 That have an inkling of it, there to look,
 That they may find it ? Now my little book,
 (Though void of all those paintings that may make
 It with this or the other man to take),
 Is not without those things that do excel.
 What do in brave, but empty notions dwell.

Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
 That this your book will stand, when soundly tried.

Why, what's the matter ? It is dark. What though ?
 But it is feigned. What of that, I trow ?
 Some men by feigned words, as dark as mine,
 Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine !
 But they want solidness : Speak, man, thy mind :
 They drown the weak, metaphors make us blind.

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
 Of him that writeth things divine to men :
 But must I needs want solidness, because
 By metaphors I speak ? Were not God's laws,
 His gospel-laws, in olden time held forth
 By types, shadows, and metaphors ? Yet loath
 Will any sober man be to find fault
 With them, lest he be found for to assault
 The highest wisdom. No ; he rather stoops,
 And seeks to find out what by pins and loops ;
 By calves and sheep ; by heifers and by rams ;
 By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,
 God speaketh to him. And happy is he
 That finds the light and grace that in them be.

Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
 That I want solidness, that I am rude :
 All things solid in show, not solid be ;
 All things in parables despise not we,
 Lest things most hurtful, lightly we receive ;
 And things that good are, of our souls bereave.

My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
 The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.

The prophets used much by metaphors
 To set forth truth : Yea, who so considers
 Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see,
 That truths to this day in such mantles be.

Am I afraid to say, that Holy Writ,
 Which, for its style and phrase, puts down all wit,
 Is everywhere so full of all these things
 (Dark figures, allegories), yet there springs
 From that same book, that lustre, and those rays
 Of light, that turn our darkest nights to days.

Come, let my carper to his life now look,
 And find there darker lines than in my book
 He findeth any. Yea, and let him know,
 That in his best things there are worse lines too.

May we but stand before impartial men,
 To his poor one I dare adventure ten ;
 That they will take my meaning in these lines
 Far better than his lies in silver shrines.
 Come, truth, although in swaddling clouts, I find,
 Informs the judgment, rectifies the mind ;
 Pleases the understanding, makes the will
 Submit ; the memory, too, it doth fill
 With what doth our imaginations please ;
 Likewise, it tends our troubles to appease.

Sound words, I know, Timothy is to use,
 And old wives' fables he is to refuse ;
 But yet grave Paul him nowhere did forbid
 The use of parables ; in which lay hid
 That gold, those pearls, and precious stones that were
 Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.

Let me add one word more. O man of God !
 Art thou offended ? dost thou wish I had
 Put forth my matter in another dress ?
 Or, that I had in things been more express ?
 Three things let me propound, then I submit
 To those that are my betters (as is fit) :—

1. I find not that I am denied the use
 Of this, my method, so I no abuse
 Put on the words, things, readers, or be rude
 In handling figure or similitude,
 In application ; but, all that I may,
 Seek the advance of truth, this or that way.
 Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave
 (Example, too, and that from them that have.
 God better pleased by their words or ways
 Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
 Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
 Things unto thee that excellentest are.

2. I find that men (as high as trees) will write
 Dialogue-wise ; yet no man doth them slight
 For writing so ; indeed, if they abuse
 Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
 To that intent ; but yet let truth be free
 To make her sallies upon thee and me,
 Which way it pleases God. For who knows how,
 Better than he that taught us first to plough,
 To guide our minds and pens for his design?
 And he makes base things usher in divine.

3. I find that Holy Writ, in many places,
 Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
 Do call for one thing to set forth another ;
 Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
 Truth's golden beams ; nay, by this method may
 Make it cast forth its rays, as light as day.

And now, before I do put up my pen,
 I'll show the profit of my book, and then
 Commit both thee and it unto that hand
 That pulls the strong down and makes weak ones
 stand.

This book, it chalketh out before thine eyes
 The man that seeks the everlasting prize ;
 It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
 What he leaves undone ; also, what he does ;
 It also shows you how he runs and runs,
 'Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
 As if the lasting crown they would attain ;
 Here, also, you may see the reason why
 They lose their labour, and, like fools, do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
 If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be ;
 It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
 If thou wilt its directions understand ;
 Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
 The blind, also, delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable ?
 Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable ?
 Art thou forgetful ? Wouldest thou remember
 From New Year's Day to the last of December ?
 Then read my fancies, they will stick like burs,
 And may be to the helpless comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect
 As may the minds of listless men affect ;
 It seems a novelty, and yet contains
 Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy ?
 Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
 Would'st thou read riddles, and their explanation ?
 Or else be drowned in thy contemplation ?
 Dost thou love picking meat ? or would'st thou see
 A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?
 Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?
 Or, would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep ?
 Would'st thou lose thyself and catch no harm ?
 And find thyself again without a charm ?
 Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
 And yet know whether thou art bless'd or not
 By reading the same lines ? O then come hither,
 And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;

IN THE

SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

PART I.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted The Jail. on a certain place, where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, 'I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.' I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?' I Isa. lxiv. 6;
Luke xiv. 33;
Ps. xxxviii. 45;
Hab. ii. 2;
Acts xvi. 32.
His Outcry.
Acts ii. 37.

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: 'O my dear wife,' said he, 'and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered.' At this, his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. The World. So when the He knows no way of escape as yet.

Carnal physic for
a sick soul.

morning was come, they would know how he did ; he told them, worse and worse ; he also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him. Sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying ; and thus for some days he spent his time.

Acts xvi. 30, 31.

Now I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind ; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, 'What shall I do to be saved ?'

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run ; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry ?'

Heb. ix. 27.

Job xvi. 21, 22.

Ezek. xxii. 14.

He answered, Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment ; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

Isa. xxx. 33.

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils ? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave ; and I shall fall into Tophet. And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution ; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Conviction of
the necessity
of flying.

Matt. iii. 7.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still ? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, 'Fly from the wrath to come.'

Matt. vii. 13.

Ps. cxix. 105 ;
2 Pet. i. 19.

Christ and the
way to Him
cannot be found
without the
Word.

Luke xiv. 26.

Gen. xix. 17.

They that fly
from the wrath
to come are a
gazing-stock to
the world.

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly ? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket gate ? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light ? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate ; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not ran far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return, but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life ! life ! Eternal life ! So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbours also came out to see him run, and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after



I LOOKED THEN, AND SAW A MAN NAMED EVANGELIST COMING TO HIM

him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time, the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbours, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be. You dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born; I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone. Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.

Jer. xx. 10.
Obstinate and
Pliable follow
him.

What, said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us?

Yes, said Christian, for that was his name, because that all 'which you shall forsake,' is not worthy to be compared with a little of that which I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself, for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words.

2 Cor. iv. 18

Luke xv. 17.

OBST. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

CHR. I seek an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,' and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

1 Pet. i. 4.

Heb. xi. 16.

OBST. Tush, said Obstinate, away with your book; will you go back with us, or no?

CHR. No, not I, saith the other; because I have laid my hand to the plough.

Luke ix. 62.

OBST. Come, then, neighbour Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazed-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

Prov. xxvi. 16.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Do not revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my neighbour.

OBST. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbour Pliable: there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides; if you believe not me, read here in this book, and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of him that made it.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21;
ix. 17-21.

PLI. Well, neighbour Obstinate, saith Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him. But, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

Pliable contented
to go with
Christian.

CHR. I am directed by a man whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

PLI. Come then, good neighbour, let us be going. Then they went both together.

Obstinate goes railing back.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate; I will be no companion of such misled fantastical fellows.

Talk between Christian and Pliable.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse.

CHR. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me; had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt, of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbour Christian, since there is none but us two here, tell me now further, what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

God's things unspeakable.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue; but yet since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

Tit. i. 2.

CHR. Yes, verily, for it was made by him that cannot lie.

PLI. Well said. What things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.

Isa. xlv. 17; Jn. x. 27-29.

PLI. Well said. And what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven!

2 Tim. iv. 8; Rev. iii. 4; Matt. xiii. 43.

PLI. This is very pleasant. And what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. vii. 16, 17; xxi. 4.

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphims, and cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy, everyone walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever; in a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see men, that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.

Isa. vi. 2; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17; Rev. vii. 17; iv. 4; xiv. 1-5; Jn. xii. 25; 2 Cor. v. 2-5.

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart;



WHEREFORE CHRISTIAN WAS LEFT TO TUMBLE IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND ALONE

but are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

CHR. The Lord, the governor of the country, hath recorded, that in this book, the substance of which is, if we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

Isa. lv. 1, 2, 12;
Jn. vii. 37; vi. 37;
Rev. xxi. 6; xxii.
17.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now I saw in my dream, that, just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

The Slough of Despond.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Ah! neighbour Christian, where are you now?

CHR. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

PLI. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

It is not enough to be pliable.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there?

Christian in trouble, seeks still to get further from his own house.

CHR. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come. And as I was going thither, I fell in here.

HELP. But why did not you look for the steps?

The promises.

CHR. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

HELP. Then said he, Give me thy hand; so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Help lifts him out.

Ps. xl. 2.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore (since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction, to yonder gate) is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry slough is such a

What makes
the Slough of
Despond.

place as cannot be mended. It is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin, doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond: for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place. And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

Isa. xxxv. 3, 4.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad; his labourers, also, have, by the directions of his Majesty's surveyors, been, for above these sixteen hundred years, employed about this patch of ground, if, perhaps, it might have been mended; yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads; yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have, at all seasons, been brought from all places of the King's dominions, and they that can tell, say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place, if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still; and so will be when they have done what they can.

The promises of
forgiveness and
acceptance to
life by faith in
Christ.

True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step besides, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good, when they are once got in at the gate.

1 Sam. xii. 23.

Pliable got home
and is visited of
his neighbours.

Now I saw in my dream, that, by this time, Pliable was got home to his house again; so that his neighbours came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian; others, again, did mock at his cowardliness, saying, 'Surely, since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties.' So Pliable sat sneaking among them. But, at last, he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

His entertain-
ment by them at
his return.

Mr Worldly-
wiseman meets
with Christian.

Now as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr Worldly-wiseman; he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having some inkling of him, for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but, also, it began to be the town-talk in some other places. Master Worldly-wiseman, therefore,



MR WORLDLY-WISEMAN

having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian.

WORLD. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Talk betwixt
Mr Worldly-
wiseman and
Christian.

CHR. A burdened manner, indeed, as ever, I think, poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, Sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

WORLD. Hast thou a wife and children?

CHR. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none.

x Cor. vii. 29.

WORLD. Wilt thou hearken unto me if I give thee counsel?

CHR. If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

WORLD. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then; nor canst thou enjoy the benefits of the blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Mr Worldly
wiseman's
counsel to
Christian.

CHR. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself, I cannot: nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden?

WORLD. Who bid you go this way to be rid of thy burden?

CHR. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

WORLD. I beshrew him for his counsel! there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am older than thou; thou art like to meet with, on the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not! These things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

Mr Worldly-
wiseman
condemneth
Evangelist's
counsel.

CHR. Why, Sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

The frame of the
heart of a young
Christian.

WORLD. How camest thou by the burden at first?

CHR. By reading this book in my hand.

Worldly-wise-
man does not
like that men
should be serious
in reading the
Bible.

WORLD. I thought so ; and it is happened unto thee as to other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions ; which distractions do not only unman men, as thine, I perceive, has done thee, but they run them upon desperate ventures, to obtain they know not what.

CHR. I know what I would obtain ; it is ease for my heavy burden.

Whether Mr
Worldly-wise-
man prefers
morality before
the strait gate.

WORLD. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it ? especially since, hadst thou but patience to hear me, I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thyself into ; yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add, that, instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

CHR. Pray, Sir, open this secret to me.

WORLD. Why, in yonder village — the village is named Morality — there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of a very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders : yea, to my knowledge, he hath done a great deal of good this way ; ay, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself ; there, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden ; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as, indeed, I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee to this village, where there are houses now stand empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable rates ; provision is there also cheap and good ; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure, there thou shalt live by honest neighbours, in credit and good fashion.

Christian snared
by Mr Worldly-
wiseman's
words.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand ; but presently he concluded, If this be true, which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice ; and with that he thus further spoke.

CHR. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house ?

Mount Sinai.

WORLD. Do you see yonder hill ?

CHR. Yes, very well.

WORLD. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

Christian afraid
that Mount
Sinai would fall
on his head.

So Christian turned out of his way, to go to Mr Legality's house for help ; but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside, did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the hill should fall on his head ;

wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him, than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned. Here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr Worldly-wiseman's counsel. And with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him; at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian.

Exod. xix. 16, 18.

Heb. xii. 21.

Evangelist
findeth Christian
under Mount
Sinai and
looketh severely
upon him.

EVAN. What dost thou here, Christian? said he: at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?

Evangelist
reasons afresh
with Christian.

CHR. Yes, dear Sir, I am the man.

EVAN. Did not I direct thee the way to the little wicket-gate?

CHR. Yes, dear Sir, said Christian.

EVAN. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

CHR. I met with a gentleman so soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

EVAN. What was he?

CHR. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

EVAN. What said that gentleman to you?

CHR. Why, he asked me whither I was going? And I told him.

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He asked me if I had a family? And I told him. But, said I, I am so loaden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder gate, to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would show me a better way, and short, not so attended with difficulties as the way, Sir, that you set me in; which way, said he, will direct you to a gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens: so I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said) of danger; but I now know not what to do.

EVAN. Then said Evangelist, Stand still a little, that I may

show thee the words of God. So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more *shall not we escape*, if we turn away from him that *speaketh* from heaven.' He said, moreover, 'Now the just shall live by faith : but if *any man* draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.' He also did thus apply them : Thou art the man that art running into this misery ; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Then Christian fell down at his foot as dead, crying, 'Woe is me, for I am undone !' At the sight of which, Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, 'All manner of sin and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men ;' 'Be not faithless, but believing.' Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that deluded thee, and who it was also to whom he sent thee.—The man that met thee is one Worldly-wiseman, and rightly is he so called ; partly, because he savoureth only the doctrine of this world (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church) ; and partly because he loveth that doctrine best, for it saveth him best from the cross. And because he is of this carnal temper, therefore he seeketh to prevent my ways, though right. Now there are three things in this man's counsel that thou must utterly abhor.

1. His turning thee out of the way. 2. His labouring to render the cross odious to thee. And, 3. His setting thy feet in that way that leadeth unto the administration of death.

First, Thou must abhor his turning thee out of the way ; yea, and thine own consenting thereto ; because this is to reject the counsel of God for the sake of the counsel of a Worldly-wiseman. The Lord says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' the gate to which I send thee ; for 'strait is the gate which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' From this little wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction ; hate, therefore, his turning thee out of the way, and abhor thyself for hearkening to him.

Secondly, Thou must abhor his labouring to render the cross odious unto thee ; for thou art to prefer it 'before the treasures in Egypt.' Besides, the King of glory hath told thee, that he that 'will save his life shall lose it.' And, 'He that comes after him, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' I say, therefore, for man to labour to persuade thee, that that shall be thy death, without which, THE TRUTH hath said, thou canst not have eternal life ; this doctrine thou must abhor.

Heb. xii. 25.

Heb. x. 38.
Evangelist convinces Christian of his error.

Matt. xii. 31 ;
Mark iii. 28.
John xx. 27.

Mr Worldly-wise-
man described
by Evangelist.

1 John iv. 5.

Gal. vi. 12.

Evangelist discovers the deceit
of Mr Worldly-
wiseman.

Luke xiii. 24.

Matt. vii. 14.

Heb. xi. 25, 26.
Mark viii. 35 ;
John xii. 25 ;
Matt. x. 39.

Luke xiv. 26.

Thirdly, Thou must hate his setting of thy feet in the way that leadeth to the ministration of death. And for this thou must consider to whom he sent thee, and also how unable that person was to deliver thee from thy burden.

He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, The Bond-woman. is the son of the bond-woman which now is, and is in bondage with her children, and is, in a mystery, this Mount Sinai, which thou hast feared will fall on thy head. Now, if she, with her children, are in bondage, how canst thou expect by them to be made free? This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden: therefore, Mr Worldly-wiseman is an alien, and Mr Legality is a cheat; and for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but a hypocrite, and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise, that thou hast heard of these sottish men, but a design to beguile thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee. After this, Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for confirmation of what he had said; and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, that made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus pronounced: 'As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.'

Gal. iv. 21-27.

Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr Worldly-wiseman; still calling himself a thousand fools for hearkening to his counsel: he also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments, flowing only from the flesh, should have the prevalency with him as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he applied himself again to Evangelist, in words and sense as follows:—

CHR. Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back, and go up to the wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel. But may my sin be forgiven?

Christian inquires if he may yet be happy.

EVAN. Then said Evangelist to him, Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths; yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good-will for men; only, said he, take heed that thou turn not aside again, 'lest thou perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.' Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he vouchsafe

Evangelist comforts him.

Ps. ii. 12.

them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got into the way which he left, to follow Mr Worldly-wiseman's counsel. So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

Matt. vii. 8.

He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying—

'May I now enter here? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high.'

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

CHR. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in!

The gate will be
opened to broken-
hearted sinners.

GOOD-WILL. I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate.

Satan envies
those that enter
the strait gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, What means that? The other told him. A little distance from this gate, there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence, both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in.

Christian entered
the gate with
joy and
trembling.

Then said Christian, I rejoice and tremble. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither?

CHR. Evangelist bid me come hither, and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

Talk between
Good-will and
Christian.

GOOD-WILL. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it.

CHR. Now I begin to reap the benefits of my hazards.

GOOD-WILL. But how is it that you came alone?

CHR. Because none of my neighbours saw their danger, as I saw mine.

GOOD-WILL. Did any of them know of your coming?

CHR. Yes; my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also, some of my neighbours stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

GOOD-WILL. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

CHR. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back, but Pliable came with me a little way.

GOOD-WILL. But why did he not come through?

CHR. We, indeed, came both together, until we came at the Slough of Despond, into the which we also suddenly fell. And when was my neighbour, Pliable, discouraged, and would not adventure further. Wherefore, getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me I should possess the brave country alone for him; so he went his way, and I came mine—he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

A man may have company when he sets out for Heaven, and yet go thither alone.

GOOD-WILL. Then said Good-will, Alas, poor man! is the celestial glory of so small esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazards of a few difficulties to obtain it?

CHR. Truly, said Christian, I have said the truth of Pliable, and if I should also say all the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment betwixt him and myself. It is true, he went back to his own house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr Worldly-wiseman.

Christian accuseth himself before the man at the gate.

GOOD-WILL. Oh! did he light upon you? What! he would have had you a sought-for-ease at the hands of Mr Legality. They are, both of them, a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

CHR. Yes, as far as I durst; I went to find out Mr Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore, there I was forced to stop.

GOOD-WILL. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

CHR. Why, truly, I do not know what had become of me here, had not Evangelist happily met me again, as I was musing in the midst of my dumps, but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit, indeed, for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord; but, O! what a favour is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

GOOD-WILL. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they come hither. They are 'in no wise cast out,' and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go; it was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.

Christian comforted again.

John vi. 37.

CHR. But, said Christian, are there no turnings nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?

Christian directed yet on his way.

GOOD-WILL. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide. But thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow.

Christian afraid of losing his way

Matt. vii. 14.

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian asked him further

Christian weary of his burden.

if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back ; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

There is no deliverance from the guilt and burden of sin, but by the death and blood of Christ.

He told him, As to thy burden, be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of deliverance ; for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him, that by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter ; at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God-speed.

Christian comes to the house of the Interpreter.

Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over ; at last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

CHR. Sir, here is a traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the goodman of this house to call here for my profit ; I would therefore speak with the master of the house. So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

CHR. Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the Mount Zion ; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be a help to me in my journey.

He is entertained.

Illumination.

Christian sees a grave picture.

The fashion of the picture.

INTER. Then said the Interpreter, Come in ; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him : so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door ; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall ; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.

CHR. Then said Christian, what meaneth this ?

1 Cor. iv. 15.
Gal. iv. 19.

The meaning of the picture.

Why he showed him the picture first.

INTER. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand ; he can beget children, travail in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee, that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners ; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men ; and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head, that is to show thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place

whither thou art going, hath authorised to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way ; wherefore, take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept ; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now, when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room ; the which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

CHR. Then said Christian, What means this ?

INTER. The Interpreter answered, This parlour is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel ; the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first, is the Law ; but she that brought water, and did springle it, is the Gospel ; Now, whereas thou sawest, that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith ; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, for it doth not give power to subdue.

Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure ; this is to show thee, that when the gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of glory to inhabit.

I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented ; but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, What is the reason of the discontent of Passion ? The Interpreter answered, The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year ; but he will have all now ; but Patience is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

Rom. vii. 6 ;
1 Cor. xv. 56 ;
Rom. v. 20.

John xv. 3 ;
Eph. v. 26 ;
Acts xv. 9 ;
Rom. xvi. 25, 26 ;
John xv. 13.
He showed him
Passion and
Patience.

Passion will
have all now.
Patience is for
waiting.

Passion has his
desire.

And quickly
lavishes all
away.

CHR. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

The matter expounded.

INTER. So he said, These two lads are figures : Passion, of the men of this world ; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come ; for, as here thou seest, Passion will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world ; so are the men of this world : they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is of more authority with them than are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags ; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

The worldly man for a bird in the hand.

Patience has the best wisdom.

CHR. Then said Christian, Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. First, Because he stays for the best things. Second, And also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags.

Things that are first must give place ; but things that are last are lasting.

Dives had his good things first.

Luke xvi. 25.

INTER. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out ; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last ; for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come ; but last gives place to nothing ; for there is not another to succeed. He, therefore, that hath his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it ; but he that hath his portion last, must have it lastingly ; therefore it is said of Dives, 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things ; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.'

The first things are but temporal, 1 Cor. iv. 18.

CHR. Then I perceive it is not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

INTER. You say the truth : 'For the things which are seen *are* temporal ; but the things which are not seen *are* eternal.' But though this be so, yet since things present, and our fleshly appetite, are such near neighbours one to another ; and again, because things to come, and carnal sense, are such strangers one to another ; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into amity, and that distance is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it ; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said Christian, What means this ?

The Interpreter answered, This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart ; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil ; but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the backside of

the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast, but secretly, into the fire.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The Interpreter answered, This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of his grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart; by the means of which, notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And ^{2 Cor. xii. 9} in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire, that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul.

I saw also, that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted; he saw also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, May we go in thither?

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up towards the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; he saw also, that in the doorway stood many men in armour to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man ^{The valiant man.} that sat there to write, saying, 'Set down my name, Sir:' the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put an helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace, at which ^{Acts xiv. 22.} there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying—

• 'Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.

Now, said Christian, let me go hence. Nay, stay, said the Interpreter, till I have showed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way. So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a ^{Despair like an iron cage.} man in an iron cage.

Now the man, to look on, seemed very sad ; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, What means this? At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man.

Then said Christian to the man, What art thou? The man answered, I am what I was not once.

CHR. What wast thou once?

MAN. The man said, I was once a fair and flourishing professor, both in mine own eyes, and also in the eyes of others ; I once was, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City, and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither.

Luke viii. 13.

CHR. Well, but what art thou now?

MAN. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out. O now I cannot!

CHR. But how camest thou in this condition?

MAN. I left off to watch and be sober ; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts ; I sinned against the light of the Word, and the goodness of God ; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone ; I tempted the devil, and he is come to me ; I have provoked God to anger, and he has left me ; I have so hardened my heart, that I cannot repent.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, But is there no hope for such a man as this? Ask him, said the Interpreter. Nay, said Christian, pray Sir, do you.

INTER. Then said the Interpreter, Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?

MAN. No, none at all.

INTER. Why, the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

Heb. vi. 6.

Luke xix. 14.

Heb. x. 28, 29.

MAN. I have crucified him to myself afresh, I have despised his person, I have despised his righteousness ; I have 'counted his blood an unholy thing ;' I have 'done despite to the Spirit of grace.' Therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings of certain judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour me as an adversary.

INTER. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

MAN. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world ; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight ; but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.

INTER. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

MAN. God hath denied me repentance. His Word gives me no encouragement to believe ; yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage ; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!

INTER. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Let this

man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.

CHR. Well, said Christian, this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery! Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?

INTER. Tarry till I shall show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his raiment, he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, Why doth this man thus tremble? The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began and said, This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony; so I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate, upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven; they were all in flaming fire: also the heavens were in a burning flame. I heard then a voice saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment;' and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains. Then I saw the man that sat upon the cloud open the book, and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame which issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake.' And with that, the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke and coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my wheat into the garner.' And with that I saw many caught up and carried away into the clouds, but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for the man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into my mind; and my conscience did accuse me on every side. Upon this I awaked from my sleep.

CHR. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

MAN. Why, I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it: but this frightened me most, that the angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of hell opened her mouth just where I stood. My conscience, too, afflicted me; and, as I thought, the Judge had always his eye upon me, showing indignation in his countenance.

1 Cor. xv. 52;
1 Thess. iv. 16;
Jude 14;
John v. 28, 29;
2 Thess. i. 7, 8;
Rev. xx. 11-14;
Isa. xxvi. 21;
Micah vii. 16, 17;
Ps. xcvi. 1-3;
Dan. vii. 10;
Mal. iii. 2, 3;
Dan. vii. 9, 10.

Matt. iii. 12;
xiii. 30;
Mal. iv. 1.

Luke iii. 17.

1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

Rom. ii. 14, 15.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Hast thou considered all these things?

CHR. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

INTER. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter: The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the city. So Christian went on his way, saying—

'Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they showed me were, and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee.'

ISA. xxvi. 1.

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

When God releases us of our guilt and burden, we are as those that leap for joy.

Zech. xii. 10.

Mark ii. 5.

Zech. iii. 4.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.' Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with 'Peace be to thee.' So the first said to him, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him 'with change of raiment,' the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing—

A Christian can sing though alone, when God doth give him the joy of his heart.

'Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The man that there was put to shame for me!'



THAT JUST AS CHRISTIAN CAME UP WITH THE CROSS, HIS BURDEN
LOOSED FROM OFF HIS SHOULDERS



HYPOCRISY

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus, even until he came at a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, and the third Presumption.

Simple, Sloth, and Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is under you—a gulf that hath no bottom. Awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons. He also told them, If he that 'goeth about like a roaring lion' comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth. With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, 'I see no danger;' Sloth said, 'Yet a little more sleep;' and Presumption said, 'Every fat must stand upon its own bottom; what is the answer else that I should give thee?' And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Prov. xxiii. 34.

1 Pet. v. 8.

There is no persuasion will do, if God openeth not the eyes.

Yet was he troubled to think that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them, both by awakening of them, counselling of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons. And as he was troubled thereabout, he espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him. The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse.

Christian talked with them.

CHR. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

FORM. and HYP. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Sion.

CHR. Why came you not in at the gate, which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, 'but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber'?

John x. 1.

FORM. and HYP. They said, That to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done.

CHR. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound thus to violate his revealed will?

FORM. and HYP. They told him, that, as for that, he needed not to trouble his head thereabout; for what they did, they had custom for; and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it for more than a thousand years.

They that come into the way, but not by the door, think that they can say something in vindication of their own practice.

CHR. But, said Christian, will your practice stand a trial at law?

FORM. and HYP. They told him, That custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would, doubtless, now be admitted as a thing legal by any impartial judge; and

beside, said they, if we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? if we are in, we are in; thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall; wherein, now, is thy condition better than ours?

CHR. I walk by the rule of my Master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already by the Lord of the way; therefore, I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves, without his direction; and shall go out by yourselves, without his mercy.

To this they made him but little answer; only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on every man in his way, without much conference one with another; save that these two men told Christian, that as to laws and ordinances, they doubted not but they should as conscientiously do them as he; therefore, said they, we see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours, to hide the shame of thy nakedness.

CHR. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And, besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back—a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stripped me of my rags. I have, moreover a mark in my forehead, of which, perhaps, you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll, sealed, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it; all which things I doubt you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

Christian has got his Lord's coat on his back, and is comforted therewith; he is comforted, also, with his mark and his roll.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other, and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

Christian has talk with himself.

I beheld, then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the

He comes to the Hill Difficulty.

name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof, to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying—

Isa. xlix. 10.

'The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.'

The other two also came to the foot of the hill; but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again, with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

The danger of turning out of the way.

I looked, then, after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant harbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.' And with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace, till he came to the top of the hill.

Award of grace.

He that sleeps is a loser.

Prov. vi. 6.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him again; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way.' Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but, said he, the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Christian meets with Mistrust and Timorous.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

CHR. Then said Christian, You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, *that* is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But, thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein, and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last, he bethought himself, that he had slept in the harbour that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish fact, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus therefore he went back, carefully looking on this side, and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus, till he came again within sight of the harbour where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, 'O wretched man that I am!' that I should sleep in the daytime! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims!

'How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept!'

Now by this time he was come to the harbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last, as Christian would have it, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll; the which he, with trembling and haste, caught up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again! for this

Christian shakes
off fear.

Christian missed
his roll wherein
he used to take
comfort.

He is perplexed
for his roll.

Rev. ii. 5;
1 Thess. v. 7, 8.

Christian bewails
his foolish sleep-
ing

Christian findeth
his roll where he
lost it.

roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But O how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to condole with himself: 'O thou sinful sleep! how, for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet; and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep.' Now also he remembered 1 Thess. v. 6, 7. the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? How should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream, that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the Mark xiii. 34-37. lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate, where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

POR. What is your name?

CHR. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first

Gen. ix. 27.

was Graceless ; I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem.

POR. But how doth it happen that you come so late ? The sun is set.

CHR. I had been here sooner, but that, 'wretched man that I am !' I slept in the arbour that stands on the hill-side ; nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that, in my sleep, I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill ; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it, and now I am come.

POR. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is in a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night ; so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going ; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way ; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way ; and he told her. And last she asked his name ; so he said, It is Christian, and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill, for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes ; and after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family ; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord ; this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in.' Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together, that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time ; and they appointed Piety, and Prudence, and Charity to discourse with him ; and thus they began :

Piety discourses
him.

PIETY. Come, good Christian, since we have been so loving to you, to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

CHR. With a very good will, and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

PIETY. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

CHR. I was driven out of my native country by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears ; to wit, that unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was.

How Christian was driven out of his own country.

PIETY. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

CHR. It was as God would have it ; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go ; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house.

How he got into the way to Zion.

PIETY. But did you not come by the house of the Interpreter?

CHR. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live ; especially three things, to wit, how Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of grace in the heart ; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy ; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

A rehearsal of what he saw in the way.

PIETY. Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

CHR. Yes, and a dreadful one it was. I thought it made my heart ache as he was telling of it ; but yet I am glad I heard it.

PIETY. Was that all that you saw at the house of the Interpreter?

CHR. No ; he took me and had me where he showed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it ; and how there came a venturous man and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out ; and how he was bid to come in, and win eternal glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart ! I would have stayed at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew I had further to go.

PIETY. And what saw you else in the way?

CHR. Saw ! why, I went but a little further, and I saw one, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon the tree ; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back (for I groaned under a very heavy burden), but then it fell down from off me. It was a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before ; yea, and while I stood looking up, for then I could not forbear looking, three Shining Ones came to me. One of them testified that my sins were forgiven me ; another stripped me of my rags, and gave me this brodered coat which you see ; and the third set the mark which you see in my forehead, and gave me this sealed roll. (And with that he plucked it out of his bosom).

PIETY. But you saw more than this, did you not?

CHR. The things that I have told you were the best, yet

some other matters I saw, as, namely, I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep a little out of the way, as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion, but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them; but they would not believe. But above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard to come by the lions' mouths; and truly if it had not been for the good man, the porter that stands at the gate, I do not know but that after all I might have gone back again; but now, I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

Prudence discourses him.

PRUD. Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

Christian's thoughts of his native country.

CHR. Yes, but with much shame and detestation: 'truly if I had been mindful of that *country* from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better *country*, that is, an heavenly.'

Heb. xi. 15, 16.

PRUD. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

Christian distasted with carnal cogitations.

CHR. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted; but now all those things are my grief; and might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing of that which is best, that which is worst is with me.

Christian's choice.

Rom. vii. 19.

PRUD. Do you not find sometimes, as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

Christian's golden hours.

CHR. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours, in which such things happen to me.

PRUD. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances, at times, as if they were vanquished?

How Christian gets power against his corruptions.

CHR. Yes; when I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; also when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

PRUD. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?

Why Christian would be at Mount Zion.

CHR. Why, there I hope to see him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there, they say, there is no death; and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell you truth, I love him, because I was by him eased of my burden; and I am weary of my inward sickness. I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, 'Holy, holy, holy.'

Isa. xxv. 8;
Rev. xxi. 4.

Then said Charity to Christian, Have you a family? Are you a married man? Charity discourses him.

CHR. I have a wife and four small children.

CHAR. And why did you not bring them along with you?

CHR. Then Christian wept, and said, O how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage. Christian's love to his wife and children.

CHAR. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavoured to have shown them the danger of being behind.

CHR. So I did; and told them also what God had shown to me of the destruction of our city; 'but I seemed to them as one that mocked,' and they believed me not.

Gen. xix. 14.

CHAR. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

CHR. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear unto me.

CHAR. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

CHR. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me. Christian's fears of perishing might be read in his very countenance.

CHAR. But what could they say for themselves, why they came not?

CHR. Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone. The cause why his wife and children did not go with him.

CHAR. But did you not, with your vain life, damp all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

CHR. Indeed, I cannot commend my life; for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein; I know also that a man by his conversation may soon overthrow what by argument or persuasion he doth labour to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing, they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things, for their sakes, in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbour. Christian's good conversation before his wife and children.

CHAR. Indeed Cain hated his brother, 'because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous;' and if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby show themselves to be implacable to good, and 'thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood.'

1 John iii. 12.
Christian clear of their blood if they perish.

Ezek. iii. 19.

What Christian
had to his
supper.

Their talk at
supper-time.

Heb. ii. 14, 15.

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished 'with fat things, and with wine that was well refined : ' and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill ; as, namely, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and why he had builded that house. And by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain 'him that had the power of death,' but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more.

For, as they said, and as I believe (said Christian), he did it with the loss of much blood ; but that which put glory of grace into all he did, was, that he did it out of pure love to his country. And besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had been and spoke with him since he did die on the cross ; and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that he is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west.

Christ makes
princes of
beggars.
1 Sam. ii. 8 ;
Ps. cxlii. 7.

They moreover, gave an instance of what they affirmed, and that was, he had stripped himself of his glory, that he might do this for the poor ; and that they heard him say and affirm, 'that he would not dwell in the mountain of Zion alone.' They said, moreover, that he had made many pilgrims princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their original had been the dunghill.

Christian's bed-
chamber.

Thus they discoursed together till late at night ; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest : the Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising ; the name of the chamber was Peace ; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang—

'Where am I now ? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are ?
Thus to provide ! that I should be forgiven !
And dwell already the next door to heaven !'

Christian had
into the study,
and what he
saw there.

So, in the morning, they all got up ; and after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first, they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity ; in which, as I remember my dream, they showed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the son of the Ancient of Days, and came by that eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service ; and how he had placed them in such habitations, that could neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some

of his servants had done: as, how they had 'subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.' Heb. xi. 33, 34.

They then read again in another part of the records of the house, where it was showed how willing their Lord was to receive into his favour any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view; as of things both ancient and modern; together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, *all-prayer*, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude. Christian had
into the armoury.

They also showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gibeon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him, also, the jaw-bone with which Sampson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath; and the sword, also, with which their Lord will kill the Man of Sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They showed him, besides, many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again. Christian is made
to see ancient
things.

Then I saw in my dream, that, on the morrow, he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did; and, behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou mayest see to the gate of Christian showed
the Delectable
Mountains.
Isa. xxxiii. 16,
17.

the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Christian sets forward.

Now, he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armoury. So they did; and when they came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest, perhaps, he should meet with assaults in the way. He being, therefore, thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, Yes.

Christian sent away armed.

CHR. Pray, did you know him? said he.

POR. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

CHR. O, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbour; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

POR. He is got by this time below the hill.

How Christian and the Porter greet at parting.

CHR. Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses till they came to go down the hill. Then, said Christian, as it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is, for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

The Valley of Humiliation.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and, therefore, thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

Christian no armour for his back.

Christian's resolution at the approach of Apollyon.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to

Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOL. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

Discourse
betwixt Christian
and Apollyon.

CHR. I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, 'for the wages of sin is death,' therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

Rom. vi. 23.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Apollyon's
flattery.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, 'Changed a bad for a worse;' but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Apollyon under-
values Christ's
service.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Apollyon pre-
tends to be
merciful.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

Apollyon pleads
the grievous ends
of Christians, to
dissuade
Christian from
persisting in his
way.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

Apollyon pleads
Christian's
infirmities
against him.

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more which thou has left out; but the Prince, whom I serve and honour, is merciful, and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apollyon in a
rage falls upon
Christian.

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Christian
wounded in his
understanding,
faith, and con-
versation.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Apollyon casteth
down to the
ground the
Christian.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful



THEN, INDEED, HE DID SMILE, AND LOOK UPWARD

fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life; but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise,' and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.' And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

Micah vii. 8.
Christian's
victory over
Apollyon.

Rom. viii. 37.

James iv. 7.

A brief relation
of the combat by
the spectator.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, 'I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon.' And so he did, saying—

Christian gives
God thanks for
deliverance.

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
I design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harness'd out; and he with rage,
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Christian goes on
his journey with
his sword drawn
in his hand.

Now, at the end of this valley, was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: 'A wilderness, a land of deserts, and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death, a land that no man' (but a Christian) 'passed through, and where no man dwelt.'

The Valley of
the Shadow of
Death.

Jer. ii. 6.

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon ; as by the sequel you shall see.

The children of the spies go back.
 I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, making haste to go back ; to whom Christian spake as follows :—

Num. xiii.

CHR. Whither are you going ?

MEN. They said, Back ! back ! and we would have you to do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

CHR. Why ? what's the matter ? said Christian.

MEN. Matter ! said they ; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst ; and indeed we were almost past coming back ; for had we gone a little further, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

CHR. But what have you met with ? said Christian.

MEN. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; but that, by good hap, we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

Ps. xliv. 19 ; cvii. 10.

CHR. But what have you seen ? said Christian.

Job iii. 5 ; x. 26.

MEN. Seen ? Why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch ; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit ; we heard also in that Valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons ; and over that Valley hangs the discouraging clouds of confusion. Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Jer. ii. 6.

CHR. Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

MEN. Be it thy way ; we will not choose it for ours. So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand ; for fear lest he should be assaulted.

Ps. lxi. 14, 15.

I saw then in my dream so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch : that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag king David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not HE that is able plucked him out.

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it ; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other ; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly ; for besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oftentimes, when he lift up his

foot to set forward, he knew not where, or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way-side. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer. So he cried in my hearing, 'O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!' Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him. Also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together. And, coming to a place, where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;' so they gave back, and came no further.

Eph. vi. 18.

Ps. cxvi. 4.

Christian put to a stand, but for a while.

One thing I would not let slip; I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and, whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before; even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

Christian made believe that he spake blasphemies, when it was Satan that suggested them into his mind.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'

Ps. xxiii. 4.

Then he was glad, and that for these reasons:

First, Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God, were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with

me? though, by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it.

Job ix. 11.

Thirdly, For that he hoped, could he overtake them, to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer; for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke; then said Christian, He hath turned 'the shadow of death into the morning.'

Christian glad at
break of day.
Amos v. 8.

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both; also now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off (for after break of day, they came not nigh); yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, 'He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death.'

Job xii. 22.

Now was Christian much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them more before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note, that though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous: for from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, 'His candle shineth upon my head, *and* by his light I walk *through* darkness.'

The second part
of this valley
very dangerous.

Job xxix. 3.

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, POPE and PAGAN, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since, that PAGAN has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way ; yet, at the sight of the Old Man that sat in the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spake to him, though he could not go after him ; saying, 'You will never mend, till more of you be burned.' But he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by and caught no hurt. Then sang Christian,

O world of wonders ! (I can say no less)
That I should be preserv'd in that distress
That I have met with here ! O blessed be
That hand that from it hath deliver'd me !
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in :
Yea, snares and pits, and traps, and nets, did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been catch'd, entangled, and cast down ;
But since I live, let JESUS wear the crown.

Now, as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose, that pilgrims might see before them. Up there, therefore, Christian went ; and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him, upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, 'Ho ! ho ! Soho ! stay, and I will be your companion.' At that, Faithful looked behind him ; to whom Christian cried again, 'Stay, stay, till I come up to you.' But Faithful answered, 'No, I am upon my life, and the avenger of blood is behind me.'

At this, Christian was somewhat moved, and putting to all his strength, he quickly got up with Faithful, and did also overrun him ; so the last was first. Then did Christian vain-gloriously smile, because he had gotten the start of his brother ; but not taking good heed to his feet, he suddenly stumbled and fell, and could not rise again, until Faithful came up to help him.

Then I saw in my dream, they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage ; and thus Christian began.

CHR. My honoured and well-beloved brother, Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you ; and that God has so tempered our spirits, that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

FAITH. I had thought, dear friend, to have had your company quite from our town ; but you did get the start of me, wherefore I was forced to come thus much of the way alone.

CHR. How long did you stay in the City of Destruction, before you set out after me on your pilgrimage ?

FAITH. Till I could stay no longer ; for there was great talk presently after you were gone out, that our city would, in short time, with fire from heaven, be burned down to the ground.

CHR. What ! did your neighbours talk so ?

Christian over-
takes Faithful.

Christian's fall
makes Faithful
and he go
lovingly
together.

Their talk about
the country from
whence they
came.

FAITH. Yes, it was for a while in everybody's mouth.

CHR. What! and did no more of them but you come out to escape the danger?

FAITH. Though there was, as I said, a great talk thereabout, yet I do not think they did firmly believe it. For in the heat of the discourse, I heard some of them deridingly speak of you, and of your desperate journey (for so they called this your pilgrimage), but I did believe, and do still, that the end of our city will be with fire and brimstone from above; and therefore I have made my escape.

CHR. Did you hear no talk of neighbour Pliable?

FAITH. Yes, Christian, I heard that he followed you till he came at the Slough of Despond, where, as some said, he fell in; but he would not be known to have so done; but I am sure he was soundly bedabbled with that kind of dirt.

CHR. And what said the neighbours to him?

How Pliable was
accounted of,
when he got
home.

FAITH. He hath, since his going back, been had greatly in derision, and that among all sorts of people; some do mock and despise him; and scarce will any set him on work. He is now seven times worse than if he had never gone out of the city.

CHR. But why should they be so set against him, since they also despise the way that he forsook?

FAITH. O! they say, Hang him, he is a turn-coat; he was not true to his profession. I think God has stirred up even his enemies to hiss at him, and make him a proverb, because

Jer. xxix. 18, 19. he hath forsaken the way.

CHR. Had you no talk with him before you came out?

FAITH. I met him once in the streets, but he leered away on the other side, as one ashamed of what he had done; so I spake not to him.

CHR. Well, at my first setting out, I had hopes of that man; but now I fear he will perish in the overthrow of the city; For 'it is happened to him according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.'

The dog and the
sow.

• Peter ii. 22.

FAITH. These are my fears of him too; but who can hinder that which will be?

CHR. Well, neighbour Faithful, said Christian, let us leave him, and talk of things that more immediately concern ourselves. Tell me now, what you have met with in the way as you came; for I know you have met with some things, or else it may be writ for a wonder.

FAITH. I escaped the Slough that I perceived you fell into, and got up to the gate without that danger; only I met with one whose name was Wanton, who had like to have done me a mischief.

Faithful
assaulted by
Wanton

Gen. xxxix.
11-13.

CHR. It was well you escaped her net; Joseph was hard put to it by her, and he escaped her as you did; but it had like to have cost him his life. But what did she do to you?



"WHY, AT FIRST I FOUND MYSELF SOMEWHAT INCLINABLE TO GO
WITH THE MAN"

FAITH. You cannot think, but that you know something, what a flattering tongue she had ; she lay at me hard to turn aside with her, promising me all manner of content.

CHR. Nay, she did not promise you the content of a good conscience.

FAITH. You know what I mean ; all carnal and fleshly content.

CHR. Thank God you have escaped her ; 'The abhorred of the Lord shall fall into her ditch.'

Prov. xxii. 14.

FAITH. Nay, I know not whether I did wholly escape her or no.

CHR. Why, I trow, you did not consent to her desires ?

FAITH. No, not to defile myself ; for I remembered an old writing that I had seen, which said, 'Her steps take hold on hell.' So I shut mine eyes, because I would not be bewitched with her looks. Then she railed on me, and I went my way.

Prov. v. 5.

Job. xxxi. 1.

CHR. Did you meet with no other assault as you came ?

FAITH. When I came to the foot of the hill called Difficulty, I met with a very aged man, who asked me what I was, and whither bound. I told him that I am a pilgrim, going to the Celestial City. Then said the old man, Thou lookest like an honest fellow ; wilt thou be content to dwell with me for the wages that I shall give thee ? Then I asked him his name, and where he dwelt. He said his name was Adam the First, and that he dwelt in the town of Deceit. I asked him then, what was his work, and what the wages that he would give. He told me, that his work was many delights ; and his wages, that I should be his heir at last. I further asked him, what house he kept, and what other servants he had. So he told me, that his house was maintained with all the dainties in the world ; and that his servants were those of his own begetting. Then I asked if he had any children. He said that he had but three daughters ; the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life, and that I should marry them all if I would. Then I asked how long time he would have me live with him ? And he told me, As long as he lived himself.

He is assaulted by Adam the First.

Eph. iv. 22.

1 John ii. 16.

CHR. Well, and what conclusion came the old man and you to, at last ?

FAITH. Why, at first, I found myself somewhat inclinable to go with the man, for I thought he spake very fair ; but looking in his forehead, as I talked with him, I saw there written, 'Put off the old man with his deeds.'

CHR. And how then ?

FAITH. Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got me home to his house, he would sell me for a slave. So I bid him forbear to talk, for I would not come near the door of his house. Then he reviled me, and told me that he would send such a one after me, that should make my way bitter to my soul. So I turned to go away from him ; but just as I turned myself to go

Rom. vii. 24.

thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself. This made me cry, 'O wretched man!' So I went on my way up the hill.

Now when I had got about half way up, I looked behind, and saw one coming after me, swift as the wind; so he overtook me just about the place where the settle stands.

CHR. Just there, said Christian, did I sit down to rest me; but being overcome with sleep, I there lost this roll out of my bosom.

FAITH. But, good brother, hear me out. So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow, for down he knocked me, and laid me for dead. But when I was a little come to myself again, I asked him wherefore he served me so. He said, because of my secret inclining to Adam the First: and with that he struck me another deadly blow on the breast, and beat me down backward; so I lay at his foot as dead as before. So, when I came to myself again, I cried him mercy; but he said, I know not how to show mercy; and with that knocked me down again. He had doubtless made an end of me, but that one came by, and bid him forbear.

CHR. Who was that that bid him forbear.

FAITH. I did not know him at first, but as he went by, I perceived the holes in his hands, and in his side; then I concluded that he was our Lord. So I went up the hill.

The temper of
Moses.

CHR. That man that overtook you was Moses. He spareth none, neither knoweth he how to show mercy to those that transgress his law.

FAITH. I know it very well; it was not the first time that he has met with me. It was he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home, and that told me he would burn my house over my head, if I stayed there.

CHR. But did you not see the house that stood there on the top of the hill, on the side of which Moses met you?

FAITH. Yes, and the lions too, before I came at it; but for the lions, I think they were asleep; for it was about noon; and because I had so much of the day before me, I passed by the porter, and came down the hill.

CHR. He told me indeed, that he saw you go by, but I wish you had called at the house, for they would have showed you so many rarities, that you would scarce have forgot them to the day of your death. But pray tell me, Did you meet nobody in the Valley of Humility?

Faithful
assaulted by
Discontent.

FAITH. Yes, I met with one Discontent, who would willingly have persuaded me to go back again with him; his reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honour. He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disobey all my friends, as Pride, Arrogancy, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, with others, who, he knew, as he said, would be very much offended, if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

CHR. Well, and how did you answer him?

FAITH. I told him that although all these that he named might claim kindred of me, and that rightly, for indeed they were my relations according to the flesh, yet since I became a pilgrim, they have disowned me, as I also have rejected them; and therefore they were to me now no more than if they had never been of my lineage.

Faithful's answer
to Discontent.

I told him, moreover, that as to this valley he had quite misrepresented the thing; 'for before honour is humility; and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Therefore, said I, I had rather go through this valley to the honour that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worthy our affections.

CHR. Met you with nothing else in that valley?

FAITH. Yes, I met with Shame; but of all the men that I met with in my pilgrimage, he, I think, bears the wrong name. The others would be said nay, after a little argumentation, and somewhat else; but this bold-faced Shame would never have done.

He is assaulted
with Shame.

CHR. Why, what did he say to you?

FAITH. What! why, he objected against religion itself; he said it was a pitiful, low, sneaking business for a man to mind religion; he said that a tender conscience was an unmanly thing; and that for a man to watch over his words and ways, so as to tie up himself from that hectoring liberty, that the brave spirits of the times accustom themselves unto, would make him the ridicule of the times. He objected also, that but few of the mighty, rich, or wise, were ever of my opinion, nor any of them neither, before they were persuaded to be fools, and to be of a voluntary fondness, to venture the loss of all, for nobody knows what. He moreover objected the base and low estate and condition of those that were chiefly the pilgrims, of the times in which they lived; also their ignorance, and want of understanding in all natural science. Yea, he did hold me to it at that rate also, about a great many more things than here I relate; as, that it was a *shame* to sit whining and mourning under a sermon, and a *shame* to come sighing and groaning home; that it was a *shame* to ask my neighbour forgiveness for petty faults, or to make restitution where I have taken from any. He said also, that religion made a man grow strange to the great, because of a few vices, which he called by finer names; and made him own and respect the base, because of the same religious fraternity. And is not this, said he, a *shame*?

1 Cor. i. 26; iii.
18; Phil. iii. 7, 8.
John vii. 48.

CHR. And what did you say to him?

FAITH. Say! I could not tell what to say at the first. Yea, he put me so to it, that my blood came up in my face; even this Shame fetched it up, and had almost beat me quite off. But, at last, I began to consider, that 'that which is highly esteemed among men, is had in abomination with God.' And Luke xvi. 15.

I thought again, this Shame tells me what men are; but it tells me nothing what God, or the Word of God is. And I thought, moreover, that at the day of doom, we shall not be doomed to death or life, according to the hectoring spirits of the world, but according to the wisdom and law of the Highest. Therefore, thought I, what God says is best, indeed is best, though all the men in the world are against it. Seeing, then, that God prefers his religion; seeing God prefers a tender conscience; seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest; and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates him; *Shame*, depart, thou art an enemy to my salvation. Shall I entertain thee against my sovereign Lord? How then shall I look him in the face at his coming? Should I now be ashamed of his ways and servants, how can I expect the blessing? But, indeed, this Shame was a bold villain; I could scarce shake him out of my company; yea, he would be haunting of me, and continually whispering me in the ear, with some one or other of the infirmities that attend religion; but at last I told him it was but in vain to attempt further in this business; for those things that he disdained, in those did I see most glory; and so at last I got past this importunate one. And when I had shaken him off, then I began to sing—

Mark viii. 38.

The trials that those men do meet withal,
That are obedient to the heavenly call,
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
And come, and come, and come again afresh;
That now, or sometime else, we by them may
Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
O let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims, then,
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men.

CHR. I am glad, my brother, that thou didst withstand this villain so bravely; for of all, as thou sayest, I think he has the wrong name; for he is so bold as to follow us in the streets, and to attempt to put us to shame before all men; that is, to make us ashamed of that which is good; but if he was not himself audacious, he would never attempt to do as he does. But let us still resist him; for notwithstanding all his bravadoes, he promoteth the fool, and none else. 'The wise shall inherit glory,' said Solomon, 'but shame shall be the promotion of fools.'

Prov. iii. 35.

FAITH. I think we must cry to him for help against Shame, who would have us to be valiant for the truth upon the earth.

CHR. You say true; but did you meet nobody else in that valley?

FAITH. No, not I, for I had sunshine all the rest of the way through that, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

CHR. It was well for you. I am sure it fared far otherwise with me; I had for a long season, as soon almost as I entered

into that valley, a dreadful combat with that foul fiend Apollyon ; yea, I thought verily he would have killed me, especially when he got me down and crushed me under him, as if he would have crushed me to pieces ; for as he threw me, my sword flew out of my hand ; nay, he told me he was sure of me ; but I cried to God, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles. Then I entered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had no light for almost half the way through it. I thought I should have been killed there, over and over ; but at last day broke, and the sun rose, and I went through that which was behind with far more ease and quiet.

Moreover, I saw in my dream, that as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative, walking at a distance besides them ; for in this place, there was room enough for them all to walk. He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner.

Talkative described.

FAITH. Friend, whither away ? Are you going to the heavenly country ?

TALK. I am going to the same place.

FAITH. That is well ; then I hope we may have your good company.

TALK. With a very good will, will I be your companion.

FAITH. Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

Faithful and Talkative enter discourse.

TALK. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you, or with any other ; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to so good a work ; for, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time (as they are in their travels), but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit ; and this hath been a trouble to me.

Talkative's dislike of bad discourse.

FAITH. That is indeed a thing to be lamented ; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth, as are the things of the God of heaven ?

TALK. I like you wonderful well, for your sayings are full of conviction ; and I will add, what thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God ? What things so pleasant (that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful) ? For instance, if a man doth delight to talk of the history or the mystery of things ; or if a man doth love to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful, and so sweetly penned, as in the Holy Scripture ?

FAITH. That is true ; but to be profited by such things in our talk should be that which we design.

TALK. That is it that I said ; for to talk of such things is most profitable ; for by so doing, a man may get knowledge of many things ; as of the vanity of earthly things, and the benefit of things above. Thus, in general, but more particularly, by

Talkative's fine discourse.

this, a man may learn the necessity of the new birth ; the insufficiency of our works ; the need of Christ's righteousness, etc. Besides, by this a man may learn, by talk, what it is to repent, to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like ; by this also a man may learn what are the great promises and consolations of the gospel, to his own comfort. Further, by this a man may learn to refute false opinions, to vindicate the truth, and also to instruct the ignorant.

FAITH. All this is true, and glad am I to hear these things from you.

TALK. Alas ! the want of this is the cause why so few understand the need of faith, and the necessity of a work of grace in their soul, in order to eternal life ; but ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven.

FAITH. But, by your leave, heavenly knowledge of these is the gift of God ; no man attaineth to them by human industry, or only by the talk of them.

O brave Talkative.

TALK. All this I know very well. For a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven ; all is of grace, not of works. I could give you a hundred scriptures for the confirmation of this.

FAITH. Well, then, said Faithful, what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon ?

O brave Talkative.

TALK. What you will. I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly ; things moral, or things evangelical ; things sacred, or things profane ; things past, or things to come ; things foreign, or things at home ; things more essential, or things circumstantial ; provided that all be done to our profit.

Faithful beguiled by Talkative.

FAITH. Now did Faithful begin to wonder ; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), What a brave companion have we got ! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.

Christian makes a discovery of Talkative, telling Faithful who he was.

CHR. At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile, with that tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not.

FAITH. Do you know him, then ?

CHR. Know him ! Yes, better than he knows himself.

FAITH. Pray, what is he ?

CHR. His name is Talkative ; he dwelleth in our town ; I wonder that you should be a stranger to him, only I consider that our town is large.

FAITH. Whose son is he ? And whereabout does he dwell ?

CHR. He is the son of one Say-well ; he dwelt in Prating Row ; and he is known of all that are acquainted with him, by the name of Talkative in Prating Row ; and notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

FAITH. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

CHR. That is, to them who have not thorough acquaintance with him ; for he is best abroad ; near home, he is ugly enough.

Your saying that he is a pretty man, brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but, very near, more displeasing.

FAITH. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

CHR. God forbid that I should jest (although I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely! I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth; religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath, lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

FAITH. Say you so! then am I in this man greatly deceived.

CHR. Deceived! you may be sure of it; remember the proverb, 'They say, and do not.' But the 'kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.' He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and of the new birth; but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and abroad; and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion, as the white of an egg is of savour. There is there, neither prayer, nor sign of repentance for sin; yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion, to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him. Thus say the common people that know him, A saint abroad, and a devil at home. His poor family finds it so, he is such a churl, such a railer at, and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for, or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him, say, it is better to deal with a Turk than with him; for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This talkative (if it be possible) will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and over-reach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in any of them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools, and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much, or speak to their commendations before others. For my part, I am of opinion that he has, by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

FAITH. Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because, like a Christian, you make your reports of men. For I cannot think that you speak these things of ill-will, but because it is even so as you say.

CHR. Had I known him no more than you, I might perhaps have thought of him as, at the first, you did; yea, had he

Matt. xxiii. 3.

1 Cor. iv. 20.
Talkative talks,
but does not.

His house is
empty of
religion.

He is a stain to
religion.

Rom. ii. 24, 25.

The proverb that
goes of him.

Men shun to
deal with him.

received this report at their hands only that are enemies to religion, I should have thought it had been a slander—a lot that often falls from bad men's mouths upon good men's names and professions; but all these things, yea, and a great many more as bad, of my own knowledge, I can prove him guilty of. Besides, good men are ashamed of him; they can neither call him brother, nor friend; the very naming of him among them makes them blush, if they know him.

FAITH. Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

CHR. They are two things indeed, and are as diverse as are the soul and the body; for as the body without the soul is but a dead carcass, so saying, if it be alone, is but a dead carcass also. The soul of religion is the practical part: 'Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, *and* to keep himself unspotted from the world.' This Talkative is not aware of; he thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian, and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life; and let us assure ourselves, that at the day of doom men shall be judged according to their fruits. It will not be said then, Did you believe? but, Were you doers, or talkers only? and accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest; and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that anything can be accepted that is not of faith, but I speak this to show you how insignificant the profession of Talkative will be at that day.

FAITH. This brings to my mind that of Moses, by which he describeth the beast that is clean. He is such a one that parteth the hoof and cheweth the cud; not that parteth the hoof only, or that cheweth the cud only. The hare cheweth the cud, but yet is unclean, because he parteth not the hoof. And this truly resembleth Talkative, he cheweth the cud, he seeketh knowledge, he cheweth upon the word; but he divideth not the hoof, he parteth not with the way of sinners; but, as the hare, he retaineth the foot of a dog or bear, and therefore he is unclean.

CHR. You have spoken, for aught I know, the true gospel sense of those texts. And I will add another thing: Paul calleth some men, yea, and those great talkers too, 'sounding brass, and tinkling cymbals,' that is, as he expounds them in another place, 'things without life, giving sound.' Things without life, that is, without the true faith and grace of the gospel; and consequently, things that shall never be placed in the kingdom of heaven among those that are the children of life; though their sound, by their talk, be as if it were the tongue or voice of an angel.

FAITH. Well, I was not so fond of his company at first, but

The carcass of religion.

James. i. 27; see vers. 22-26

Matt. xiii., xxv.

Lev. xi.; Deut. xiv.

Faithful convinced of the badness of Talkative.

Talkative like to things that sound without life.

1 Cor. xiii. 1-3; xiv. 7.

I am as sick of it now. What shall we do to be rid of him?

CHR. Take my advice, and do as I bid you, and you shall find that he will soon be sick of your company too, except God shall touch his heart, and turn it.

FAITH. What would you have me to do?

CHR. Why, go to him, and enter into some serious discourse about the power of religion; and ask him plainly (when he has approved of it, for that he will) whether this thing be set up in his heart, house, or conversation?

FAITH. Then Faithful stepped forward again, and said to Talkative, Come, what cheer? How is it now?

TALK. Thank you, well. I thought we should have had a great deal of talk by this time.

FAITH. Well, if you will, we will fall to it now; and since you left it with me to state the question, let it be this: How doth the saving grace of God discover itself, when it is in the heart of man?

TALK. I perceive then, that our talk must be about the power of things. Well, it is a very good question, and I shall be willing to answer you. And take my answer in brief, thus: First, Where the grace of God is in the heart, it causeth there a great outcry against sin. Secondly—

Talkative's false discovery of a work of grace.

FAITH. Nay, hold, let us consider of one at once. I think you should rather say, It shows itself by inclining the soul to abhor its sin.

TALK. Why, what difference is there between crying out against, and abhorring of sin?

FAITH. O! a great deal. A man may cry out against sin of policy, but he cannot abhor it, but by virtue of a godly antipathy against it. I have heard many cry out against sin in the pulpit, who yet can abide it well enough in the heart, house, and conversation. Joseph's mistress cried out with a loud voice, as if she had been very holy; but she would willingly, notwithstanding that, have committed uncleanness with him. Some cry out against sin, even as the mother cries out against her child in her lap, when she calleth it slut and naughty girl, and then falls to hugging and kissing it.

To cry out against sin, no sign of grace.

Gen. xxxix. 15.

TALK. You lie at the catch, I perceive.

FAITH. No, not I; I am only for setting things right. But what is the second thing whereby you would prove a discovery of a work of grace in the heart?

TALK. Great knowledge of gospel mysteries.

FAITH. This sign should have been first; but first or last, it is also false; for knowledge, great knowledge, may be obtained in the mysteries of the gospel, and yet no work of grace in the soul. Yea, if a man have all knowledge, he may yet be nothing, and so consequently be no child of God. When Christ said, 'Do you know all these things?' and the disciples had answered, Yes; he addeth, 'Blessed are ye if ye

Great knowledge no sign of grace.

1 Cor. xiii.

do them.' He doth not lay the blessing in the knowing of them, but in the doing of them. For there is a knowledge that is not attended with doing: 'He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not.' A man may know like an angel, and yet be no Christian, therefore your sign of it is not true. Indeed, *to know* is a thing that pleaseth talkers and boasters; but *to do* is that which pleaseth God. Not that the heart can be good without knowledge; for without that the heart is naught. There is, therefore, knowledge and knowledge. Knowledge that resteth in the bare speculation of things; and knowledge that is accompanied with the grace of faith and love; which puts a man upon doing even the will of God from the heart: the first of these will serve the talker; but without the other the true Christian is not content. 'Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with *my* whole heart.'

Knowledge and knowledge.

True knowledge attended with endeavours.

Ps. cxix. 34.

TALK. You lie at the catch again; this is not for edification.

FAITH. Well, if you please, propound another sign how this work of grace discovereth itself where it is.

TALK. Not I, for I see we shall not agree.

FAITH. Well, if you will not, will you give me leave to do it?

TALK. You may use your liberty.

One good sign of grace.

FAITH. A work of grace in the soul discovereth itself, either to him that hath it, or to standers-by.

John xvi. 8;
Rom. vii. 24;
John xvi. 9;
Mark xvi. 16.

To him that hath it thus: It gives him conviction of sin, especially of the defilement of his nature and the sin of unbelief (for the sake of which he is sure to be damned, if he findeth not mercy at God's hand, by faith in Jesus Christ). This sight and sense of things worketh in him sorrow and shame for sin; he findeth, moreover, revealed in him the Saviour of the world, and the absolute necessity of closing with him for life, at the which he findeth hungerings and thirstings after him; to which hungerings, etc., the promise is made. Now, according to the strength or weakness of his faith in his Saviour, so is his joy and peace, so is his love to holiness, so are his desires to know him more, and also to serve him in this world. But though I say it discovereth itself thus unto him, yet it is but seldom that he is able to conclude that this is a work of grace; because his corruptions now, and his abused reason, make his mind to misjudge in this matter; therefore, in him that hath this work, there is required a very sound judgment before he can, with steadiness, conclude that this is a work of grace.

Ps. xxxviii. 18;
Jer. xxxi. 19;
Gal. ii. 16;
Acts iv. 12;
Matt. v. 6;
Rev. xxi. 6.

To others, it is thus discovered:

Rom. x. 10;
Phil. i. 27;
Matt. v. 19.

1. By an experimental confession of his faith in Christ.

2. By a life answerable to that confession; to wit, a life of holiness; heart-holiness, family-holiness (if he hath a family), and by conversation-holiness in the world; which, in the

general, teacheth him, inwardly, to abhor his sin, and himself for that, in secret ; to suppress it in his family, and to promote holiness in the world ; not by talk only, as a hypocrite or talkative person may do, but by a practical subjection, in faith and love, to the power of the Word. And now, Sir, as to this brief description of the work of grace, and also the discovery of it, if you have aught to object, object ; if not, then give me leave to propound to you a second question.

John xvi. 15 ;
Ps. i. 23 ;
Job xlii. 5, 6 ;
Ezek. xx. 43.

TALK. Nay, my part is not now to object, but to hear ; let me, therefore, have your second question.

FAITH. It is this : Do you experience this first part of this description of it ? and doth your life and conversation testify the same ? or standeth your religion in word or in tongue, and not in deed and truth ? Pray, if you incline to answer me in this, say no more than you know the God above will say Amen to ; and, also, nothing but what your conscience can justify you in ; 'for, not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth.' Besides, to say, I am thus, and thus, when my conversation, and all my neighbours, tell me I lie, is great wickedness.

Another good
sign of grace.

TALK. Then Talkative at first began to blush ; but, recovering himself, thus he replied : You come now to experience, to conscience, and God ; and to appeal to him for justification of what is spoken. This kind of discourse I did not expect ; nor am I disposed to give an answer to such questions, because I count not myself bound thereto, unless you take upon you to be a catechiser, and, though you should so do, yet I may refuse to make you my judge. But, I pray, will you tell me why you ask me such questions ?

Talkative not
pleased with
Faithful's
question.

FAITH. Because I saw you forward to talk, and because I knew not that you had aught else but notion. Besides, to tell you all the truth, I have heard of you, that you are a man whose religion lies in talk, and that your conversation gives this your mouth-profession the lie. They say, you are a spot among Christians ; and that religion fareth the worse for your ungodly conversation ; that some already have stumbled at your wicked ways, and that more are in danger of being destroyed thereby ; your religion, and an ale-house, and covetousness, and uncleanness, and swearing, and lying, and vain company keeping, etc., will stand together. The proverb is true of you which is said of a whore, to wit, that she is a shame to all women ; so are you a shame to all professors.

The reasons why
Faithful put to
him that ques-
tion.

Faithful's plain
dealing to Talka-
tive.

TALK. Since you are ready to take up reports, and to judge so rashly as you do, I cannot but conclude you are some peevish or melancholy man, not fit to be discoursed with ; and so adieu.

Talkative flings
away from
Faithful.

CHR. Then came up Christian, and said to his brother, I told you how it would happen ; your words and his lusts could not agree ; he had rather leave your company than reform his life. But he is gone, as I said ; let him go, the loss is no man's

A good riddance. but his own ; he has saved us the trouble of going from him ; for he continuing (as I suppose he will do) as he is, he would have been but a blot in our company ; besides, the apostle says, ' From such withdraw thyself.'

FAITH. But I am glad we had this little discourse with him ; it may happen that he will think of it again ; however, I have dealt plainly with him, and so am clear of his blood, if he perisheth.

CHR. You did well to talk so plainly to him as you did ; there is but little of this faithful dealing with men now-a-days, and that makes religion to stink so in the nostrils of many, as it doth ; for they are these talkative fools whose religion is only in word, and are debauched and vain in their conversation, that (being so much admitted into the fellowship of the godly) do puzzle the world, blemish Christianity, and grieve the sincere. I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done ; then should they either be made more conformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them. Then did Faithful say,

How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes !
How bravely doth he speak ! How he presumes
To drive down all before him ! But so soon
As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
That's past the full, into the wane he goes.
And so will all, but he that HEART-WORK knows.

Thus they went on talking of what they had seen by the way, and so made that way easy which would, otherwise, no doubt, have been tedious to them ; for now they went through a wilderness.

Now, when they were got almost quite out of this wilderness, Faithful chanced to cast his eye back, and espied one coming after them, and he knew him. Oh ! said Faithful to his brother, Who comes yonder ? Then Christian looked, and said, It is my good friend Evangelist. Aye, and my good friend too, said Faithful, for it was he that set me the way to the gate. Now was Evangelist come up unto them, and thus saluted them :

EVAN. Peace be with you, dearly beloved ; and peace be to your helpers.

They are glad at the sight of him

CHR. Welcome, welcome, my good Evangelist ; the sight of thy countenance brings to my remembrance thy ancient kindness and unwearied labouring for my eternal good.

FAITH. And a thousand times welcome, said good Faithful. Thy company, O sweet Evangelist, how desirable it is to us poor pilgrims !

EVAN. Then said Evangelist, How hath it fared with you, my friends, since the time of our last parting ? What have you met with, and how have you behaved yourselves ?

Then Christian and Faithful told him of all things that had

happened to them in the way; and how, and with what difficulty, they had arrived to that place.

EVAN. Right glad am I, said Evangelist, not that you have met with trials, but that you have been victors; and for that you have, notwithstanding many weaknesses, continued in the way to this very day.

His exhortation to them.

I say, right glad am I of this thing, and that for mine own sake and yours. I have sowed, and you have reaped; and the day is coming, when both he that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together; that is, if you hold out; 'for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' The crown is before you, and it is an incorruptible one; 'so run, that you may obtain' it. Some there be that set out for this crown, and, after they have gone far for it, another comes in, and takes it from them; hold fast, therefore, that you have, let no man take your crown. You are not yet out of the gun-shot of the devil; you have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin; let the kingdom be always before you, and believe steadfastly concerning things that are invisible. Let nothing that is on this side the other world get within you; and, above all, look well to your own hearts, and to the lusts thereof, 'for they are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;' set your faces like a flint; you have all power in heaven and earth on your side.

John iv. 36;
Gal. vi. 9.
1 Cor. ix. 24-27.

Rev. iii. 11.

CHR. Then Christian thanked him for his exhortation; but told him, withal, that they would have him speak further to them for their help the rest of the way, and the rather, for that they well knew that he was a prophet, and could tell them of things that might happen unto them, and also how they might resist and overcome them. To which request Faithful also consented. So Evangelist began as followeth:

They do thank him for his exhortation.

EVAN. My sons, you have heard in the words of the truth of the gospel that you must, through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again, that in every city bonds and afflictions abide in you; and therefore you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a town that you will by and by see before you; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you; and be you sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold, with blood; but be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life. He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain perhaps great, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with in the rest of his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related,

He predicteth what troubles they shall meet with in Vanity Fair, and encourageth them to steadfastness.

He whose lot it will be there to suffer, will have the better of his brother.

then remember your friend and quit yourselves like men, and commit the keeping of your souls to your God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, 'All that cometh *is* vanity.'

Eccles. i.; ii. 17,
17; xi. 8; Isa.
xl. 17.

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

The antiquity of
this fair.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair

The merchandise
of this fair.

are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz. countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

The streets of
this fair.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs 'go out of the world.' The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him

1 Cor. v. 20.
Christ went
through this fair.



AT LAST THINGS CAME TO A HUBBUB, AND GREAT STIR IN THE FAIR

reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities ; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair. Now these Pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did ; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them ; and that for several reasons ; for—

Matt. iv. 8 ;
Luke iv. 5-7.

Christ bought
nothing in this
fair.

The Pilgrims
enter the fair.

The fair in a
hubbub about
them.

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men.

The first cause
of the hubbub.

x Cor. ii. 7, 8.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said ; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world ; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Second cause of
the hubbub.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares ; they cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,' and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

Third cause of
the hubbub.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy ? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, 'We buy the truth.' At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more : some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub, and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination ; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb ? The men told them, that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem, and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was, for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth.

Ps. cxix. 37 ;
Phil. iii. 19, 20.
Fourth cause of
the hubbub.

Prov. xxiii. 23.

They are
mocked.

The fair in a
hubbub.

They are
examined.

They tell who
they are, and
whence they
came.

Heb. ix. 13-16.

They are not believed.

They are put in the cage.

Their behaviour in the cage.

The men of the fair do fall out among themselves about these two men.

They are made the authors of this disturbance.

They are led up and down the fair in chains, for a terror to others.

Some of the men of the fair won to them.

Their adversaries resolve to kill them.

But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair, that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them, they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise

disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The Judge's name was Lord Hate-good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this :—

They are again put into the cage, and after brought to trial.

'That they were enemies to, and disturbers of their trade ; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.'

Their Indictment.

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace ; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Faithful's answer for himself.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar ; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect : My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench, that he is—

Envy begins.

JUDGE. Hold. Give him his oath. (So they swore him.) Then he said—

ENVY. My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom ; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity, were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

JUDGE. Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say ?

ENVY. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him ; so he began.

Superstition follows.

SUPER. My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him ; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town ; for then talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned ; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank's testimony.

PICK. My Lord, and you gentlemen all, This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke ; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility ; and he hath said, moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

Sins are all lords and great ones.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee ?

FAITH. May I speak a few words in my own defence ?

JUDGE. Sirrah ! Sirrah ! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

Faithful's defence of himself.

FAITH. 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a Divine faith ; but there can be no Divine faith without a Divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable

to Divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country: and so, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe); Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

The Judge's
speech to the
jury.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply, and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed, which must therefore needs be intolerable.

Exod. i.

Dan. iii.

Dan. vi.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr Blind-man, Mr No-good, Mr Malice, Mr Love-lust, Mr Live-loose, Mr Heady, Mr High-mind, Mr Enmity, Mr Liar, Mr Cruelty, Mr Hate-light, and Mr Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first, among themselves, Mr Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr Hate-light. Then said Mr Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently

The jury and
their names.

Everyone's
private verdict.

They conclude
to bring him in
guilty of death.

condemned, to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

The cruel death
of Faithful.

They, therefore, brought him out, to do with him according to their law ; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives ; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords ; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

A chariot and
horses wait to
take away
Faithful.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

Christian is still
alive.

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space ; but he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way ; and as he went, he sang, saying—

The Song that
Christian made
of Faithful after
his death.

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord ; with whom thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights,
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive ;
For, though they kill'd thee, thou art yet alive.

Christian has
another
companion.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful (being made so by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behaviour, in their sufferings at the Fair), who joined himself unto him, and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus, one died to bear testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes, to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage. This Hopeful also told Christian, that there were many more of the men in the Fair, that would take their time and follow after.

There are more
of the men of the
Fair will follow.

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the Fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends ; so they said to him, What countryman, Sir ? and how far go you this way ? He told them that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City, but told them not his name.

They overtake
By-ends.

Prov. xxvi. 25.

From Fair-speech ! said Christian. Is there any good that lives there ?

BY-ENDS. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

CHR. Pray, Sir, what may I call you ? said Christian.

By-ends loath to
tell his name.

BY-ENDS. I am a stranger to you, and you to me : if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company ; if not, I must be content.

CHR. This town of Fair-speech, said Christian, I have heard of ; and, as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

BY-ENDS. Yes, I will assure you that it is ; and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHR. Pray, who are your kindred there? if a man may be so bold.

BY-ENDS. Almost the whole town ; and in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name), also Mr Smooth-man, Mr Facing-both-ways, Mr Any-thing ; and the parson of our parish, Mr Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother, by father's side ; and to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality, yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

CHR. Are you a married man?

BY-ENDS. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman ; she was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points ; first, we never strive against wind and tide ;

The wife and kindred of By-ends.

secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers ; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud him.

Where By-ends differs from others in religion.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech ; and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him ; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth ; and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you : Is not your name Mr By-ends, of Fair-speech?

BY-ENDS. This is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me ; and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

CHR. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

BY-ENDS. Never, never ! The worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby ; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing ; but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

How By-ends got his name.

CHR. I thought, indeed, that you were the man that I heard of ; and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

BY-ENDS. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it ;

He desires to keep company with Christian.

you shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

CHR. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion; you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

BY-ENDS. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

CHR. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

By-ends and Christian part.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him; but one of them looking back, saw three men following Mr By-ends, and behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low *congé*; and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were Mr Hold-the-world, Mr Money-love, and Mr Save-all; men that Mr By-ends had formerly been acquainted with; for in their minority they were schoolfellows, and were taught by one Mr Gripeman, a schoolmaster in Love-gain, which is a market town in the county of Coveting, in the north. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.

He has new companions.

Well, when they had, as I said, thus saluted each other, Mr Money-love said to Mr By-ends, Who are they upon the road before us? (for Christian and Hopeful were yet within view.)

By-ends' character of the Pilgrims.

BY-ENDS. They are a couple of far countrymen, that, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage.

MONEY-LOVE. Alas! Why did they not stay, that we might have had their good company? for they, and we, and you, Sir, I hope, are all going on a pilgrimage.

BY-ENDS. We are so, indeed; but the men before us are so rigid, and love so much their own notions, and do also so lightly esteem the opinions of others, that let a man be never so godly, yet if he jumps not with them in all things, they thrust him quite out of their company.

SAVE-ALL. That is bad, but we read of some that are righteous overmuch; and such men's rigidness prevails with them to judge and condemn all but themselves. But, I pray, what, and how many, were the things wherein you differed?

BY-ENDS. Why, they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is duty to rush on their journey all weathers; and I am

for waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap ; and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men are against them ; but I am for religion in what, and so far as the times, and my safety, will bear it. They are for religion when in rags and contempt ; but I am for him when he walks in his golden slippers, in the sunshine, and with applause.

MR HOLD-THE-WORLD. Aye, and hold you there still, good Mr By-ends ; for, for my part, I can count him but a fool, that, having the liberty to keep what he has, shall be so unwise as to lose it. Let us be wise as serpents ; it is best to make hay when the sun shines ; you see how the bee lieth still all winter, and bestirs her only when she can have profit with pleasure. God sends sometimes rain, and sometimes sunshine ; if they be such fools to go through the first, yet let us be content to take fair weather along with us. For my part, I like that religion best that will stand with the security of God's good blessings unto us ; for who can imagine, that is ruled by his reason, since God has bestowed upon us the good things of this life, but that he would have us keep them for his sake ? Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion. And Job says, that a good man shall lay up gold as dust. But he must not be such as the men before us, if they be as you have described them.

MR SAVE-ALL. I think that we are all agreed in this matter, and therefore there needs no more words about it.

MR MONEY-LOVE. No, there needs no more words about this matter indeed ; for he that believes neither Scripture nor reason (and you see we have both on our side), neither knows his own liberty, nor seeks his own safety.

MR BY-ENDS. My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on pilgrimage ; and for our better diversion from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question :

Suppose a man, a minister, or a tradesman, &c., should have an advantage lie before him, to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before ; may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man ?

MR MONEY-LOVE. I see the bottom of your question ; and, with these gentlemen's good leave, I will endeavour to shape you an answer. And first to speak to your question as it concerns a minister himself : Suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed but of a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat, and plump by far ; he has also now an opportunity of getting of it, yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently, and zealously, and, because the temper of the people requires it, by altering of some of his principles ; for my part, I see no reason but a man may do this

(provided he has a call), aye, and more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why—

1. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be contradicted), since it is set before him by Providence ; so then, he may get it, if he can, making no question for conscience sake.

2. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious, a more zealous preacher, &c., and so makes him a better man ; yea, makes him better improve his parts, which is according to the mind of God.

3. Now, as for his complying with the temper of his people, by dissenting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth—(1.) That he is of a self-denying temper. (2.) Of a sweet and winning deportment. And so (3.) More fit for the ministerial function.

4. I conclude then, that a minister that changes a small for a great, should not, for so doing, be judged as covetous ; but rather, since he is improved in his parts and industry thereby, be counted as one that pursues his call, and the opportunity put into his hand to do good.

And now to the second part of the question, which concerns the tradesman you mentioned. Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but by becoming religious, he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more, and far better customers to his shop ; for my part, I see no reason but that this may be lawfully done. For why—

1. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3. Besides, the man that gets these by becoming religious, gets that which is good, of them that are good, by becoming good himself ; so then here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good ; therefore, to become religious to get all these, is a good and profitable design.

This answer, thus made by this Mr Money-love to Mr By-ends' question, was highly applauded by them all ; wherefore they concluded, upon the whole, that it was most wholesome and advantageous. And because, as they thought, no man was able to contradict it, and because Christian and Hopeful were yet within call, they jointly agreed to assault them with the question as soon as they overtook them ; and the rather because they had opposed Mr By-ends before. So they called after them, and they stopped, and stood still till they came up to them ; but they concluded, as they went, that not Mr By-ends, but old Mr Hold-the-world, should propound the question to them, because, as they supposed, their answer to him would be without the remainder of that heat that was kindled betwixt Mr By-ends and them, at their parting a little before.

So they came up to each other, and after a short salutation, Mr Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer it if they could.

CHR. Then said Christian, Even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves (as it is in the sixth of John), how much more abominable is it to make of him and religion a stalking-horse, to get and enjoy the world! Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils, and witches, that are of this opinion.

1. Heathens; for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughter and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no ways for them to come at them, but by becoming circumcised; they say to their companions, if every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle, and their substance, and every beast of theirs, be ours? Their daughter and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made use of to come at them. Read the whole story.

Gen. xxxiv.
20-23.

2. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion; long prayers were their pretence; but to get widows' houses was their intent; and greater damnation was from God their judgment.

Luke xx. 46, 47.

3. Judas the devil was also of this religion; he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

4. Simon the witch was of this religion too; for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith; and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according.

Acts viii. 19-22.

5. Neither will it out of my mind, but that that man that takes up religion for the world, will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same. To answer the question therefore affirmatively, as I perceive you have done; and to accept of, as authentic, such answer, is both heathenish, hypocritical, and devilish; and your reward will be according to your works. Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. Hopeful also approved of the soundness of Christian's answer; so there was a great silence among them. Mr By-ends and his company also staggered and kept behind, that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they do with the sentence of God? And if they are mute when dealt with by vessels of clay, what will they do when they shall be rebuked by the flames of a devouring fire?

Then Christian and Hopeful outwent them again, and went till they came at a delicate plain, called Ease, where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they

The ease that pilgrims have is but little in this life.

Lucre Hill, a dangerous hill.

were quickly got over it. Now at the further side of that plain, was a little Hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brink of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain; some also had been maimed there, and could not, to their dying day, be their own men again.

Demas at the Hill Lucre. He calls to Christian and Hopeful to come to him.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver mine, stood Demas (gentleman-like) to call to passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow, Ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing.

CHR. What thing so deserving as to turn us out of the way to see it?

DEMAs. Here is a silver mine, and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Hopeful tempted to go, but Christian holds him back.

HOPE. Then said Hopeful, Let us go see.

CHR. Not I, said Christian, I have heard of this place before now; and how many have there been slain; and besides that, treasure is a snare to those that seek it; for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage. Then Christian called to Demas, saying, Is not the place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?

Hos. xiv. 8.

DEMAs. Not very dangerous, except to those that are careless (but withal, he blushed as he spake).

CHR. Then said Christian to Hopeful, Let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way.

HOPE. I will warrant you, when Bye-ends comes up, if he hath the same invitation as we, he will turn in thither to see.

CHR. No doubt thereof, for his principles lead him that way, and a hundred to one but he dies there.

DEMAs. Then Demas called again, saying, But will you not come over and see?

Christian roundeth up Demas.

2 Tim. iv. 10.

CHR. Then Christian roundly answered, saying, Demas, thou art an enemy to the right ways of the Lord of this way, and hast been already condemned for thine own turning aside, by one of his Majesty's judges, and why seekest thou to bring us into the like condemnation? Besides, if we at all turn aside, our Lord the King will certainly hear thereof, and will there put us to shame, where we would stand with boldness before him.

Demas cried again, That he also was one of their fraternity; and that if they would tarry a little, he also himself would walk with them.

CHR. Then said Christian, What is thy name? Is it not the same by the which I have called thee?

DEMAs. Yes, my name is Demas; I am the son of Abraham.

CHR. I know you; Gehazi was your great-grandfather, and Judas your father; and you have trod in their steps. It is but a devilish prank that thou usest; thy father was hanged for a

2 Kings v. 20;
Matt. xxvi. 14,
15; xxvii. 1-5.

traitor, and thou deservest no better reward. Assure thyself, that when we come to the King, we will do him word of this thy behaviour. Thus they went their way.

By this time By-ends and his companions were come again within sight, and they, at the first beck, went over to Demas. Now, whether they fell into the pit by looking over the brink thereof, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly arise, of these things I am not certain; but this I observed, that they never were seen again in the way. Then sang Christian—

By-ends goes
over to Demas.

By-ends and silver Demas both agree;
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre; so these do
Take up in this world, and no further go.

Now I saw that, just on the other side of this plain, the Pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument, hard by the highway side; at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof; for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar; here therefore they stood looking, and looking upon it, but could not for a time tell what they should make thereof. At last Hopeful espied written above the head thereof, a writing in an unusual hand; but he being no scholar, called to Christian (for he was learned) to see if he could pick out the meaning; so he came, and after a little laying of letters together, he found the same to be this, 'Remember Lot's wife.' So he read it to his fellow; after which they both concluded that that was the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, for her looking back with a covetous heart, when she was going from Sodom for safety, which sudden and amazing sight gave them occasion of this discourse.

They see a
strange monu-
ment.

Gen. xix. 26.

CHR. Ah, my brother! this is a seasonable sight; it came opportunely to us after the invitation which Demas gave us to come over to view the Hill Lucre; and had we gone over, as he desired us, and as thou wast inclining to do, my brother, we had, for aught I know, been made ourselves like this woman, a spectacle for those that shall come after to behold.

HOPE. I am sorry that I was so foolish, and am made to wonder that I am not now as Lot's wife; for wherein was the difference betwixt her sin and mine? She only looked back; and I had a desire to go see. Let grace be adored, and let me be ashamed, that ever such a thing should be in mine heart.

CHR. Let us take notice of what we see here, for our help for time to come. This woman escaped one judgment, for she fell not by the destruction of Sodom; yet she was destroyed by another, as we see she is turned into a pillar of salt.

HOPE. True, and she may be to us both caution and example; caution, that we should shun her sin; or a sign of

what judgment will overtake such as shall not be prevented by this caution; so Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with the two hundred and fifty men that perished in their sin, did also become a sign or example to others to beware. But above all, I muse at one thing, to wit, how Demas and his fellows can stand so confidently yonder to look for that treasure, which this woman, but for looking behind her, after (for we read not that she stepped one foot out of the way) was turned into a pillar of salt; especially since the judgment which overtook her did make her an example, within sight of where they are; for they cannot choose but see her, did they but lift up their eyes.

CHR. It is a thing to be wondered at, and it argueth that their hearts are grown desperate in the case; and I cannot tell who to compare them to so fitly, as to them that pick pockets in the presence of the judge, or that will cut purses under the gallows. It is said of the men of Sodom, that they were sinners exceedingly, because they were sinners before the Lord, that is, in his eyesight, and notwithstanding the kindnesses that he had showed them, for the land of Sodom was now like the garden of Eden heretofore. This, therefore, provoked him the more to jealousy, and made their plague as hot as the fire of the Lord out of heaven could make it. And it is most rationally to be concluded, that such, even such as these are, that shall sin in the sight, yea, and that too in despite of such examples that are set continually before them, to caution them to the contrary, must be partakers of severest judgments.

HOPE. Doubtless thou hast said the truth; but what a mercy is it, that neither thou, but especially I, am not made myself this example! This ministereth occasion to us to thank God, to fear before him, and always to remember Lot's wife.

A river. I saw, then, that they went on their way to a pleasant river; which David the king called 'the river of God,' but John 'the river of the water of life.' Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river; here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant, and enlivening to their weary spirits: besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine; with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they eat to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down, and slept; for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang—

Num. xxvi. 9, 10.

Gen. xiii. 13.

Gen. xiii. 10.

Ps. lxxv. 9; Rev. xxii; Ezek. xlvii.

Trees by the river. The fruit and leaves of the trees.

A meadow in which they lie down to sleep.

Ps. xxiii. 2; Isa. xiv. 30.



WHEN THEY AWOKE, THEY GATHERED AGAIN OF THE FRUIT OF THE TREES

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
 To comfort pilgrims by the highway side ;
 The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
 Yield dainties for them : and he that can tell
 What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
 Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not, as yet, at their journey's end), they ate and drank, and departed.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted ; at which they were not a little sorry ; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender, by reason of their travels ; 'so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way.' Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it ; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay along by the way, on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian. Here is the easiest going ; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

HOPE. But how if this path should lead us out of the way ?

CHR. That is not like, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the way-side ? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet ; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was Vain-confidence) ; so they called after him, and asked him whether that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so ? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark ; so that they that were behind, lost the sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the Prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer ; only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now ? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way ; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner ; and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, O that I had kept on my way !

Num. xxi. 4.

By-path
Meadow.

One temptation
does make way
for another.

Strong Chris-
tians may lead
weak ones out
of the way.

See what it is
too suddenly to
fall in with
strangers.

Isa. ix. 16.

A pit to catch
the vain-glorious
in.

Reasoning
between
Christian and
Hopeful.

CHR. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

HOPE. I was afraid on it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian's repentance for leading of his brother out of the way.

CHR. Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger; pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

HOPE. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe too that this shall be for our good.

CHR. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother; but we must not stand thus: let us try to go back again.

HOPE. But, good brother, let me go before.

CHR. No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

HOPE. No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, 'Set thine heart toward the highway, *even* the way which thou wentest; turn again.' But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Jer. xxxi. 21.

They are in danger of drowning as they go back.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the day-break; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in, and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were therefore here in evil case, and were far

They sleep in the grounds of Giant Despair.

He finds them in his ground, and carries them to Doubting Castle.

The grievousness of their imprisonment.

Ps. lxxxviii. 18.

from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison, for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

CHR. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?

HOPE. Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills

On Thursday,
Giant Despair
beats his
prisoners.

On Friday,
Giant Despair
counsels them to
kill themselves

The Giant
sometimes has
fits.

Christian
crushed.

Job vii. 15.

Hopeful
comforts him.

another, can but commit murder upon his body ; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave ; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go ? For 'no murderer hath eternal life,' &c. And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him, as well as we ; and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows, but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die ? or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in ? or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs ? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before ; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while. The time may come that may give us a happy release ; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother ; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel ; but when he came there, he found them alive ; and truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon ; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth :—

Christian still
dejected.

Hopeful comforts
him again, by
calling former
things to
remembrance.

HOPE. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore ? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through ! And art thou now nothing but fear ! Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art ; also, this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth ; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience ; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame, that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that, he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the Giant; I will, therefore, search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to

On Saturday, the Giant threatened that shortly he would pull them in pieces.

A key in Christian's bosom, called Promise, opens any lock in Doubting Castle.

A pillar erected
by Christian and
his fellow.

contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence—
'Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims.' Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare.
Lest they for trespassing his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

The Delectable
Mountains.

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The Pilgrims therefore went to them, and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these? And whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

They are
refreshed in the
mountains.

Talk with the
Shepherds.

SHEP. These mountains are Immanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

John x. 11.

CHR. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

SHEP. You are just in your way.

CHR. How far is it thither?

SHEP. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

CHR. Is the way safe or dangerous?

Hos. xiv

SHEP. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; 'but the transgressors shall fall therein.'

CHR. Is there, in this place, any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Heb. xiii. 2.

SHEP. The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be 'forgetful to entertain strangers,' therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them, to which they made answer as in other places; as, Whence came you? And, How got you into the way? And, By what means have you so persevered therein? For but few of them that begin to come hither, do show their face on these mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers,



THE PILGRIMS THEREFORE WENT TO THEM

being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

The Shepherds welcome them.

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said, moreover, We would that ye should stay here a while, to be acquainted with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They then told them that they were content to stay; so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

The names of the Shepherds.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains: so they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Shall we show these Pilgrims some wonders? So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a hill called Error, which was very steep on the furthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, What meaneth this? The Shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus, as concerning the faith of the resurrection of the body? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied, as you see, for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this mountain.

They are sure wonders.

The Mountain of Error.

2 Tim. ii. 17, 18.

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another mountain, and the name of that is Caution, and bid them look afar off; which, when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there; and they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said Christian, What means this?

Mount Caution.

The Shepherds then answered, Did you not see a little below these mountains a stile that led into a meadow, on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, From that stile there goes a path that leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, and these, pointing to them among the tombs, came once on pilgrimage as you do now, even till they came to that same stile; and because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair, and cast into Doubting Castle: where, after they had been a while kept in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those tombs, where he has left them

Prov. xxi. 16.

to wander to this very day, that the saying of the wise man might be fulfilled, 'He that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the congregation of the dead.' Then Christian and Hopeful looked upon one another, with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the Shepherds.

A by-way to Hell.

Then I saw in my dream, that the Shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a hill, and they opened the door, and bid them look in. They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of brimstone. Then said Christian, What means this? The Shepherds told them, This is a by-way to hell, a way that hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their birthright, with Esau; such as sell their master, with Judas; such as blaspheme the gospel, with Alexander; and that lie and dissemble, with Ananias and Sapphira his wife. Then said Hopeful to the Shepherds, I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a show of pilgrimage, as we have now; had they not?

SHEP. Yes, and held it a long time too.

HOPE. How far might they go on in pilgrimage in their day, since they notwithstanding were thus miserably cast away?

SHEP. Some further, and some not so far, as these mountains.

Then said the Pilgrims one to another, We had need to cry to the Strong for strength.

SHEP. Aye, and you will have need to use it, when you have it, too.

The Shepherds' perspective glass
The Hill Clear.

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forward, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here show to the Pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass. The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of a high hill, called Clear, and gave them their glass to look.

The fruits of servile fear.

Then they essayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had showed them, made their hands shake; by means of which impediment, they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Then they went away, and sang this song—

Thus, by the Shepherds, secrets are reveal'd,
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd.
Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.

A twofold caution.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bid them beware of the Flatterer. The third bid them take heed that they sleep



IGNORANCE

not upon the Enchanted Ground. And the fourth bid them God speed. So I awoke from my dream.

And I slept, and dreamed again, and saw the same two Pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now, a little below these mountains, on the left hand, lieth the country of Conceit; from which country there comes into the way in which the Pilgrims walked, a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad, that came out of that country; and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him from what parts he came, and whither he was going.

The Country of Conceit, out of which came Ignorance.

IGNOR. Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there, a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Celestial City.

Christian and Ignorance have some talk.

CHR. But how do you think to get in at the gate? for you may find some difficulty there.

IGNOR. As other good people do, said he.

CHR. But what have you to show at that gate, that may cause that the gate should be opened to you?

IGNOR. I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver; I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

The ground of Ignorance's hope.

CHR. But thou camest not in at the wicket-gate that is at the head of this way; thou camest in hither through that same crooked lane, and therefore, I fear, however thou mayest think of thyself, when the reckoning day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy charge that thou art a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city.

IGNOR. Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me, I know you not; be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it, nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine pleasant green lane, that comes down from our country, the next way into the way.

He saith to every one that he is a fool.

When Christian saw that the man was 'wise in his own conceit,' he said to Hopeful, whisperingly, '*There is more hope of a fool than of him.*' And said, moreover, 'When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth *him*, and he saith to every one *that* he is a fool.' What, shall we talk further with him, or outgo him at present, and so leave him to think of what he hath heard already, and then stop again for him afterwards, and see if by degrees we can do any good to him? Then said Hopeful—

Prov. xxvi. 12.

Eccles. x. 3.

How to carry it to a fool,

Let Ignorance a little while now muse
On what is said, and let him not refuse
Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain
Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.
God saith, those that no understanding have,
Although he made them, them he will not save.

HOPE. He further added, It is not good, I think, to say all to him at once; let us pass him by, if you will, and talk to him anon, even as he is able to bear it.

So they both went on, and Ignorance he came after. Now when they had passed him a little way, they entered into a very dark lane, where they met a man whom seven devils had bound with seven strong cords, and were carrying of him back to the door that they saw on the side of the hill. Now good Christian began to tremble, and so did Hopeful his companion; yet as the devils led away the man, Christian looked to see if he knew him; and he thought it might be one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostasy. But he did not perfectly see his face, for he did hang his head like a thief that is found. But being once past, Hopeful looked after him, and espied on his back a paper with this inscription, 'Wanton professor, and damnable apostate.' Then said Christian to his fellow, Now I call to remembrance, that which was told me of a thing that happened to a good man hereabout. The name of the man was Little-faith, but a good man, and he dwelt in the town of Sincere. The thing was this: At the entering in at this passage, there comes down from Broad-way Gate, a lane called Dead Man's Lane; so called because of the murders that are commonly done there; and this Little-faith going on pilgrimage, as we do now, chanced to sit down there, and slept. Now there happened, at that time, to come down the lane from Broad-way Gate, three sturdy rogues, and their names were Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt (three brothers), and they espying Little-faith, where he was, came galloping up with speed. Now the good man was just awake from his sleep, and was getting up to go on his journey. So they came up all to him, and with threatening language bid him stand. At this, Little-faith looked as white as a clout, and had neither power to fight nor fly. Then said Faint-heart, Deliver thy purse. But he making no haste to do it (for he was loath to lose his money), Mistrust ran up to him, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, pulled out thence a bag of silver. Then he cried out, Thieves! Thieves! With that, Guilt, with a great club that was in his hand, struck Little-faith on the head, and with that blow felled him flat to the ground; where he lay bleeding as one that would bleed to death. All this while the thieves stood by. But, at last, they hearing that some were upon the road, and fearing lest it should be one Great-grace, that dwells in the city of Good-confidence, they betook themselves to their heels, and left this good man to shift for himself. Now, after a while, Little-faith came to himself, and getting up, made shift to scabble on his way. This was the story.

HOPE. But did they take from him all that ever he had?

CHR. No; the place where his jewels were they never ransacked, so those he kept still. But, as I was told, the good man was much afflicted for his loss, for the thieves got most of

Matt. xii. 45;
Prov. v. 22.

The destruction
of one Turn-
away.

Christian telleth
his companion
a story of Little-
faith.

Broad-way Gate.
Dead Man's
Lane.

Little-faith
robbed by Faint-
heart, Mistrust,
and Guilt.

They got away
his silver, and
knocked him
down.

Little-faith lost
not his best
things.

his spending-money. That which they got not (as I said) were jewels, also he had a little odd money left, but scarce enough to bring him to his journey's end; nay, if I was not misinformed, he was forced to beg as he went, to keep himself alive; for his jewels he might not sell. But beg, and do what he could, he went (as we say) with many a hungry belly the most part of the rest of the way.

1 Pet. iv. 18.

Little-faith forced to beg to his journey's end.

HOPE. But is it not a wonder they got not from him his certificate, by which he was to receive his admittance at the Celestial Gate?

CHR. It is a wonder; but they got not that, though they missed it not through any good cunning of his; for he, being dismayed with their coming upon him, had neither power nor skill to hide anything; so it was more by good Providence than by his endeavour, that they missed of that good thing.

He kept not his best things by his own cunning.
2 Tim. i. 14.

HOPE. But it must needs be a comfort to him, that they got not this jewel from him.

CHR. It might have been great comfort to him, had he used it as he should; but they that told me the story said that he made but little use of it all the rest of the way, and that because of the dismay that he had in the taking away his money; indeed, he forgot it a great part of the rest of his journey; and besides, when at any time it came into his mind, and he began to be comforted therewith, then would fresh thoughts of his loss come again upon him, and those thoughts would swallow up all.

1 Pet. i. 9.

HOPE. Alas! poor man. This could not but be a great grief to him.

He is pitied by both.

CHR. Grief! aye, a grief indeed. Would it not have been so to any of us, had we been used as he, to be robbed, and wounded too, and that in a strange place, as he was? It is a wonder he did not die with grief, poor heart! I was told that he scattered almost all the rest of the way with nothing but doleful and bitter complaints; telling also to all that overtook him, or that he overtook in the way as he went, where he was robbed, and how; who they were that did it, and what he lost; how he was wounded, and that he hardly escaped with his life.

HOPE. But it is a wonder that his necessity did not put him upon selling or pawning some of his jewels, that he might have wherewith to relieve himself in his journey.

CHR. Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the shell to this very day; for what should he pawn them, or to whom should he sell them? In all that country where he was robbed, his jewels were not accounted of; nor did he want that relief which could from thence be administered to him. Besides, had his jewels been missing at the gate of the Celestial City, he had (and that he knew well enough) been excluded from an inheritance there; and that would have been worse to him than the appearance and villainy of ten thousand thieves.

Christian snubbed his fellow for unadvised speaking.

HOPE. Why art thou so tart, my brother? Esau sold his birthright, and that for a mess of pottage, and that birthright

was his greatest jewel; and if he, why might not Little-faith do so too?

Heb. xii. 16.

A discourse
about Esau and
Little-faith.

Esau was ruled
by his lusts.

Gen. xxv. 32.

Esau never had
faith.

Jer. ii. 24.

Little-faith
could not live
upon Esau's
pottage.

A comparison
between the
turtle-dove and
the crow.

CHR. Esau did sell his birthright indeed, and so do many besides, and by so doing exclude themselves from the chief blessing, as also that caitiff did; but you must put a difference betwixt Esau and Little-faith, and also betwixt their estates. Esau's birthright was typical, but Little-faith's jewels were not so; Esau's belly was his god, but Little-faith's belly was not so; Esau's want lay in his fleshly appetite, Little-faith's did not so. Besides, Esau could see no further than to the fulfilling of his lusts; 'Behold I *am* at the point to die (said he), and what profit shall this birthright do me?' But Little-faith, though it was his lot to have but a little faith, was by his little faith kept from such extravagances, and made to see and prize his jewels more than to sell them, as Esau did his birthright. You read not anywhere that Esau had faith, no, not so much as a little; therefore no marvel if, where the flesh only bears sway (as it will in that man where no faith is to resist), if he sells his birthright, and his soul and all, and that to the devil of hell; for it is with such, as it is with the ass, who in her occasions cannot be turned away. When their minds are set upon their lusts, they will have them whatever they cost. But Little-faith was of another temper, his mind was on things divine; his livelihood was upon things that were spiritual, and from above; therefore, to what end should he that is of such a temper sell his jewels (had there been any that would have bought them) to fill his mind with empty things? Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with hay; or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live upon carrion like the crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal lusts, pawn, or mortgage, or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot; yet they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so. Here, therefore, my brother, is thy mistake.

HOPE. I acknowledge it; but yet your severe reflection had almost made me angry.

CHR. Why, I did but compare thee to some of the birds that are of the brisker sort, who will run to and fro in untrodden paths, with the shell upon their heads; but pass by that, and consider the matter under debate, and all shall be well betwixt thee and me.

HOPE. But, Christian, these three fellows, I am persuaded in my heart, are but a company of cowards; would they have run else, think you, as they did, at the noise of one that was coming on the road? Why did not Little-faith pluck up a greater heart? He might, methinks, have stood one brush with them, and have yielded when there had been no remedy.

CHR. That they are cowards, many have said, but few have found it so in the time of trial. As for a great heart, Little-faith had none; and I perceive by thee, my brother, hadst thou been the man concerned, thou art but for a brush, and

Hopeful
swaggers.

No great heart
for God, where
there is but little
faith.

then to yield. And, verily, since this is the height of thy stomach, now they are at a distance from us, should they appear to thee as they did to him, they might put thee to second thoughts.

We have more courage when out, than when in [the conflict].

But, consider again, they are but journeymen thieves, they serve under the king of the bottomless pit, who, if need be, will come in to their aid himself, and his voice is as the roaring of a lion. I myself have been engaged as this Little-faith was, and I found it a terrible thing. These three villains set upon me, and I beginning, like a Christian, to resist, they gave but a call, and in came their master. I would, as the saying is, have given my life for a penny; but that, as God would have it, I was clothed with armour of proof. Aye, and yet, though I was so harnessed, I found it hard work to quit myself like a man. No man can tell what in that combat attends us, but he that hath been in the battle himself.

Ps. vii. 2;
1 Peter v. 8.
Christian tells his own experience in this case.

HOPE. Well, but they ran, you see, when they did but suppose that one Great-grace was in the way.

CHR. True, they have often fled, both they and their master, when Great-grace hath but appeared; and no marvel; for he is the King's Champion. But, I trow, you will put some difference betwixt Little-faith and the King's Champion. All the King's subjects are not his champions, nor can they, when tried, do such feats of war as he. Is it meet to think, that a little child should handle Goliath as David did? Or that there should be the strength of an ox in a wren? Some are strong, some are weak; some have great faith, some have little. This man was one of the weak, and therefore he went to the wall.

The King's Champion.

HOPE. I would it had been Great-grace for their sakes.

CHR. If it had been, he might have had his hands full; for I must tell you, that though Great-grace is excellent good at his weapons, and has, and can, so long as he keeps them at sword's point, do well enough with them; yet, if they get within him, even Faint-heart, Mistrust, or the other, it shall go hard but they will throw up his heels. And when a man is down, you know, what can he do?

Whoso looks well upon Great-grace's face, shall see those scars and cuts there, that shall easily give demonstration of what I say. Yea, once I heard that he should say (and that when he was in the combat), 'We despaired even of life.' How did these sturdy rogues and their fellows make David groan, mourn, and roar? Yea, Heman and Hezekiah, too, though champions in their day, were forced to bestir them, when by these assaulted; and yet, notwithstanding, they had their coats soundly brushed by them. Peter, upon a time, would go try what he could do; but though some do say of him that he is the prince of the apostles, they handled him so, that they made him at last afraid of a sorry girl.

Besides, their king is at their whistle. He is never out of

Leviathan's
sturdiness.

Job xli. 26-29.

The excellent
mettle that is in
Job's horse.

Job. xxxix.
19-25.

Eph. vi. 16.

It is good to
have a convoy.

Ex. xxxiii. 15.

Ps. iii. 5-8 ;
xxvii. 1-3.
Is. x. 4.

hearing ; and if at any time they be put to the worst, he, if possible, comes in to help them ; and of him it is said, 'The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold ; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon : he esteemeth iron as straw, *and* brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee ; sling stones are turned with him into stubble. Darts are counted as stubble : he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.' What can a man do in this case ? It is true, if a man could, at every turn, have Job's horse, and had skill and courage to ride him, he might do notable things ; 'for his neck is clothed with thunder, he will not be afraid of the grasshopper ; the glory of his nostrils *is* terrible ; he paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in *his* strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that *it is* the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha ! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.'

But for such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor vaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled, nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood ; for such commonly come by the worst when tried. Witness Peter, of whom I made mention before. He would swagger, aye, he would ; he would, as his vain mind prompted him to say, do better, and stand more for his Master than all men ; but who so foiled, and run down by these villains, as he ?

When, therefore, we hear that such robberies are done on the King's highway, two things become us to do : 1. To go out harnessed, and to be sure to take a shield with us ; for it was for want of that, that he that laid so lustily at Leviathan could not make him yield ; for, indeed, if that be wanting, he fears us not at all. Therefore, he that had skill hath said, 'Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

2. It is good, also, that we desire of the King a convoy, yea, that he will go with us himself. This made David rejoice when in the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; and Moses was rather for dying where he stood, than to go one step without his God. O my brother, if he will but go along with us, what need we be afraid of ten thousands that shall set themselves against us ? But, without him, the proud helpers 'fall under the slain.'

I, for my part, have been in the fray before now ; and though, through the goodness of him that is best, I am, as you see, alive ; yet I cannot boast of my manhood. Glad shall I be, if I meet with no more such brunts ; though, I fear, we are not got beyond all danger. However, since the lion and the bear have not as yet devoured me, I hope God will also

deliver us from the next uncircumcised Philistine. Then sang Christian—

Poor Little-faith ! Hast been among the thieves ?
Wast robb'd ? Remember this, whoso believes,
And gets more faith, shall then a victor be
Over ten thousand, else scarce over three.

So they went on, and Ignorance followed. They went then till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself into their way, and seemed withal to lie as straight as the way which they should go ; and here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them ; therefore, here they stood still to consider. And as they were thinking about the way, behold a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there. They answered, they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take. Follow me, said the man, it is thither that I am going. So they followed him in the way that but now came into the road, which by degrees turned, and turned them so from the city that they desired to go to, that, in little time, their faces were turned away from it ; yet they followed him. But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled, that they knew not what to do ; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back. Then they saw where they were. Wherefore, there they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

A way, and a way.

The Flatterer finds them.

Christian and his fellow deluded.

They are taken in a net.

CHR. Then said Christian to his fellow, Now do I see myself in an error. Did not the Shepherds bid us beware of the flatterers ? As is the saying of the wise man, so we have found it this day, 'A man that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet.'

They bewail their condition.

Prov. xxix. 5.

HOPE. They also gave us a note of directions about the way, for our more sure finding thereof ; but therein we have also forgotten to read, and have not kept ourselves from the paths of the destroyer. Here David was wiser than we ; for, saith he, 'Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips, I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.' Thus they lay bemoaning themselves in the net. At last they espied a Shining One coming towards them, with a whip of small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they did there. They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man, clothed in white, who bid us, said they, follow him, for he was going thither too. Then said he with the whip, It is Flatterer, a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light. So he rent the net, and let the men out. Then said he to them, Follow me, that I may set you in your way again. So he led them back to the way which they had left to follow the Flatterer. Then he

Ps. xvii. 4.

A Shining One comes to them with a whip in his hand.

Prov. xxix. 5 ;
Dan. xi. 32 ;
2 Cor. xi. 13, 14

They are
examined, and
convicted of
forgetfulness.

Deceivers fine
spoken.

Rom. xvi. 18.
They are whipt,
and sent on their
way.

Deut. xxv. 2.

Rev. iii. 19;
2 Chron. vi. 26,
27.

asked them, saying, Where did you lie the last night? They said, With the Shepherds, upon the Delectable Mountains. He asked them then, if they had not of those Shepherds a note of direction for the way. They answered, Yes. But did you, said he, when you were at a stand, pluck out and read your note? They answered, No. He asked them, Why? They said, They forgot. He asked, moreover, if the Shepherds did not bid them beware of the Flatterer. They answered, Yes, but we did not imagine, said they, that this fine-spoken man had been he. Then I saw in my dream, that he commanded them to lie down; which, when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk, and as he chastised them, he said, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent.' This done, he bid them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way, singing—

Come hither, you that walk along the way;
See how the pilgrims fare that go astray!
They catch'd are in an entangling net,
'Cause they good counsel lightly did forget:
'Tis true, they rescued were, but yet you see,
They're scourg'd to boot. Let this your caution be.

Now, after a while, they perceived, afar off, one coming softly and alone, all along the highway to meet them. Then said Christian to his fellow, Yonder is a man with his back toward Zion, and he is coming to meet us.

The Atheist
meets them.

HOPE. I see him, let us take heed to ourselves now, lest he should prove a flatterer also. So he drew nearer and nearer, and at last came up unto them. His name was Atheist, and he asked them whither they were going.

He laughs at
them.

CHR. We are going to the Mount Zion.

Then Atheist fell into a very great laughter.

CHR. What is the meaning of your laughter?

ATHEIST. I laugh to see what ignorant persons you are, to take upon you so tedious a journey, and yet are like to have nothing but your travel for your pains.

They reason
together.

CHR. Why, man, do you think we shall not be received?

ATHEIST. Received! There is no such place as you dream of in all this world.

CHR. But there is in the world to come.

ATHEIST. When I was at home in mine own country, I heard as you now affirm, and from that hearing went out to see, and have been seeking this city this twenty years; but find no more of it than I did the first day I set out.

Jer. xxii. 12;
Eccles. x. 15.

CHR. We have both heard and believe that there is such a place to be found.

The Atheist
takes up his
content in this
world.

ATHEIST. Had not I, when at home, believed, I had not come thus far to seek; but finding none (and yet I should, had there been such a place to be found, for I have gone to seek



SO THEY TURNED AWAY FROM THE MAN ; AND HE, LAUGHING AT THEM,
WENT HIS WAY

it further than you), I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away, for hopes of that which, I now see, is not.

CHR. Then said Christian to Hopeful his fellow, Is it true which this man hath said?

Christian
proveth his
brother.

HOPE. Take heed, he is one of the flatterers; remember what it hath cost us once already for our hearkening to such kind of fellows. What! no Mount Zion? Did we not see, from the Delectable Mountains, the gate of the city? Also, are we not now to walk by faith? Let us go on, said Hopeful, lest the man with the whip overtake us again.

Hopeful's
gracious answer
A remembrance
of former
chastisements,
is a help against
present tempta-
tions.

2 Cor. v. 7.

You should have taught me that lesson, which I will round you in the ears withal: 'Cease, my son, to hear the instruction *that causeth* to err from the words of knowledge.' I say, my brother, cease to hear him, and let us 'believe to the saving of the soul.'

Prov. xix. 27.

Heb. x. 39.

CHR. My brother, I did not put the question to thee, for that I doubted of the truth of our belief myself, but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a fruit of the honesty of thy heart. As for this man, I know that he is blinded by the god of this world. Let thee and I go on, knowing that we have belief of the truth, 'and no lie is of the truth.'

A fruit of an
honest heart.

1 John ii. 21.

HOPE. Now do I rejoice in hope of the glory of God. So they turned away from the man; and he, laughing at them, went his way.

I saw then in my dream, that they went till they came into a certain country, whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy of sleep; wherefore he said unto Christian, I do now begin to grow so drowsy that I can scarcely hold up mine eyes; let us lie down here, and take one nap.

They are come
to the Enchanted
Ground.

Hopeful begins
to be drowsy.

Christian keeps
him awake.

CHR. By no means, said the other; lest, sleeping, we never awake more.

HOPE. Why, my brother? Sleep is sweet to the labouring man; we may be refreshed if we take a nap.

CHR. Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that, that we should beware of sleeping; 'Therefore let us not sleep, as *do* others, but let us watch and be sober.'

1 Thess. v. 6.

HOPE. I acknowledge myself in a fault; and had I been here alone, I had by sleeping run the danger of death. I see it is true that the wise man saith, 'Two *are* better than one.' Hitherto hath thy company been my mercy, and thou shalt have a good reward for thy labour.

He is thankful.

Eccles. iv. 9.

CHR. Now then, said Christian, to prevent drowsiness in this place, let us fall into good discourse.

To prevent
drowsiness, they
fall to good
discourse.

Good discourse
prevents drowsi-
ness.

HOPE. With all my heart, said the other.

CHR. Where shall we begin?

HOPE. Where God began with us. But do you begin, if you please.

CHR. I will sing you first this song :—

The Dreamers
note.

When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together :
Yea, let them learn of them, in anywise,
Thus to keep ope their drowsy slumb'ring eyes.
Saints' fellowship, if it be manag'd well,
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.

They begin at
the beginning of
their conversion.

CHR. Then Christian began, and said, I will ask you a question. How came you to think at first of so doing as you do now?

HOPE. Do you mean, how came I at first to look after the good of my soul?

CHR. Yes, that is my meaning.

HOPE. I continued a great while in the delight of those things which were seen and sold at our fair; things which, I believe now, would have, had I continued in them still, drowned me in perdition and destruction.

CHR. What things were they?

Hopeful's life
before con-
version.

Rom. vi. 21-23.

Eph. v. 6.

HOPE. All the treasures and riches of the world. Also I delighted much in rioting, revelling, drinking, swearing, lying, uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, and what not, that tended to destroy the soul. But I found at last, by hearing and considering of things that are Divine, which indeed I heard of you, as also of beloved Faithful, that was put to death for his faith and good living in Vanity Fair, that 'the end of these things is death.' And that for these things' sake, 'cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.'

CHR. And did you presently fall under the power of this conviction?

Hopeful at first
shuts his eyes
against the light.

HOPE. No, I was not willing presently to know the evil of sin, nor the damnation that follows upon the commission of it; but endeavoured, when my mind at first began to be shaken with the Word, to shut mine eyes against the light thereof.

CHR. But what was the cause of your carrying of it thus to the first workings of God's blessed Spirit upon you?

Reasons of his
resisting of the
light.

HOPE. The causes were: 1. I was ignorant that this was the work of God upon me. I never thought that by awakenings for sin, God at first begins the conversion of a sinner. 2. Sin was yet very sweet to my flesh, and I was loath to leave it. 3. I could not tell how to part with mine old companions, their presence and actions were so desirable unto me. 4. The hours in which convictions were upon me, were such troublesome and such heart-affrighting hours, that I could not bear, no not so much as the remembrance of them upon my heart.

CHR. Then, as it seems, sometimes you got rid of your trouble?

HOPE. Yes, verily, but it would come into my mind again, and then I should be as bad, nay, worse than I was before.

CHR. Why, what was it that brought your sins to mind again?

HOPE. Many things ; as,—

1. If I did but meet a good man in the streets ; or,
2. If I have heard any read in the Bible ; or,
3. If mine head did begin to ache ; or,
4. If I were told that some of my neighbours were sick ; or,
5. If I heard the bell toll for some that were dead ; or,
6. If I thought of dying myself ; or,
7. If I heard that sudden death happened to others ;
8. But especially, when I thought of myself, that I must quickly come to judgment.

When he had
lost his sense of
sin, what
brought it again.

CHR. And could you at any time, with ease, get off the guilt of sin, when, by any of these ways, it came upon you ?

HOPE. No, not I, for then they got faster hold of my conscience ; and then, if I did but think of going back to sin (though my mind was turned against it), it would be double torment to me.

CHR. And how did you do then ?

HOPE. I thought I must endeavour to mend my life ; for else, thought I, I am sure to be damned.

CHR. And did you endeavour to mend ?

HOPE. Yes ; and fled from not only my sins, but sinful company too ; and betook me to religious duties, as prayer, reading, weeping for sin, speaking truth to my neighbours, &c. These things did I, with many others, too much here to relate.

When he could
no longer shake
off his guilt by
sinful courses,
then he
endeavours to
mend.

CHR. And did you think yourself well then ?

HOPE. Yes, for a while ; but, at the last, my trouble came tumbling upon me again, and that over the neck of all my reformations.

Then, he thought
himself well.

CHR. How came that about, since you were now reformed ?

HOPE. There were several things brought it upon me, especially such sayings as these : 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' 'By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.' 'When ye shall have done all those things, say, We are unprofitable,' with many more such like. From whence I began to reason with myself thus : If ALL my righteousnesses are filthy rags ; if, by the deeds of the law, no man can be justified ; and if, when we have done ALL, we are yet unprofitable, then it is but a folly to think of heaven by the law. I further thought thus : If a man runs a hundred pounds into the shopkeeper's debt, and after that shall pay for all that he shall fetch ; yet, if this old debt stands still in the book uncrossed, for that the shopkeeper may sue him, and cast him into prison till he shall pay the debt.

Reformation at
last could not
help, and why.
Is. lxiv. 6.
Gal. ii. 16.
Luke xvii. 10.

His being a
debtor by the
law, troubled
him.

CHR. Well, and how did you apply this to yourself ?

HOPE. Why, I thought thus with myself : I have, by my sins, run a great way into God's book, and that my now reforming will not pay off that score ; therefore I should think still, under all my present amendments, But how shall I be freed from that damnation that I have brought myself in danger of, by my former transgressions ?

CHR. A very good application ; but, pray, go on.

His espying bad things in his best duties troubled him.

HOPE. Another thing that hath troubled me, even since my late amendments, is, that if I look narrowly into the best of what I do now, I still see sin, new sin, mixing itself with the best of that I do ; so that now I am forced to conclude, that notwithstanding my former fond conceits of myself and duties, I have committed sin enough in one duty to send me to hell, though my former life had been faultless.

CHR. And what did you do then ?

This made him break his mind to Faithful, who told him the way to be saved.

HOPE. Do ! I could not tell what to do, until I brake my mind to Faithful, for he and I were well acquainted. And he told me, that unless I could obtain the righteousness of a man that never had sinned, neither mine own, nor all the righteousness of the world, could save me.

CHR. And did you think he spake true ?

HOPE. Had he told me so when I was pleased and satisfied with mine own amendment, I had called him fool for his pains ; but now, since I see mine own infirmity, and the sin that cleaves to my best performance, I have been forced to be of his opinion.

CHR. But did you think, when at first he suggested it to you, that there was such a man to be found, of whom it might justly be said, that he never committed sin ?

At which he started at present.

HOPE. I must confess the words at first sounded strangely, but after a little more talk and company with him, I had full conviction about it.

CHR. And did you ask him what man this was, and how you must be justified by him ?

A more particular discovery of the way to be saved.

HOPE. Yes, and he told me it was the Lord Jesus, that dwelleth on the right hand of the Most High. And thus, said he, you must be justified by him, even by trusting to what he hath done by himself in the days of his flesh, and suffered when he did hang on the tree. I asked him further, how that man's righteousness could be of that efficacy to justify another before God ? And he told me he was the mighty God, and did what he did, and died the death also, not for himself, but for me ; to whom his doings, and the worthiness of them, should be imputed, if I believed on him.

Heb. x. ; Rom. iv. ; Col. i. ; 1 Pet. i.

He doubts of acceptance

CHR. And what did you do then ?

HOPE. I made my objections against my believing, for that I thought he was not willing to save me.

CHR. And what said Faithful to you then ?

Matt. xi. 28.

He is better instructed.

Matt. xxiv. 35.

HOPE. He bid me go to him and see. Then I said it was presumption ; but he said, No, for I was invited to come. Then he gave me a book of Jesus, his inditing, to encourage me the more freely to come ; and he said, concerning that book, that every jot and tittle thereof stood firmer than heaven and earth. Then I asked him, What I must do when I came ; and he told me, I must entreat upon my knees, with all my heart and soul, the Father to reveal him to me. Then I asked

Ps. xciv. 6 ;
Dan vi. 10 ;
Jer. xxix. 12, 13.

him further, how I must make my supplication to him? And he said, Go, and thou shalt find him upon a mercy-seat, where he sits all the year long, to give pardon and forgiveness to them that come. I told him that I knew not what to say when I came. And he bid me say to this effect, God be merciful to me a sinner, and make me to know and believe in Jesus Christ ; for I see, that if his righteousness had not been, or I have not faith in that righteousness, I am utterly cast away. Lord, I have heard that thou art a merciful God, and hast ordained that thy Son Jesus Christ should be the Saviour of the world ; and moreover, that thou art willing to bestow him upon such a poor sinner as I am (and I am a sinner indeed), Lord, take therefore this opportunity, and magnify thy grace in the salvation of my soul, through thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

He is bid to pray.

Exod. xxv. 22 ;
Lev. xvi. 2 ;
Num. vii. 89 ;
Heb. iv. 16.

He prays.

CHR. And did you do as you were bidden?

HOPE. Yes ; over, and over, and over.

CHR. And did the Father reveal his Son to you?

HOPE. Not at the first, nor second, nor third, nor fourth, nor fifth ; no, nor at the sixth time neither.

CHR. What did you do then?

HOPE. What ! why I could not tell what to do.

CHR. Had you not thoughts of leaving off praying?

HOPE. Yes, an hundred times twice told.

He thought to leave off praying.

CHR. And what was the reason you did not?

HOPE. I believed that that was true which had been told me, to wit, that without the righteousness of this Christ, all the world could not save me ; and therefore, thought I with myself, if I leave off I die, and I can but die at the throne of grace. And withal, this came into my mind, 'Though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' So I continued praying until the Father showed me his Son.

He durst not leave off praying, and why.

Hab. ii. 3.

CHR. And how was he revealed unto you?

HOPE. I did not see him with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of my understanding ; and thus it was : One day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time in my life, and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and villainess of my sins. And as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus look down from heaven upon me, and saying, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

Eph. i. 18, 19.
Christ is revealed to him, and how.

Acts xvi. 31.

But I replied, Lord, I am a great, a very great sinner. And he answered, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Then I said, But, Lord, what is believing? And then I saw from that saying, 'He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst ;' that believing and coming was all one ; and that he that came, that is, ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he indeed believed in Christ. Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am, be

2 Cor. xii. 9.

John vi. 35.

John vi. 37.

1 Tim. i. 15.

Rom. x. 4.

Rom. iv. 25.

Rev. i. 5.

1 Tim. ii. 5.

Heb. vii. 25.

indeed accepted of thee, and be saved by thee? And I heard him say, 'And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Then I said, But how, Lord, must I consider of thee in my coming to thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon thee? Then he said, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' 'He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' 'He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification.' 'He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' 'He is mediator betwixt God and us.' 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.' From all which I gathered that I must look for righteousness in his person, and for satisfaction for my sins by his blood; that what he did in obedience to his Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

CHR. This was a revelation of Christ to your soul indeed; but tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

HOPE. It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness thereof, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though he be just, can justly justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with the sense of mine own ignorance; for there never came thought into my heart before now, that showed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honour and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus; yea, I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

I saw then in my dream that Hopeful looked back and saw Ignorance, whom they had left behind, coming after. Look, said he to Christian, how far yonder youngster loitereth behind.

CHR. Aye, aye, I see him; he careth not for our company.

HOPE. But I trow it would not have hurt him, had he kept pace with us hitherto.

CHR. That is true; but I warrant you he thinketh otherwise.

HOPE. That I think he doth; but, however, let us tarry for him. So they did.

Then Christian said to him, Come away, man, why do you stay so behind?

Young Ignorance comes up again; their talk.

IGNOR. I take my pleasure in walking alone, even more a great deal than in company, unless I like it the better.

Then said Christian to Hopeful (but softly), Did I not tell you he cared not for our company? But, however, said he, come up, and let us talk away the time in this solitary place. Then, directing his speech to Ignorance, he said, Come, how do you? How stands it between God and your soul now?

IGNOR. I hope well; for I am always full of good motions that come into my mind, to comfort me as I walk.

Prov. xxviii. 26.

CHR. What good motions? pray, tell us.

IGNOR. Why, I think of God and heaven.

CHR. So do the devils and damned souls.

IGNOR. But I think of them, and desire them.

CHR. So do many that are never like to come there. 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and *hath* nothing.'

Ignorance's
hope, and the
ground of it.

Prov. xiii. 4.

IGNOR. But I think of them, and leave all for them.

CHR. That I doubt; for leaving all is a hard matter; yea, a harder matter than many are aware of. But why, or by what, art thou persuaded that thou hast left all for God and heaven?

IGNOR. My heart tells me so.

CHR. The wise man says, 'He that trusts his own heart is a fool.'

Prov. xxviii. 26.

IGNOR. This is spoken of an evil heart, but mine is a good one.

CHR. But how dost thou prove that?

IGNOR. It comforts me in hopes of heaven.

CHR. That may be through its deceitfulness; for a man's heart may minister comfort to him in the hopes of that thing for which he yet has no ground to hope.

IGNOR. But my heart and life agree together, and therefore my hope is well grounded.

CHR. Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?

IGNOR. My heart tells me so.

CHR. Ask my fellow if I be a thief! Thy heart tells thee so! Except the Word of God beareth witness in this matter, other testimony is of no value.

IGNOR. But is it not a good heart that hath good thoughts? and is not that a good life that is according to God's commandments?

CHR. Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, and that is a good life that is according to God's commandments; but it is one thing, indeed, to have these, and another thing only to think so.

IGNOR. Pray, what count you good thoughts, and a life according to God's commandments?

CHR. There are good thoughts of divers kinds; some respecting ourselves, some God, some Christ, and some other things.

IGNOR. What be good thoughts respecting ourselves?

What are good
thoughts.

CHR. Such as agree with the Word of God.

IGNOR. When do our thoughts of ourselves agree with the Word of God?

CHR. When we pass the same judgment upon ourselves which the Word passes. To explain myself—the Word of God saith of persons in a natural condition, 'There is none righteous, there is none that doeth good.' It saith also, that 'every imagination of the heart of man is only evil, and that continually.' And again, 'The imagination of man's heart is

Rom. iii.

Gen. vi. 5.

Rom. viii. 1.

evil from his youth.' Now then, when we think thus of ourselves, having sense thereof then are our thoughts good ones, because according to the Word of God.

IGNOR. I will never believe that my heart is thus bad.

CHR. Therefore thou never hadst one good thought concerning thyself in thy life. But let me go on. As the Word passeth a judgment upon our heart, so it passeth a judgment upon our ways; and when OUR thoughts of our hearts and ways agree with the judgment which the Word giveth of both, then are both good, because agreeing thereto.

IGNOR. Make out your meaning.

Ps. cxxv. 5;
Prov. ii. 15.
Rom. iii.

CHR. Why, the Word of God saith that man's ways are crooked ways; not good, but perverse. It saith they are naturally out of the good way, that they have not known it. Now, when a man thus thinketh of his ways; I say, when he doth sensibly, and with heart humiliation, thus think, then hath he good thoughts of his own ways, because his thoughts now agree with the judgment of the Word of God.

IGNOR. What are good thoughts concerning God?

CHR. Even as I have said concerning ourselves, when our thoughts of God do agree with what the Word saith of him; and that is, when we think of his being and attributes as the Word hath taught, of which I cannot now discourse at large; but to speak of him with reference to us: Then we have right thoughts of God, when we think that he knows us better than we know ourselves, and can see sin in us when and where we can see none in ourselves; when we think he knows our inmost thoughts, and that our heart, with all its depths, is always open unto his eyes; also, when we think that all our righteousness stinks in his nostrils, and that, therefore, he cannot abide to see us stand before him in any confidence, even in all our best performances.

IGNOR. Do you think that I am such a fool as to think God can see no further than I? or, that I would come to God in the best of my performances?

CHR. Why, how dost thou think in this matter?

IGNOR. Why, to be short, I think I must believe in Christ for justification.

CHR. How! think thou must believe in Christ, when thou seest not thy need of him! Thou neither seest thy original nor actual infirmities; but hast such an opinion of thyself, and of what thou dost, as plainly renders thee to be one that did never see a necessity of Christ's personal righteousness to justify thee before God. How, then, dost thou say, I believe in Christ?

IGNOR. I believe well enough for all that.

CHR. How dost thou believe?

IGNOR. I believe that Christ died for sinners; and that I shall be justified before God from the curse, through his gracious acceptance of my obedience to his law. Or thus,

The faith of
Ignorance.

Christ makes my duties, that are religious, acceptable to his Father, by virtue of his merits; and so shall I be justified.

CHR. Let me give an answer to this confession of thy faith.

1. Thou believest with a fantastical faith; for this faith is nowhere described in the Word.

2. Thou believest with a false faith; because it taketh justification from the personal righteousness of Christ, and applies it to thy own.

3. This faith maketh not Christ a justifier of thy person, but of thy actions; and of thy person for thy actions' sake, which is false.

4. Therefore, this faith is deceitful, even such as will leave thee under wrath, in the day of God Almighty; for true justifying faith puts the soul, as sensible of its lost condition by the law, upon flying for refuge unto Christ's righteousness, which righteousness of his is not an act of grace, by which he maketh, for justification, thy obedience accepted with God; but his personal obedience to the law, in doing and suffering for us what that required at our hands; this righteousness, I say, true faith accepteth; under the skirt of which, the soul being shrouded, and by it presented as spotless before God, it is accepted, and acquit from condemnation.

IGNOR. What! would you have us trust to what Christ, in his own person, has done without us? This conceit would loosen the reins of our lust, and tolerate us to live as we list; for what matter how we live, if we may be justified by Christ's personal righteousness from all, when we believe it?

CHR. Ignorance is thy name, and as thy name is, so art thou; even this thy answer demonstrateth what I say. Ignorant thou art of what justifying righteousness is, and as ignorant how to secure thy soul, through the faith of it, from the heavy wrath of God. Yea, thou also art ignorant of the true effects of saving faith in this righteousness of Christ, which is, to bow and win over the heart to God in Christ, to love his name, his Word, ways, and people, and not as thou ignorantly imaginest.

HOPE. Ask him if ever he had Christ revealed to him from heaven.

IGNOR. What! you are a man for revelations! I believe that what both you, and all the rest of you, say about that matter, is but the fruit of distracted brains.

Ignorance jangles with them.

HOPE. Why, man! Christ is so hid in God from the natural apprehensions of the flesh, that he cannot by any man be savingly known, unless God the Father reveals him to them.

IGNOR. That is your faith, but not mine; yet mine, I doubt not, is as good as yours, though I have not in my head so many whimsies as you.

He speaks reproachfully of what he knows not.

CHR. Give me leave to put in a word. You ought not so slightly to speak of this matter; for this I will boldly affirm, even as my good companion hath done, that no man can know

Matt. xi. 27.

Jesus Christ but by the revelation of the Father; yea, and faith too, by which the soul layeth hold upon Christ, if it be right, must be wrought by the exceeding greatness of his mighty power; the working of which faith, I perceive, poor Ignorance, thou art ignorant of. Be awakened then, see thine own wretchedness, and fly to the Lord Jesus; and by his righteousness, which is the righteousness of God, for he himself is God, thou shalt be delivered from condemnation.

1 Cor. xii. 3;
Eph. i. 18, 19.The talk broke
up.

IGNOR. You go so fast, I cannot keep pace with you. Do you go on before; I must stay a while behind.

Then they said—

Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel, ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know,
Ere long, the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time, stoop, do not fear;
Good counsel taken well, saves: therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser (Ignorance) I'll warrant thee.

Then Christian addressed thus himself to his fellow:—

CHR. Well, come, my good Hopeful, I perceive that thou and I must walk by ourselves again.

So I saw in my dream that they went on apace before, and Ignorance he came hobbling after. Then said Christian to his companion, It pities me much for this poor man, it will certainly go ill with him at last.

HOPE. Alas! there are abundance in our town in his condition, whole families, yea, whole streets, and that of pilgrims too; and if there be so many in our parts, how many, think you, must there be in the place where he was born?

CHR. Indeed the Word saith, 'He hath blinded their eyes, lest they should see,' &c. But now we are by ourselves, what do you think of such men? Have they at no time, think you, convictions of sin, and so consequently fears that their state is dangerous?

HOPE. Nay, do you answer that question yourself, for you are the elder man.

CHR. Then I say, sometimes (as I think) they may; but they being naturally ignorant, understand not that such convictions tend to their good; and therefore they do desperately seek to stifle them, and presumptuously continue to flatter themselves in the way of their own hearts.

The good use of
fear.

HOPE. I do believe, as you say, that fear tends much to men's good, and to make them right, at their beginning to go on pilgrimage.

Prov. i. 7; ix.
10; Ps. cxi. 10;
Job xxviii. 28.

CHR. Without all doubt it doth, if it be right; for so says the Word, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'

HOPE. How will you describe right fear?

Right fear.

CHR. True or right fear is discovered by three things:—

1. By its rise; it is caused by saving convictions for sin.

2. It driveth the soul to lay fast hold of Christ for salvation.

3. It begetteth and continueth in the soul a great reverence of God, his Word, and ways, keeping it tender, and making it afraid to turn from them, to the right hand or to the left, to anything that may dishonour God, break its peace, grieve the Spirit, or cause the enemy to speak reproachfully.

HOPE. Well said; I believe you have said the truth. Are we now almost got past the Enchanted Ground?

CHR. Why, art thou weary of this discourse?

HOPE. No, verily, but that I would know where we are.

CHR. We have not now above two miles further to go thereon. But let us return to our matter. Now the ignorant know not that such convictions as tend to put them in fear are for their good, and therefore they seek to stifle them.

Why ignorant persons stifle convictions.

1. In general.

HOPE. How do they seek to stifle them?

CHR. 1. They think that those fears are wrought by the devil (though indeed they are wrought of God); and, thinking so, they resist them as things that directly tend to their overthrow. 2. They also think that these fears tend to the spoiling of their faith, when, alas for them, poor men that they are, they have none at all! and therefore they harden their hearts against them. 3. They presume they ought not to fear; and therefore, in despite of them, wax presumptuously confident. 4. They see that those fears tend to take away from them their pitiful old self-holiness, and therefore they resist them with all their might.

2. In particular.

HOPE. I know something of this myself; for, before I knew myself, it was so with me.

CHR. Well, we will leave, at this time, our neighbour Ignorance by himself, and fall upon another profitable question.

HOPE. With all my heart, but you shall still begin.

CHR. Well then, did you not know, about ten years ago, one Temporary in your parts, who was a forward man in religion then?

Talk about one Temporary.

HOPE. Know him! yes, he dwelt in Graceless, a town about two miles off of Honesty, and he dwelt next door to one Turnback.

Where he dwelt.

CHR. Right, he dwelt under the same roof with him. Well, that man was much awakened once; I believe that then he had some sight of his sins, and of the wages that were due thereto.

He was towardly once.

HOPE. I am of your mind, for, my house not being above three miles from him, he would oft-times come to me, and that with many tears. Truly I pitied the man, and was not altogether without hope of him; but one may see, it is not every one that cries, Lord, Lord.

CHR. He told me once that he was resolved to go on pilgrimage, as we do now; but all of a sudden he grew

acquainted with one Save-self, and then he became a stranger to me.

HOPE. Now, since we are talking about him, let us a little inquire into the reason of the sudden backsliding of him and such others.

CHR. It may be very profitable, but do you begin.

HOPE. Well then, there are in my judgment four reasons for it :—

Reasons why
towardly ones go
back.

2 Pet. ii. 22.

1. Though the consciences of such men are awakened, yet their minds are not changed ; therefore, when the power of guilt weareth away, that which provoked them to be religious ceaseth, wherefore they naturally turn to their own course again, even as we see the dog that is sick of what he has eaten, so long as his sickness prevails, he vomits and casts up all ; not that he doth this of a free mind (if we may say a dog has a mind), but because it troubleth his stomach ; but now, when his sickness is over, and so his stomach eased, his desire being not at all alienate from his vomit, he turns him about and licks up all, and so it is true which is written, ' The dog *is* turned to his own vomit again.' Thus I say, being hot for heaven, by virtue only of the sense and fear of the torments of hell, as their sense of hell, and the fears of damnation, chills and cools, so their desires for heaven and salvation cool also. So then it comes to pass, that when their guilt and fear is gone, their desires for heaven and happiness die, and they return to their course again.

Prov. xxix. 25.

2. Another reason is, they have slavish fears that do overmaster them ; I speak now of the fears that they have of men, for ' the fear of man bringeth a snare.' So then, though they seem to be hot for heaven, so long as the flames of hell are about their ears, yet, when that terror is a little over, they betake themselves to second thoughts ; namely, that it is good to be wise, and not to run (for they know not what) the hazard of losing all, or, at least, of bringing themselves into unavoidable and unnecessary troubles, and so they fall in with the world again.

3. The shame that attends religion lies also as a block in their way ; they are proud and haughty, and religion in their eye is low and contemptible ; therefore, when they have lost their sense of hell and wrath to come, they return again to their former course.

4. Guilt, and to meditate terror, are grievous to them. They like not to see their misery before they come into it ; though perhaps the sight of it first, if they loved that sight, might make them fly whither the righteous fly and are safe. But because they do, as I hinted before, even shun the thoughts of guilt and terror, therefore, when once they are rid of their awakenings about the terrors and wrath of God, they harden their hearts gladly, and choose such ways as will harden them more and more.

CHR. You are pretty near the business, for the bottom of all is, for want of a change in their mind and will. And therefore they are but like the felon that standeth before the judge, he quakes and trembles, and seems to repent most heartily, but the bottom of all is the fear of the halter; not that he hath any detestation of the offence, as is evident, because, let but this man have his liberty, and he will be a thief, and so a rogue still, whereas, if his mind was changed, he would be otherwise.

HOPE. Now, I have showed you the reasons of their going back, do you show me the manner thereof.

CHR. So I will, willingly.

1. They draw off their thoughts, all that they may, from the remembrance of God, death, and judgment to come.

How the
apostate goes
back.

2. Then they cast off by degrees private duties, as closet prayer, curbing their lusts, watching, sorrow for sin, and the like.

3. Then they shun the company of lively and warm Christians.

4. After that, they grow cold to public duty, as hearing, reading, godly conference, and the like.

5. Then they begin to pick holes, as we say, in the coats of some of the godly; and that devilishly, that they may have a seeming colour to throw religion (for the sake of some infirmity they have espied in them) behind their backs.

6. Then they begin to adhere to, and associate themselves with carnal, loose, and wanton men.

7. Then they give way to carnal and wanton discourses in secret; and glad are they if they can see such things in any that are counted honest, that they may the more boldly do it through their example.

8. After this, they begin to play with little sins openly.

9. And then, being hardened, they show themselves as they are. Thus, being launched again into the gulf of misery, unless a miracle of grace prevent it, they everlastingly perish in their own deceivings.

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, Isa. lxii. 4.

and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, Ca. ii. 10-12. Angels. because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed;

Isa. lxii. 5. yea, here, 'As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, 'The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord, Sought out,' &c.

ver. 8. Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick, Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore, here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs, 'If ye find my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

Cant. v. 8. But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now as they came up to these places, behold, the gardener stood in the way, to whom the Pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties. He also showed them there the King's walks, and the arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Deut. xxiii. 24. Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

Rev. xxi. 18. So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for 'the city was pure gold') was so extremely glorious, that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men, in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

These men asked the Pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them; so they told them they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together, until they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over; the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned: but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The Pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The Pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me! Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then, said Christian, Ah! my friend, 'the sorrows of death have compassed me about;' I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey; and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere awhile, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother! said he, surely if I was right he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare,

Death.

Death is not welcome to nature, though by it we pass out of this world into glory.

1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.

Angels help us not comfortably through death.

Christian's conflict at the hour of death.

and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, '*There are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.*' These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5.

Christian delivered from his fears in death.

Isa. xliii. 2.

The angels do wait for them, so soon as they are passed out of this world.

They have put off mortality.

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was as in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, O! I see him again, and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I *will be* with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also, they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They, therefore, went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Heb. xii. 22-24.

Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxii. 5.

The talk they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the 'Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.' You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things are passed away.' You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets—men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting

upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, for 'there you shall see him as he is.' There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive, even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall you be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.

[sa. lvii. 1, 2;
lxv. 17.

Gal. vi. 7.

1 John iii. 2.

1 Thess. iv.

13-17; Jude 14;

Dan. vii. 9, 10;

1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, 'Blessed *are* they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.' There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises, and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting, and sound of trumpet.

Rev. xix. 9.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would,

by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. O by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, 'Blessed *are* they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Rev. xxii. 14.

Then I saw in my dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some looked from above over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, These Pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the Pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried into the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'which keepeth the truth, may enter in.'

Isa. xxvi. 2.

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'BLESSING, AND HONOUR, AND GLORY, AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER.'

Rev. v. 13.

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that, they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Rev. iv. 8.

Ignorance comes
up to the river.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river

side ; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place, one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over ; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone ; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him ; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence came you ? and what would you have ? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets. Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King ; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none ? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the City, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air, to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction ! So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Vain-hope does
ferry him over.

THE CONCLUSION.

Now, READER, I have told my dream to thee ;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour ; but take heed
Of misinterpreting ; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
By misinterpreting, evil ensues.

Take heed also, that thou be not extreme,
In playing with the outside of my dream :
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools ; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.

Put by the curtains, look within my veil,
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail ;
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find,
As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold ;
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore ?—
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
(*PART II.*)

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;

IN THE

SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

PART II.

THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF SENDING FORTH HIS SECOND PART OF THE PILGRIM.

Go now, my little book, to every place,
Where my first Pilgrim has but shown his face,
Call at their door. If any say, Who's there?
Then answer thou, CHRISTIANA is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys; and then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came;
Perhaps they know them by their looks, or name.
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not entertain
One CHRISTIAN, a Pilgrim? If they say
They did; and were delighted in his way:
Then let them know, that those related were
Unto him; yea, his wife and children are.

Tell them, that they have left their house and home,
Are turned Pilgrims, seek a world to come;
That they have met with hardships in the way,
That they do meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on serpents, fought with devils,
Have also overcome a many evils.
Yea, tell them also of the next, who have
Of love to pilgrimage, been stout and brave
Defenders of that way, and how they still
Refuse this world, to do their Father's will.

Go, tell them also of those dainty things,
 That pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings.
 Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
 Beloved of their King, under his care :
 What goodly mansions for them he provides,
 Tho' they meet with rough winds, and swelling tides,
 How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
 Who to their Lord, and by his ways hold fast.

Perhaps with heart and hand they will embrace
 Thee, as they did my firstling, and will grace
 Thee, and thy fellows, with such cheer and fare,
 As show will they of Pilgrims lovers are.

OBJECTION I.

But how, if they will not believe of me
 That I am truly thine ; 'cause some there be
 That counterfeit the Pilgrim and his name,
 Seek, by disguise, to seem the very same ;
 And by that means have wrought themselves into
 The hands and houses of I know not who ?

ANSWER.

'Tis true, some have of late, to counterfeit
 My Pilgrim, to their own my title set ;
 Yea others, half my name and title too
 Have stitched to their book, to make them do ;
 But yet they, by their features, do declare
 Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are.

If such thou meet'st with, then thine only way
 Before them all, is, to say out thy say,
 In thine own native language, which no man
 Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
 If, after all, they still of you shall doubt,
 Thinking that you, like gipsies, go about
 In naughty wise, the country to defile,
 Or that you seek good people to beguile
 With things unwarrantable ; send for me,
 And I will testify you PILGRIMS be.
 Yea, I will testify that only you
 My Pilgrims are ; and that alone will do.

OBJECTION II.

But yet, perhaps, I may inquire for him,
 Of those that wish him damned, life and limb.
 What shall I do, when I at such a door
 For Pilgrims ask ; and they shall rage the more ?

ANSWER.

Fright not thyself, my book, for such bugbears
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears.
My Pilgrim's book has travell'd sea and land,
Yet could I never come to understand
That it was slighted, or turn'd out of door
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.

In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a friend, a brother.

In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.

Highlanders and wild Irish can agree
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.

'Tis in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,
As to be trimm'd, new cloth'd, and deck'd with gems
That it may show its features and its limbs,
Yet more ; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.

If you draw nearer home, it will appear,
My Pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear ;
City and country will him entertain
With, Welcome Pilgrim ; yea, they can't refrain
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shows his head in any company.

Brave gallants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much, yea, value it above
Things of a greater bulk : yea, with delight,
Say, My lark's leg is better than a kite.

Young ladies, and young gentlewomen too,
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim show.
Their cabinets, their bosoms, and their hearts,
My Pilgrim has, 'cause he to them imparts
His pretty riddles in such wholesome strains,
As yields them profit double to their pains
Of reading ; yea, I think, I may be bold
To say, some prize him far above their gold.

The very children that do walk the street,
If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well, and say,
He is the only stripling of the day.

They that have never seen him, yet admire
 What they have heard of him, and much desire
 To have his company, and hear him tell
 Those pilgrim stories which he knows so well.

Yea, some who did not love him at the first,
 But call'd him fool and noddy, say they must,
 Now they have seen and heard him, him commend
 And to those whom they love, they do him send.

Wherefore, my Second Part, thou need'st not be
 Afraid to show thy head ; none can hurt thee,
 That wish but well to him that went before,
 'Cause thou com'st after with a second store
 Of things as good, as rich, as profitable,
 For young, for old, for stagg'ring, and for stable.

OBJECTION III.

But some there be that say, He laughs too loud ;
 And some do say, His head is in a cloud.
 Some say, His words and stories are so dark,
 They know not how, by them, to find his mark.

ANSWER.

One may, I think, say, Both his laughs and cries,
 May well be guess'd at by his wat'ry eyes.
 Some things are of that nature, as to make
 One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
 When Jacob saw his Rachel with the sheep,
 He did at the same time both kiss and weep.

Whereas some say, A cloud is in his head,
 That doth but show how wisdom's covered
 With its own mantles, and to stir the mind
 To a search after what it fain would find.
 Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,
 Do but the godly mind the more allure
 To study what those sayings should contain,
 That speak to us in such a cloudy strain.

I also know a dark similitude
 Will on the fancy more itself intrude,
 And will stick faster in the heart and head,
 Than things from similes not borrowed.

Wherefore, my book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels. Behold, thou art sent
To friends, not foes ; to friends that will give place
To thee, thy Pilgrims, and thy words embrace.

Besides, what my first Pilgrim left conceal'd :
Thou, my brave second Pilgrim, hast reveal'd ;
What CHRISTIAN left lock'd up, and went his way,
Sweet CHRISTIANA opens with her key.

OBJECTION IV.

But some love not the method of your first ;
Romance they count it, throw't away as dust,
If I should meet with such, what should I say ?
Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay ?

ANSWER.

My CHRISTIANA, if with such thou meet,
By all means, in all loving-wise, them greet ;
Render them not reviling for revile ;
But if they frown, I prithee on them smile ;
Perhaps 'tis nature, or some ill report,
Has made them thus despise, or thus retort.

Some love no cheese, some love no fish, and some
Love not their friends, nor their own house or home ;
Some start at pig, slight chicken, love not fowl,
More than they love a cuckoo, or an owl ;
Leave such, my CHRISTIANA, to their choice,
And seek those who to find thee will rejoice ;
By no means strive, but in humble-wise,
Present thee to them in thy Pilgrim's guise.

Go, then, my little book, and show to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest,
And wish what thou shalt show them may be blest
To them for good, may make them choose to be
Pilgrims better by far than thee or me.

Go, then, I say, tell all men who thou art ;
Say, I am CHRISTIANA, and my part
Is now, with my four sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a Pilgrim's lot.

Go also, tell them who and what they be,
 That now do go on pilgrimage with thee ;
 Say, Here's my neighbour, Mercy, she is one
 That has long time with me a Pilgrim gone.
 Come, see her in her virgin face, and learn
 'Twixt idle ones and Pilgrims to discern.
 Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
 The world which is to come, in any wise.
 When little tripping maidens follow God,
 And leave old doting sinners to his rod ;
 'Tis like those days wherein the young ones cried,
 Hosanna ! to whom old ones did deride.

Next, tell them of old Honest, who you found
 With his white hairs, treading the Pilgrim's ground
 Yea, tell them how plain-hearted this man was,
 How after his good Lord he bare his cross ;
 Perhaps with some gray head this may prevail
 With Christ to fall in love, and sin bewail.

Tell them also, how Master Fearing went
 On pilgrimage, and how the time he spent
 In solitariness, with fears and cries ;
 And how, at last, he won the joyful prize.
 He *was* a good man, though much down in spirit,
 He *is* a good man, and doth life inherit.

Tell them of Master Feeble-mind also,
 Who, not before, but still behind would go.
 Show them also, how he had like been slain,
 And how one Great-heart did his life regain.
 This man was true of heart, though weak in grace,
 One might true godliness read in his face.

Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
 A man with crutches, but much without fault ;
 Tell them how Master Feeble-mind and he
 Did love, and in opinions much agree.
 And let all know, though weakness was their chance,
 Yet sometimes one could sing, the other dance.

Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-truth,
 That man of courage, though a very youth.
 Tell every one his spirit was so stout,
 No man could ever make him face about ;
 And how Great-heart and he could not forbear,
 But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair.

Overlook not Master Despondency,
Nor Much-afraid, his daughter, though they lie
Under such mantles, as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook.
They softly went, but sure, and at the end,
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their friend.
When thou hast told the world of all these things,
Then turn about, my book, and touch these strings,
Which, if but touch'd, will such music make,
They'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.

These riddles that lie couch'd within thy breast,
Freely propound, expound ; and for the rest
Of thy mysterious lines, let them remain
For those whose nimble fancies shall them gain.

Now may this *little book* a blessing be
To those who love this *little book* and me ;
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away ;
Yea, may this Second Pilgrim yield that fruit,
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit ;
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their feet and heart to the right way,
Is the hearty prayer of

The Author,

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;

IN THE

SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

PART II.

COURTEOUS COMPANIONS,

Some time since, to tell you my dream that I had of Christian the Pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey towards the Celestial Country, was pleasant to me, and profitable to you. I told you then, also, what I saw concerning his wife and children, and how unwilling they were to go with him on pilgrimage, insomuch that he was forced to go on his progress without them; for he durst not run the danger of that destruction which he feared would come by staying with them in the City of Destruction. Wherefore, as I then showed you, he left them and departed.

Now it hath so happened, through the multiplicity of business, that I have been much hindered and kept back from my wonted travels into those parts whence he went, and so could not, till now, obtain an opportunity to make further inquiry after whom he left behind, that I might give you an account of them. But having had some concerns that way of late, I went down again thitherward. Now, having taken up my lodgings in a wood, about a mile off the place, as I slept, I dreamed again.

And as I was in my dream, behold, an aged gentleman came by where I lay; and because he was to go some part of the way that I was travelling, methought I got up and went with him. So as we walked, and as travellers usually do, I was as if we fell into discourse, and our talk happened to be about Christian and his travels; for thus I began with the old man:

Sir, said I, what town is that there below, that lieth on the left hand of our way?

Then said Mr Sagacity (for that was his name), It is the City of Destruction, a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people.

I thought that was that city, quoth I ; I went once myself through that town, and, therefore, know that this report you give of it is true.

SAG. Too true ; I wish I could speak truth in speaking better of them that dwell therein.

Well, Sir, quoth I, then I perceive you to be a well-meaning man ; and so one that takes pleasure to hear and tell of that which is good. Pray, did you never hear what happened to a man some time ago in this town, whose name was Christian, that went on pilgrimage up towards the higher regions ?

SAG. Hear of him ! Aye, and I also heard of the molestations, troubles, wars, captivities, cries, groans, frights, and fears that he met with and had in his journey ; besides, I must tell you, all our country rings of him. There are but few houses that have heard of him and his doings but have sought after and got the records of his pilgrimage ; yea, I think I may say that that his hazardous journey has got a many well-wishers to his ways ; for though, when he was here, he was fool in every man's mouth, yet, now he is gone, he is highly commended of all. For, it is said, he lives bravely where he is ; yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, yet have their mouths water at his gains.

They may, quoth I, well think, if they think anything that is true, that he liveth well where he is ; for he now lives at and in the Fountain of Life, and has what he has without labour and sorrow, for there is no grief mixed therewith. [But, pray, what talk have the people about him ?]

SAG. Talk ! the people talk strangely about him ; some say that he now walks in white, that he has a chain of gold about his neck ; that he has a crown of gold, beset with pearls, upon his head. Others say that the Shining Ones, that sometimes showed themselves to him in his journey, are become his companions, and that he is as familiar with them in the place where he is as here one neighbour is with another. Besides, it is confidently affirmed concerning him, that the King of the place where he is has bestowed upon him already a very rich and pleasant dwelling at court, and that he every day eateth, and drinketh, and walketh, and talketh with him ; and receiveth of the smiles and favours of him that is Judge of all there. Moreover, it is expected of some, that his Prince, the Lord of that country, will shortly come into these parts, and will know the reason, if they can give any, why his neighbours set so little by him, and had him so much in derision, when they perceived that he would be a pilgrim. For, they say, that now he is so in the affections of his Prince, and that his Sovereign is so much concerned with the indignities that were cast upon Christian, when he became a pilgrim, that he will look upon all as if done unto himself ; and no marvel, for it was for the love that he had to his Prince that he ventured as he did.

I dare say, quoth I, I am glad on it ; I am glad for the poor

Christians are well spoken of when gone ; though called fools while they are here.

Rev. iii. 4 ;
vi. 11.

Zech. iii. 7.
Luke xiv. 15.

Jude xiv. 15.

Christian's King will take Christian's part.

Luke x. 16.



THIS, THEREFORE, OF HER HUSBAND DID COST HER MANY A TEAR

man's sake, for that he now has rest from his labour, and for that he now reapeth the benefit of his tears with joy, and for that he has got beyond the gunshot of his enemies, and is out of the reach of them that hate him. I also am glad, for that a rumour of these things is noised abroad in this country; who can tell but that it may work some good effect on some that are left behind? But, pray Sir, while it is fresh in my mind, do you hear anything of his wife and children? Poor hearts! I wonder in my mind what they do.

SAG. Who! Christiana and her sons? They are like to do as well as did Christian himself; for though they all played the fool at the first, and would by no means be persuaded by either the tears or entreaties of Christian, yet second thoughts have wrought wonderfully with them; so they have packed up, and are also gone after him.

Better and better, quoth I. But what! wife and children, and all?

SAG. It is true; I can give you an account of the matter, for I was upon the spot at the instant, and was thoroughly acquainted with the whole affair.

Then, said I, a man, it seems, may report it for a truth?

SAG. You need not fear to affirm it; I mean that they are all gone on pilgrimage, both the good woman and her four boys. And being (we are, as I perceive) going some considerable way together, I will give you an account of the whole of the matter.

This Christiana (for that was her name from the day that she, with her children, betook themselves to a pilgrim's life), after her husband was gone over the river, and she could hear of him no more, her thoughts began to work in her mind. First, for that she had lost her husband, and for that the loving bond of that relation was utterly broken betwixt them. For you know, said he to me, nature can do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations. This, therefore, of her husband did cost her many a tear. But this was not all; for Christiana did also begin to consider with herself, whether her unbecoming behaviour towards her husband was not one cause that she saw him no more; and that in such sort he was taken away from her. And upon this, came into her mind, by swarms, all her unkind, unnatural, and ungodly carriages to her dear friend; which also clogged her conscience, and did load her with guilt. She was, moreover, much broken with calling to remembrance the restless groans, brinish tears, and self-bemoanings of her husband, and how she did harden her heart against all his entreaties, and loving persuasions, of her and her sons, to go with him; yea, there was not anything that Christian either said to her or did before her all the while that his burden did hang on his back, but it returned upon her like a flash of lightning, and rent the caul of her heart in sunder.

Rev. xiv. 13.
Ps. cxlvi. 5, 6.

Good tidings of
Christian's wife
and children.

First Part,
p. 100.

Mark this, you
that are churls to
your godly
relations.

First Part,
P. I.

Specially that bitter outcry of his, 'What shall I do to be saved?' did ring in her ears most dolefully.

Then said she to her children, Sons, we are all undone. I have sinned away your father, and he is gone; he would have had us with him, but I would not go myself. I also have hindered you of life. With that the boys fell all into tears, and cried out to go after their father. O! said Christiana, that it had been but our lot to go with him, then had it fared well with us, beyond what it is like to do now; for though I formerly foolishly imagined, concerning the troubles of your father, that they proceeded of a foolish fancy that he had, or for that he was overrun with melancholy humours; yet now it will not out of my mind but that they sprang from another cause, to wit, for that the Light of light was given him, by the help of which, as I perceive, he has escaped the snares of death. Then they all wept again, and cried out, O woe worth the day!

James i. 23-25.

Christiana's
dream.

Luke xviii. 13.

The next night Christiana had a dream; and, behold, she saw as if a broad parchment was opened before her, in which were recorded the sum of her ways, and the times, as she thought, looked very black upon her. Then she cried out aloud in her sleep, 'Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!' and the little children heard her.

Mark this, this
is the quint-
essence of hell.

After this, she thought she saw two very ill-favoured ones standing by her bedside, and saying, What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out for mercy waking and sleeping; if she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her as we have lost her husband. Wherefore we must, by one way or other, seek to take her off from the thoughts of what shall be hereafter, else all the world cannot help it but she will become a pilgrim.

Help against
discouragement.

Now she awoke in a great sweat, also a trembling was upon her; but after a while she fell to sleeping again. And then she thought she saw Christian her husband in a place of bliss, among many immortals, with a harp in his hand, standing and playing upon it before one that sat on a throne, with a rainbow about his head. She saw also as if he bowed his head, with his face to the paved work that was under the Prince's feet, saying, I heartily thank my Lord and King, for bringing of me into this place. Then shouted a company of them that stood round about, and harped with their harps; but no man living could tell what they said, but Christian and his companions.

Convictions
seconded with
fresh ridings of
God's readiness
to pardon.

Next morning, when she was up, had prayed to God, and talked with her children a while, one knocked hard at the door, to whom she spake out, saying, If thou comest in God's name, come in. So he said, Amen, and opened the door, and saluted her with 'Peace be to this house.' The which, when he had done, he said, Christiana, knowest thou wherefore I am come? Then she blushed and trembled, also her heart began to wax warm with desires to know whence he came, and

what was his errand to her. So he said unto her, My name is Secret; I dwell with those that are high. It is talked of, where I dwell, as if thou hadst a desire to go thither; also, there is a report, that thou art aware of the evil thou hast formerly done to thy husband, in hardening of thy heart against his way, and in keeping of these thy babes in their ignorance. Christiana, the Merciful One has sent me to tell thee, that he is a God ready to forgive, and that he taketh delight to multiply to pardon offences. He also would have thee know, that he inviteth thee to come into his presence, to his table, and that he will feed thee with the fat of his house, and with the heritage of Jacob thy father.

There is Christian thy husband (that was), with legions more, his companions, ever beholding that face that doth minister life to beholders; and they will all be glad when they shall hear the sound of thy feet step over thy Father's threshold.

Christiana at this was greatly abashed in herself, and bowing her head to the ground, this Visitor proceeded, and said, Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King. So she took it and opened it, but it smelt after the manner of the best perfume, also it was written in letters of gold. The contents of the letter was, That the King would have her do as did Christian her husband; for that was the way to come to his city, and to dwell in his presence with joy for ever. At this the good woman was quite overcome; so she cried out to her visitor, Sir, will you carry me and my children with you, that we also may go and worship this King? Ca. i. 3.

Then said the visitor, Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must through troubles, as did he that went before thee, enter this Celestial City. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband. Go to the wicket-gate yonder, over the plain, for that stands in the head of the way up which thou must go, and I wish thee all good speed. Also I advise that thou put this letter in thy bosom; that thou read therein to thyself, and to thy children, until you have got it by rote of heart, for it is one of the songs that thou must sing while thou art in this house of thy pilgrimage, also this thou must deliver in at the further gate. Christiana quite overcome.
Further instruction to Christiana.
Ps. cxix. 54.

Now I saw in my dream, that this old gentleman, as he told me this story, did himself seem to be greatly affected therewith. He, moreover, proceeded and said, So Christiana called her sons together, and began thus to address herself unto them: My sons, I have, as you may perceive, been of late under much exercise in my soul, about the death of your father; not for that I doubt at all of his happiness, for I am satisfied now that he is well. I have been also much affected with the thoughts of mine own state and yours, which I verily believe is by nature miserable. My carriages, also, to your Christiana prays well for her journey.

father in his distress, is a great load to my conscience ; for I hardened both my own heart and yours against him, and refused to go with him on pilgrimage.

The thoughts of these things would now kill me outright, but that for a dream which I had last night, and but for the encouragement that this stranger has given me this morning. Come, my children, let us pack up and begone to the gate that leads to the Celestial Country, that we may see your father, and be with him and his companions in peace, according to the laws of that land.

Then did her children burst out into tears for joy, that the heart of their mother was so inclined. So their visitor bade them farewell ; and they began to prepare to set out for their journey.

Timorous comes to visit Christiana, with Mercy, one of her neighbours. Christiana's new language stuns her old neighbours.

But while they were thus about to be gone, two of the women, that were Christiana's neighbours, came up to her house, and knocked at her door. To whom she said as before, If you come in God's name, come in. At this the women were stunned ; for this kind of language they used not to hear, or to perceive to drop from the lips of Christiana. Yet they came in ; but, behold, they found the good woman a-preparing to be gone from her house.

So they began and said, Neighbour, pray what is your meaning by this ?

Christiana answered and said to the eldest of them, whose name was Mrs Timorous, I am preparing for a journey. (This Timorous was daughter to him that met Christian upon the Hill Difficulty, and would have had him go back for fear of the lions.)

TIM. For what journey, I pray you ?

CHRIST. Even to go after my good husband. And with that she fell a-weeping.

TIM. I hope not so, good neighbour ; pray, for your poor children's sakes, do not so unwomanly cast away yourself.

CHRIST. Nay, my children shall go with me, not one of them is willing to stay behind.

TIM. I wonder, in my very heart, what, or who has brought you into this mind.

CHRIST. Oh ! neighbour, knew you but as much as I do, I doubt not but that you would go with me.

TIM. Prithee, what new knowledge hast thou got, that so worketh off thy mind from thy friends, and that tempteth thee to go, nobody knows where ?

CHRIST. Then Christiana replied, I have been sorely afflicted since my husband's departure from me ; but especially since he went over the river. But that which troubleth me most, is my churlish carriages to him, when he was under his distress. Besides, I am now as he was then ; nothing will serve me but going on pilgrimage. I was a-dreaming last night that I saw him. O that my soul was with him ! He

First Part,
P. 23.

Death.

dwelleth in the presence of the King of the country ; he sits and eats with him at his table ; he is become a companion of immortals, and has a house now given him to dwell in, to which the best palaces on earth, if compared, seem to me to be but as a dunghill. The prince of the place has also sent for me, with promise of entertainment if I shall come to him ; his messenger was here even now, and has brought me a letter, which invites me to come. And with that she plucked out her letter, and read it, and said to them, What now will ye say to this? 1 Cor. v. 1-4.

TIM. O the madness that has possessed thee and thy husband, to run yourselves upon such difficulties ! You have heard, I am sure, what your husband did meet with, even, in a manner, at the first step that he took on his way, as our neighbour Obstinate can yet testify, for he went along with him ; yea, and Pliable too, until they, like wise men, were afraid to go any further. We also heard, over and above, how he met with the lions, Apollyon, the Shadow of Death, and many other things. Nor is the danger that he met with at Vanity Fair to be forgotten by thee, for if he, though a man, was so hard put to it, what canst thou, being but a poor woman, do ? Consider also, that these four sweet babes are thy children, thy flesh and thy bones. Wherefore, though thou shouldst be so rash as to cast away thyself ; yet, for the sake of the fruit of thy body, keep thou at home. First Part, p. 5.

But Christiana said unto her, Tempt me not, my neighbour. I have now a price put into my hand to get gain, and I should be a fool of the greatest size, if I should have no heart to strike in with the opportunity. And for that you tell me of all these troubles that I am like to meet with in the way, they are so far off from being to me a discouragement, that they show I am in the right. 'The bitter must come before the sweet,' and that also will make the sweet the sweeter. Wherefore, since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and not to disquiet me further. The reasonings of the flesh.

Then Timorous also reviled her, and said to her fellow, Come, neighbour Mercy, let us leave her in her own hands, since she scorns our counsel and company. But Mercy was at a stand, and could not so readily comply with her neighbour, and that for a twofold reason. First, her bowels yearned over Christiana. So she said within herself, If my neighbour will needs be gone, I will go a little way with her and help her. Secondly, her bowels yearned over her own soul, for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind. Wherefore she said within herself again, I will yet have more talk with this Christiana, and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself with my heart shall also go with her. Wherefore Mercy began thus to reply to her neighbour Timorous. A pertinent reply to fleshly reasonings.

MERCY. Neighbour, I did, indeed, come with you to see Christiana this morning ; and since she is, as you see, a-taking of her last farewell of her country, I think to walk, this sun-

Mercy's bowels yearn over Christiana.

shine morning, a little way with her, to help her on the way. But she told her not of the second reason, but kept that to herself.

Timorous for-
sakes her, but
Mercy cleaves to
her.

Timorous
acquaints her
friends what
the good Chris-
tiana intends to
do.

TIM. Well, I see you have a mind to go a-fooling too, but take heed in time, and be wise. While we are out of danger, we are out; but when we are in, we are in. So Mrs Timorous returned to her house, and Christiana betook herself to her journey. But when Timorous was got home to her house, she sends for some of her neighbours, to wit, Mrs Bat's-eyes, Mrs Inconsiderate, Mrs Light-mind, and Mrs Know-nothing. So when they were come to her house, she falls to telling of the story of Christiana, and of her intended journey. And thus she began her tale.

TIM. Neighbours, having had little to do this morning, I went to give Christiana a visit; and when I came at the door, I knocked, as you know it is our custom. And she answered, If you come in God's name, come in. So in I went, thinking all was well. But when I came in, I found her preparing herself to depart the town, she, and also her children. So I asked her what was her meaning by that. And she told me, in short, that she was now of a mind to go on pilgrimage, as did her husband. She told me also a dream that she had, and how the King of the country where her husband was, had sent her an inviting letter to come thither.

Mrs Know-
nothing.

Then said Mrs Know-nothing, And what! do you think she will go?

TIM. Aye, go she will, whatever come on't; and methinks I know it by this; for that which was my great argument to persuade her to stay at home (to wit, the troubles she was like to meet with in the way) is one great argument with her to put her forward on her journey. For she told me in so many words, 'The bitter goes before the sweet.' Yea, and forasmuch as it so doth, it makes the sweet the sweeter.

Mrs Bat's-eyes.

MRS BAT'S-EYES. O, this blind and foolish woman! said she; will she not take warning by her husband's afflictions? For my part, I see, if he was here again, he would rest him content in a whole skin, and never run so many hazards for nothing.

Mrs Incon-
siderate.

MRS INCONSIDERATE also replied, saying, Away with such fantastical fools from the town! A good riddance, for my part, I say, of her. Should she stay where she dwells, and retain this her mind, who could live quietly by her? for she will either be dumpish or unneighbourly, or talk of such matters as no wise body can abide; wherefore, for my part, I shall never be sorry for her departure. Let her go, and let better come in her room. It was never a good world since these whimsical fools dwelt in it.

Mrs Light-mind.

Madam
Wanton, she that
had like to have
been too hard
for Faithful in
time past.

Then Mrs Light-mind added as followeth:—Come, put this kind of talk away. I was yesterday at Madam Wanton's, where we were as merry as the maids. For who do you think should be there, but I and Mrs Love-the-flesh, and three or four more, with Mr Lechery, Mrs Filth, and some others. So there we had



MRS LIGHT-MIND

music, and dancing, and what else was meet to fill up the pleasure. And, I dare say, my lady herself is an admirably well-bred gentlewoman, and Mr Lechery is as pretty a fellow.

First Part,
p. 40.

By this time, Christiana was got on her way, and Mercy went along with her. So as they went, her children being there also, Christiana began to discourse. And, Mercy, said Christiana, I take this as an unexpected favour, that thou shouldst set foot out of doors with me, to accompany me a little in my way.

Discourse be-
twixt Mercy and
good Christiana.

MERCY. Then said young Mercy (for she was but young), If I thought it would be to purpose to go with you, I would never go near the town any more.

Mercy inclines to
go.

CHRIST. Well, Mercy, said Christiana, cast in thy lot with me; I well know what will be the end of our pilgrimage. My husband is where he would not but be for all the gold in the Spanish mines. Nor shalt thou be rejected, though thou goest but upon my invitation. The King who hath sent for me and my children is one that delighteth in mercy. Besides, if thou wilt, I will hire thee, and thou shalt go along with me as my servant; yet we will have all things in common betwixt thee and me; only, go along with me.

Christiana would
have her neigh-
bour with her.

MERCY. But how shall I be ascertained that I also shall be entertained? Had I this hope but from one that can tell, I would make no stick at all, but would go, being helped by him that can help, though the way was never so tedious.

Mercy doubts of
acceptance.

CHRIST. Well, loving Mercy, I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Go with me to the wicket-gate, and there I will further inquire for thee; and if there thou shalt not meet with encouragement, I will be content that thou shalt return to thy place. I also will pay thee for thy kindness which thou showest to me and my children, in thy accompanying us in our way, as thou dost.

Christiana
allures her to the
gate, which is
Christ, and
promiseth there
to inquire for
her.

MERCY. Then will I go thither, and will take what shall follow; and the Lord grant that my lot may there fall, even as the King of Heaven shall have his heart upon me.

Mercy prays.

Christiana then was glad at her heart, not only that she had a companion, but also for that she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation. So they went on together, and Mercy began to weep. Then said Christiana, Wherefore weepeth my sister so?

Christiana glad
of Mercy's
company.

MERCY. Alas! said she, who can but lament, that shall but rightly consider, what a state and condition my poor relations are in that yet remain in our sinful town? and that which makes my grief the more heavy is, because they have no instructor, nor any to tell them what is to come.

Mercy grieves
for her carnal
relations.

CHRIST. Bowels becometh pilgrims; and thou dost for thy friends as my good Christian did for me when he left me; he mourned for that I would not heed nor regard him; but his Lord and ours did gather up his tears and put them into his bottle; and now both I and thou, and these my sweet babes,

Christian's
prayers were
answered for
his relations,
after he was
dead.

are reaping the fruit and benefit of them. I hope, Mercy, these tears of thine will not be lost; for the truth hath said, that 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy' in singing. And 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves *with him*.'

Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

Then said Mercy—

Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If 't be his blessed will;
Unto his gate, into his fold,
Up to his holy hill.

And let him never suffer me
To swerve or turn aside
From his free grace, and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let him gather them of mine,
That I have left behind;
Lord, make them pray they may be thine,
With all their heart and mind.

First Part, p. 5.

Their own
carnal conclu-
sions, instead of
the Word of Life.

Mercy the
boldest at the
Slough of
Despond.

Luke i. 45.

Now my old friend proceeded, and said:—But when Christiana came up to the Slough of Despond, she began to be at a stand; for, said she, this is the place in which my dear husband had like to have been smothered with mud. She perceived, also, that notwithstanding the command of the King to make this place for pilgrims good, yet it was rather worse than formerly. So I asked if that was true. Yes, said the old gentleman, too true; for that many there be that pretend to be the King's labourers, and that say they are for mending the King's highway, that bring dirt and dung instead of stones, and so mar instead of mending. Here Christiana, therefore, with her boys, did make a stand; but, said Mercy, Come let us venture, only let us be wary. Then they looked well to the steps, and made a shift to get staggeringly over.

Yet, Christiana had like to have been in, and that not once nor twice. Now they had no sooner got over, but they thought they heard words that said unto them, 'Blessed *is* she that believed; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.'

Then they went on again; and said Mercy to Christiana, Had I as good ground to hope for a loving reception at the wicket-gate as you, I think no Slough of Despond would discourage me.

Well, said the other, you know your sore, and I know mine; and, good friend, we shall all have enough evil before we come at our journey's end.

For can it be imagined, that the people that design to attain such excellent glories as we do, and that are so envied that happiness as we are; but that we shall meet with what fears and scares, with what troubles and afflictions they can possibly assault us with, that hate us?

And now Mr Sagacity left me to dream out my dream by myself. Wherefore, methought I saw Christiana and Mercy, and the boys, go all of them up to the gate; to which, when they were come, they betook themselves to a short debate about how they must manage their calling at the gate, and what should be said to him that did open to them. So it was concluded, since Christiana was the eldest, that she should knock for entrance, and that she should speak to him that did open, for the rest. So Christiana began to knock; and, as her poor husband did, she knocked, and knocked again. But, instead of any that answered, they all thought that they heard as if a dog came barking upon them; a dog, and a great one too, and this made the women and children afraid: nor durst they, for a while, to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them. Now, therefore, they were greatly tumbled up and down in their minds, and knew not what to do: knock they durst not, for fear of the dog; go back they durst not, for fear the Keeper of that gate should espy them as they so went, and should be offended with them; at last they thought of knocking again, and knocked more vehemently than they did at the first. Then said the Keeper of the gate, Who is there? So the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them.

Prayer should be made with consideration and fear, as well as in faith and hope.

First Part, p. 12.

The dog—the devil—an enemy to prayer.

Christiana and her companions perplexed about prayer.

Then Christiana made low obeisance, and said, Let not our Lord be offended with his handmaidens, for that we have knocked at his princely gate. Then said the Keeper, Whence come ye, and what is that you would have?

Christiana answered, We are come from whence Christian did come, and upon the same errand as he; to wit, to be, if it shall please you, graciously admitted by this gate into the way that leads to the Celestial City. And I answer, my Lord, in the next place, that I am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above.

With that the Keeper of the gate did marvel, saying, What! is she become now a pilgrim that, but a while ago, abhorred that life? Then she bowed her head, and said, Yes, and so are these my sweet babes also.

Then he took her by the hand, and let her in, and said also, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me;' and with that he shut up the gate. This done, he called to a trumpeter that was above, over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes.

How Christiana is entertained at the gate.

Luke xv. 7.

Now all this while poor Mercy did stand without, trembling and crying, for fear that she was rejected. But when Christiana had gotten admittance for herself and her boys, then she began to make intercession for Mercy.

CHRIST. And she said, My Lord, I have a companion of mine that stands yet without, that is come hither upon the same account as myself; one that is much dejected in her

Christiana's prayer for her friend Mercy.

mind, for that she comes, as she thinks, without sending for ; whereas I was sent to by my husband's King to come.

The delays make
the hungering
soul the
ferventer.

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, for each minute was as long to her as an hour ; wherefore she prevented Christiana from a fuller interceding for her, by knocking at the gate herself. And she knocked then so loud, that she made Christiana to start. Then said the Keeper of the gate, Who is there ? and said Christiana, It is my friend.

Mercy faints.

So he opened the gate and looked out, but Mercy was fallen down without, in a swoon, for she fainted, and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her.

Then he took her by the hand, and said, Damsel, I bid thee arise.

Jonah ii. 7.

O Sir, said she, I am faint ; there is scarce life left in me. But he answered, That one once said, 'When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord ; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple.' Fear not, but stand upon thy feet, and tell me wherefore thou art come.

The cause of her
fainting.

MERCY. I am come for that unto which I was never invited, as my friend Christiana was. Hers was from the King, and mine was but from her. Wherefore I fear I presume.

KEEP. Did she desire thee to come with her to this place ?

MERCY. Yes ; and, as my Lord sees, I am come. And, if there is any grace or forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech that I, thy poor handmaid, may be partaker thereof.

Mark this.

Then he took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me. Then said he to those that stood by, Fetch something, and give it Mercy to smell on, thereby to stay her fainting. So they fetched her a bundle of myrrh ; and a while after she was revived.

And now was Christiana and her boys, and Mercy, received of the Lord at the head of the way, and spoke kindly unto by him. Then said they yet further unto him, We are sorry for our sins, and beg of our Lord his pardon, and further information what we must do.

Cant. i. 2.

John xx. 20.

I grant pardon, said he, by word and deed : by word, in the promise of forgiveness ; by deed, in the way I obtained it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss, and the other as it shall be revealed.

Christ crucified
seen afar off.

Now, I saw in my dream, that he spake many good words unto them, whereby they were greatly gladdened. He also had them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved ; and told them withal, That that sight they would have again, as they went along in the way, to their comfort.

Talk between the
Christians.

So he left them a while in a summer parlour below, where they entered into talk by themselves ; and thus Christiana began : O Lord ! how glad am I that we are got in hither.

MERCY. So you well may ; but I of all have cause to leap for joy.



"OH, SIR," SAID SHE, "I AM FAINT; THERE IS SCARCE LIFE LEFT IN ME"

CHRIST. I thought one time, as I stood at the gate (because I had knocked, and none did answer), that all our labour had been lost, especially when that ugly cur made such a heavy barking against us.

MERCY. But my worst fear was after I saw that you was taken into his favour, and that I was left behind. Now, thought I, it is fulfilled which is written, 'Two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken and the other left.' Matt. xxiv. 41. I had much ado to forbear crying out, Undone! Undone!

And afraid I was to knock any more; but when I looked up to what was written over the gate, I took courage. I also thought that I must either knock again, or die; so I knocked, but I cannot tell how, for my spirit now struggled betwixt life and death.

CHRIST. Can you not tell how you knocked? I am sure your knocks were so earnest, that the very sound of them made me start; I thought I never heard such knocking in all my life; I thought you would have come in by violent hands, or have taken the kingdom by storm.

Christiana thinks her companion prays better than she.

Matt. xi. 12.

MERCY. Alas! to be in my case, who that so was could but have done so? You saw that the door was shut upon me, and that there was a most cruel dog thereabout. Who, I say, that was so faint-hearted as I, that would not have knocked with all their might? But, pray, what said my Lord to my rudeness? Was he not angry with me?

CHRIST. When he heard your lumbering noise, he gave a wonderful innocent smile; I believe what you did pleased him well enough, for he showed no sign to the contrary. But I marvel in my heart, why he keeps such a dog; had I known that before, I fear I should not have had heart enough to have ventured myself in this manner. But now we are in, we are in; and I am glad with all my heart.

Christ pleased with loud and restless praises. If the soul at first did know all it should meet with in its journey to heaven, it would hardly ever set out.

MERCY. I will ask, if you please, next time he comes down, why he keeps such a filthy cur in his yard; I hope he will not take it amiss.

Aye, do, said the children, and persuade him to hang him; for we are afraid he will bite us when we go hence.

The children are afraid of the dog.

So at last he came down to them again, and Mercy fell to the ground on her face before him, and worshipped, and said, Let my Lord accept of the sacrifice of praise which I now offer unto him with the calves of my lips.

So he said unto her, 'Peace be to thee, stand up.' But she continued upon her face, and said, 'Righteous *art* thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of *thy* judgments.' Wherefore dost thou keep so cruel a dog in thy yard, at the sight of which, such women and children as we, are ready to fly from thy gate for fear?

Jer. xii. 1.

Mercy expostulates about the dog.

Devil.

He answered and said, That dog has another owner, he also is kept close in another man's ground, only my pilgrims hear his barking; he belongs to the castle which you see there at a

First Part, p. 12. distance, but can come up to the walls of this place. He has frightened many an honest pilgrim from worse to better, by the great voice of his roaring. Indeed, he that owneth him doth not keep him of any goodwill to me or mine, but with intent to keep the pilgrims from coming to me, and that they may be afraid to knock at this gate for entrance. Sometimes also he has broken out, and has worried some that I loved ; but I take all at present patiently. I also give my pilgrims timely help, so they are not delivered up to his power, to do to them what his doggish nature would prompt him to. But what ! my purchased one, I trow, hadst thou known never so much beforehand, thou wouldst not have been afraid of a dog.

A check to the carnal fear of the pilgrims.

The beggars that go from door to door will, rather than they will lose a supposed alms, run the hazard of the bawling, barking, and biting, too, of a dog ; and shall a dog—a dog in another man's yard, a dog whose barking I turn to the profit of pilgrims—keep any from coming to me ? I deliver them from the lions, their darling from the power of the dog.

Christians, when wise enough, acquiesce in the wisdom of their Lord.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, I confess my ignorance ; I spake what I understood not ; I acknowledge that thou dost all things well.

First Part, p. 14.

CHRIST. Then Christiana began to talk of their journey, and to inquire after the way. So he fed them, and washed their feet, and set them in the way of his steps, according as he had dealt with her husband before. So I saw in my dream, that they walked on in their way, and had the weather very comfortable to them.

Then Christiana began to sing, saying—

Bless'd be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be ;
And blessed also be that man
That thereto moved me.

'Tis true, 'twas long ere I began
To seek to live for ever :
But now I run fast as I can ;
'Tis better late than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,
Are turned, as we see,
That our beginning, as one saith,
Shows what our end will be.

The devil's garden.

Now there was, on the other side of the wall that fenced in the way up which Christiana and her companions were to go, a garden, and that garden belonged to him whose was that barking dog of whom mention was made before. And some of the fruit-trees that grew in that garden shot their branches over the wall ; and being mellow, they that found them did gather them up, and oft eat of them to their hurt. So Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the trees, and with the fruit that did hang thereon, did plash

them, and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing, but still the boys went on.

The children eat of the enemy's fruit.

Well, said she, my sons, you transgress, for that fruit is none of ours; but she did not know that they did belong to the enemy; I will warrant you, if she had, she would have been ready to die for fear. But that passed, and they went on their way. Now, by that they were gone about two bow-shots from the place that let them into the way, they espied two very ill-favoured ones coming down apace to meet them. With that, Christiana and Mercy, her friend, covered themselves with their veils, and so kept on their journey; the children also went on before; so that at last they met together. Then they that came down to meet them, came just up to the women, as if they would embrace them; but Christiana said, Stand back, or go peaceably by, as you should. Yet these two, as men that are deaf, regarded not Christiana's words, but began to lay hands upon them. At that Christiana, waxing very wroth, spurned at them with her feet. Mercy also, as well as she could, did what she could to shift them. Christiana again said to them, Stand back, and begone; for we have no money to lose, being pilgrims, as you see, and such, too, as live upon the charity of our friends.

Two ill-favoured ones.

They assault Christiana.

The pilgrims struggle with them.

ILL-FAVoured. Then said one of the two of the men, We make no assault upon you for money, but are come out to tell you, that if you will but grant one small request, which we shall ask, we will make women of you for ever.

CHRIST. Now Christiana, imagining what they should mean, made answer again, We will neither hear, nor regard, nor yield to what you shall ask. We are in haste, cannot stay; our business is a business of life and death. So, again, she and her companions made a fresh essay to go past them; but they letted them in their way.

ILL-FAV. And they said, We intend no hurt to your lives; it is another thing we would have.

CHRIST. Ah, quoth Christiana, you would have us body and soul, for I know it is for that you are come; but we will die rather upon the spot, than suffer ourselves to be brought into such snares as shall hazard our well-being hereafter. And with that they both shrieked out, and cried, Murder! murder! and so put themselves under those laws that are provided for the protection of women. But the men still made their approach upon them, with design to prevail against them. They, therefore, cried out again.

She cries out.

Deut. xxii. 23-27.

Now, they being, as I said, not far from the gate in at which they came, their voice was heard from where they were, thither; wherefore some of the house came out, and knowing that it was Christiana's tongue, they made haste to her relief. But by that they were got within sight of them, the women were in a very great scuffle, the children also stood crying by. Then did he that came in for their relief call out to the ruffians,

It is good to cry out when we are assaulted.

The Reliever comes.

The ill ones fly
to the devil for
relief.

saying, What is that thing that you do? Would you make my Lord's people to transgress? He also attempted to take them, but they did make their escape over the wall, into the garden of the man to whom the great dog belonged; so the dog became their protector. This Reliever then came up to the women, and asked them how they did. So they answered, We thank thy Prince, pretty well; only we have been somewhat affrighted; we thank thee also, for that thou camest in to our help, for otherwise we had been overcome.

The Reliever
talks to the
women.

RELIEVER. So after a few more words, this Reliever said as followeth: I marvelled much when you were entertained at the gate above, being, [as] ye knew, that ye were but weak women, that you petitioned not the Lord there for a conductor; then might you have avoided these troubles and dangers, for he would have granted you one.

Mark this.

CHRIST. Alas! said Christiana, we were so taken with our present blessing, that dangers to come were forgotten by us; besides, who could have thought, that so near the King's palace, there should have lurked such naughty ones? Indeed, it had been well for us, had we asked our Lord for one; but, since our Lord knew it would be for our profit, I wonder he sent not one along with us!

We lose for want
of asking for.

REL. It is not always necessary to grant things not asked for, lest, by so doing, they become of little esteem; but when the want of a thing is felt, it then comes under, in the eyes of him that feels it, that estimate that properly is its due, and so, consequently, will be thereafter used. Had my Lord granted you a conductor, you would not neither so have bewailed that oversight of yours, in not asking for one, as now you have occasion to do. So all things work for good, and tend to make you more wary.

CHRIST. Shall we go back again to my Lord, and confess our folly, and ask one?

Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

REL. Your confession of your folly I will present him with. To go back again you need not; for in all places where you shall come, you will find no want at all; for in every of my Lord's lodgings, which he has prepared for the reception of his pilgrims, there is sufficient to furnish them against all attempts whatsoever. But, as I said, 'He will be inquired of by them, to do it for them.' And it is a poor thing that is not worth asking for. When he had thus said, he went back to his place, and the Pilgrims went on their way.

The mistake of
Mercy.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, What a sudden blank is here! I made account we had now been past all danger, and that we should never see sorrow more.

Christiana's
guilt.

CHRIST. Thy innocency, my sister, said Christiana to Mercy, may excuse thee much; but as for me, my fault is so much the greater, for that I saw this danger before I came out of the doors, and yet did not provide for it where provision might have been had. I am therefore much to be blamed.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, How knew you this before you came from home? Pray open to me this riddle.

CHRIST. Why, I will tell you. Before I set foot out of doors, one night, as I lay in my bed, I had a dream about this; for, methought I saw two men, as like these as ever the world they could look, stand at my bed's feet, plotting how they might prevent my salvation. I will tell you their very words. They said (it was when I was in my troubles), What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out, waking and sleeping, for forgiveness. If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her, as we have lost her husband. This, you know, might have made me take heed, and have provided when provision might have been had.

Christiana's dream repeated.

MERCY. Well, said Mercy, as by this neglect we have an occasion ministered unto us, to behold our own imperfections; so our Lord has taken occasion thereby, to make manifest the riches of his grace; for he, as we see, has followed us with unasked kindness, and has delivered us from their hands that were stronger than we, of his mere good pleasure.

Mercy makes good use of their neglect of duty.

Thus, now when they had talked away a little more time, they drew nigh to a house which stood in the way, which house was built for the relief of pilgrims; as you will find more fully related in the First Part of these Records of the Pilgrim's Progress. So they drew on towards the house (the House of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door, they heard a great talk in the house. They then gave ear, and heard, as they thought, Christiana mentioned by name. For you must know that there went along, even before her, a talk of her and her children's going on pilgrimage. And this thing was the more pleasing to them, because they had heard that she was Christian's wife, that woman who was some time ago so unwilling to hear of going on pilgrimage. Thus, therefore, they stood still, and heard the good people within commending her, who, they little thought, stood at the door. At last Christiana knocked, as she had done at the gate before. Now, when she had knocked, there came to the door a young damsel, named Innocent, and opened the door and looked, and behold two women were there.

Talk in the Interpreter's House about Christiana's going on pilgrimage.

She knocks at the door.

The door is opened to them by Innocent.

DAMSEL. Then said the damsel to them, With whom would you speak in this place?

CHRIST. Christiana answered, We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time are come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any further.

DAMSEL. Pray, what may I call your name, that I may tell it to my Lord within?

CHRIST. My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way, and these be

his four children. This maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too.

Joy in the House
of the Interpreter
that Christiana
is turned pilgrim.

INNOCENT. Then ran Innocent in (for that was her name) and said to those within, Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment here. Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their master. So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said, Art thou that Christiana whom Christian, the good man, left behind him, when he betook himself to a pilgrim's life?

CHRIST. I am that woman that was so hard-hearted as to slight my husband's troubles, and that left him to go on in his journey alone, and these are his four children; but now I also am come, for I am convinced that no way is right but this.

Matt. xxi. 29.

INTER. Then is fulfilled that which also is written of the man that said to his son, 'Go, work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented and went.'

CHRIST. Then said Christiana, So be it, Amen. God make it a true saying upon me, and grant that I may be found at the last of him in peace, without spot, and blameless!

INTER. But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham. We were talking of thee but now, for tidings have come to us before, how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in. So he had them all into the house.

Old saints glad
to see the young
ones walk in
God's ways.

So, when they were within, they were bidden sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the Pilgrims in the house, came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled, for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys. They stroked them over the faces with the hand, in token of their kind reception of them. They also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their Master's house.

The Significant
Rooms.
First Part,
p. 14-20.

After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his significant rooms, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband, had seen some time before. Here, therefore, they saw the man in the cage, the man and his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of them all, together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

The man with
the muck-rake
expounded.

This done, and after these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.



A MAN THAT COULD LOOK NO WAY BUT DOWNWARDS, WITH A MUCK-RAKE
IN HIS HAND

Then said Christiana, I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this ; for this is a figure of a man of this world, is it not, good Sir ?

INTER. Thou hast said the right, said he, and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to what He says that calls to him from above with the celestial crown in his hand, it is to show that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas, it was also showed thee, that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.

CHRIST. Then said Christiana, O deliver me from this muck-rake.

Christiana's
prayer against
the muck-rake.

INTER. That prayer, said the Interpreter, has lain by till it is almost rusty. 'Give me not riches,' is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after.

Prov. xxx. 8.

With that Mercy and Christiana wept, and said, It is, alas ! too true.

When the Interpreter had shown them this, he has them into the very best room in the house ; a very brave room it was. So he bid them look round about, and see if they could find anything profitable there. Then they looked round and round ; for there was nothing there to be seen but a very great spider on the wall : and that they overlooked.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, Sir, I see nothing ; but Christiana held her peace.

INTER. But, said the Interpreter, look again : and she therefore looked again, and said, Here is not anything but an ugly spider, who hangs by her hands upon the wall. Then said he, Is there but one spider in all this spacious room ? Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman quick of apprehension ; and she said, Yea, Lord, there is here more than one. Yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her. The Interpreter then looked pleasantly upon her, and said, Thou hast said the truth. This made Mercy blush, and the boys to cover their faces, for they all began now to understand the riddle.

Of the Spider.

Talk about the
Spider.

Then said the Interpreter again, 'The spider taketh hold with their hands (as you see), and is in kings' palaces.' And wherefore is this recorded, but to show you, that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of faith, lay hold of, and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King's house above !

Prov. xxx. 28.

The Interpreta-
tion.

CHRIST. I thought, said Christiana, of something of this ; but I could not imagine it all. I thought that we were like spiders, and that we looked like ugly creatures, in what fine room soever we were ; but that by this spider, this venomous

and ill-favoured creature, we were to learn how to act faith, that came not into my mind. And yet she has taken hold with her hands, as I see, and dwells in the best room in the house. God has made nothing in vain.

Then they seemed all to be glad; but the water stood in their eyes; yet they looked one upon another, and also bowed before the Interpreter.

Of the Hen and
Chickens.

He had them then into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank, she lift up her head, and her eyes towards heaven. See, said he, what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet again, said he, observe and look; so they gave heed, and perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method towards her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note.

Matt. xxiii. 37.

And 4. She had an outcry.

Now, said he, compare this hen to your King, and these chickens to his obedient ones. For, answerable to her, himself has his methods, which he walketh in towards his people; by his common call, he gives nothing; by his special call, he always has something to give; he has also a brooding voice, for them that are under his wing; and he has an outcry, to give the alarm when he seeth the enemy come. I chose, my darlings, to lead you into the room where such things are, because you are women, and they are easy for you.

Of the Butcher
and the Sheep.

CHRIST. And Sir, said Christiana, pray let us see some more. So he had them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher killing of a sheep; and behold the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she taketh her death, and without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your king doth call you his sheep.

Of the Garden.

After this he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers; and he said, Do you see all these? So Christiana said, Yes. Then said he again, Behold the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and colour, and smell, and virtue; and some are better than some; also where the gardener hath set them, there they stand, and quarrel not with one another.

Of the Field.

Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but when they beheld, the tops of all were cut off, only the straw remained; he said again, This ground was dunged, and ploughed, and sowed; but what shall we do with the crop? Then said Christiana, Burn some, and make muck of the rest. Then said the Interpreter again, Fruit, you

see, is that thing you look for, and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men : beware that in this you condemn not yourselves.

Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth ; so the Interpreter said, Look here. So they looked, and Mercy wondered ; but Christiana said, What a disparagement is it to such a little pretty bird as the robin-redbreast is, he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man ; I had thought they had lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter ; I like him worse than I did.

Of the Robin and the Spider.

The Interpreter then replied, This robin is an emblem, very apt to set forth some professors by ; for to sight, they are, as this robin, pretty of note, colour, and carriage. They seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere ; and above all other, to desire to sociate with them, and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly, and the appointments of the Lord ; but, when they are by themselves, as the robin, they can catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water.

So, when they were come again into the house, because supper as yet was not ready, Christiana again desired that the Interpreter would either show or tell of some other things that are profitable.

Pray, and you will get at that which yet lies unrevealed.

Then the Interpreter began, and said, The fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire ; the fatter the ox is, the more gamesomely he goes to the slaughter ; and the more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil.

There is a desire in women to go neat and fine, and it is a comely thing to be adorned with that that in God's sight is of great price.

It is easier watching a night or two, than to sit up a whole year together. So it is easier for one to begin to profess well, than to hold out as he should to the end.

Every shipmaster, when in a storm, will willingly cast that overboard that is of the smallest value in the vessel ; but who will throw the best out first ? None but he that feareth not God.

One leak will sink a ship ; and one sin will destroy a sinner.

He that forgets his friend, is ungrateful unto him ; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself.

He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company keeper.

Whispering, and change of thoughts, prove that sin is in the world.

If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men; what is heaven, which God commendeth?

If the life that is attended with so many troubles, is so loath to be let go by us, what is the life above?

Everybody will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should, affected with the goodness of God?

We seldom sit down to meat, but we eat and leave; so there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of.

Of the tree that
is rotten at heart

When the Interpreter had done, he takes them out into his garden again, and had them to a tree, whose inside was all rotten and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Mercy, What means this? This tree, said he, whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared, that are in the garden of God; who with their mouths speak high in behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil's tinder box.

They are at
Supper.

Now supper was ready, the table spread, and all things set on the board; so they sat down and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him, with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had. His song was this:

The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed;
How can I then want anything
Whereof I stand in need?

Talk at Supper.

A repetition of
Christiana's
experience.

When the song and music was ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to betake herself to a Pilgrim's life. Christiana answered, First, The loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that was but natural affection. Then, after that, came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have drawn me into the pond; but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way.

INTER. But met you with no opposition before you set out of doors?

CHRIST. Yes, a neighbour of mine, one Mrs Timorous (she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back, for fear of the lions). She all to befooled me for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure; she also urged what she could to dishearten me to it; the hardship and

troubles that my husband met with in the way, but all this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had of two ill-looking ones, that I thought did plot how to make me miscarry in my journey, that hath troubled me much ; yea, it still runs in my mind, and makes me afraid of every one that I meet, lest they should meet me to do me a mischief, and to turn me out of the way. Yea, I may tell my Lord, though I would not have everybody know it, that between this and the gate by which we got into the way, we were both so sorely assaulted that we were made to cry out, Murder ! and the two that made this assault upon us were like the two that I saw in my dream.

Then said the Interpreter, Thy beginning is good, thy latter end shall greatly increase. So he addressed himself to Mercy, and said unto her, And what moved thee to come hither, sweet heart ? A question put to Mercy.

Then Mercy blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent.

INTER. Then, said he, be not afraid, only believe, and speak thy mind.

MERCY. So she began, and said, Truly, Sir, my want of experience is that which makes me covet to be in silence, and that also that fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams as my friend Christiana can ; nor know I what it is to mourn for my refusing of the counsel of those that were good relations. Mercy's answer.

INTER. What was it then, dear heart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done ?

MERCY. Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I and another went accidentally to see her ; so we knocked at the door and went in. When we were within, and seeing what she was doing, we asked what was her meaning. She said, she was sent for to go to her husband ; and then she up and told us how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place, among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table, and singing praises to him for bringing him thither, &c. Now, methought, while she was telling these things unto us, my heart burned within me ; and I said in my heart, If this be true, I will leave my father and my mother, and the land of my nativity, and will, if I may, go along with Christiana.

So I asked her further of the truth of these things, and if she would let me go with her ; for I saw now that there was no dwelling, but with the danger of ruin, any longer in our town. But yet I came away with a heavy heart, not for that I was unwilling to come away, but for that so many of my relations were left behind.

And I am come, with all the desire of my heart, and will go, if I may, with Christiana, unto her husband, and his King.

INTER. Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth. Thou art a Ruth, who did for the love she bare

to Naomi, and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out, and go with a people that she knew not heretofore. 'The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.'

Ruth ii. 12.

They address themselves for bed.

Mercy's good night's rest.

Now supper was ended, and preparation was made for bed; the women were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves. Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for that now her doubts of missing at last, were removed further from her than ever they were before. So she lay blessing and praising God, who had had such favour for her.

In the morning they rose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure; but the Interpreter would have them tarry awhile, for, said he, you must orderly go from hence. Then, said he to the damsel that first opened unto them, Take them and have them into the garden to the bath, and there wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by travelling. Then Innocent the damsel took them, and had them into the garden, and brought them to the bath; so she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do that called at his house, as they were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, yea, they and the boys and all: and they came out of that bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints. So when they came in, they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

The bath
Sanctification.

They wash in it.

When they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the Interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, Fair as the moon. Then he called for the seal, wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. Now the seal was the contents and sum of the passover which the children of Israel did eat when they came out from the land of Egypt, and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like them of angels.

Ex. xiii. 8-10.

They are clothed.

Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited upon these women, Go into the vestry and fetch out garments for these people; so she went and fetched out white raiment, and laid down before him; so he commanded them to put it on. 'It was fine linen, white and clean.' When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other; for that they could not see that glory each one on herself, which they could see in each other. Now, therefore, they began to esteem each other better than themselves. 'For you are fairer than I am,' said one; and 'you are more comely than I am,' said another. The children also stood amazed to see into what fashion they were brought.

True humility.

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-heart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield; and take these my daughters, said he, and conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next. So he took his weapons and went before them; and the Interpreter said, God speed. Those also that belonged to the family, sent them away with many a good wish. So they went on their way and sang—

This place has been our second stage;
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things that, from age to age,
To others hid have been.

The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
The chicken, too, to me
Hath taught a lesson; let me then
Conformed to it be.

The butcher, garden, and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree doth yield
Me argument of weight;

To move me for to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere;
To take my cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.

Now I saw in my dream, that they went on, and Great-heart went before them: so they went and came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back, and tumbled into a sepulchre. Here then they made a pause; and here also they blessed God. Now, said Christiana, it comes to my mind, what was said to us at the gate, to wit, that we should have pardon by word and deed; by word, that is, by the promise; by deed, to wit, in the way it was obtained. What the promise is, of that I know something; but what it is to have pardon by deed, or in the way that it was obtained, Mr Great-heart, I suppose you know; wherefore, if you please, let us hear you discourse thereof.

GREAT-HEART. Pardon by the deed done, is pardon obtained by some one, for another that hath need thereof: not by the person pardoned, but in the way, saith another, in which I have obtained it. So then, to speak to the question more [at] large, the pardon that you and Mercy, and these boys have attained, was obtained by another, to wit, by him that let you in at the gate; and he hath obtained it in this double way. He has performed righteousness to cover you, and spilt blood to wash you in.

CHRIST. But if he parts with his righteousness to us, what will he have for himself?

GREAT-HEART. He has more righteousness than you have need of, or than he needeth himself.

A comment upon what was said at the Gate, or a discourse of our being justified by Christ.

CHRIST. Pray make that appear.

GREAT-HEART. With all my heart ; but first I must premise, that he of whom we are now about to speak is one that has not his fellow. He has two natures in one person, plain to be distinguished, impossible to be divided. Unto each of these natures a righteousness belongeth, and each righteousness is essential to that nature ; so that one may as easily cause the nature to be extinct, as to separate its justice or righteousness from it. Of these righteousnesses, therefore, we are not made partakers, so as that they, or any of them, should be put upon us, that we might be made just, and live thereby. Besides these, there is a righteousness which this Person has, as these two natures are joined in one : and this is not the righteousness of the Godhead, as distinguished from the manhood ; nor the righteousness of the manhood, as distinguished from the Godhead ; but a righteousness which standeth in the union of both natures, and may properly be called, the righteousness that is essential to his being prepared of God to the capacity of the mediatory office, which he was to be intrusted with. If he parts with his first righteousness, he parts with his Godhead ; if he parts with his second righteousness, he parts with the purity of his manhood ; if he parts with this third, he parts with that perfection that capacitates him to the office of mediation. He has, therefore, another righteousness, which standeth in performance, or obedience, to a revealed will ; and that is it that he puts upon sinners, and that by which their sins are covered. Wherefore he saith, 'As by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners ; so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous.'

Rom. v. 19.

CHRIST. But are the other righteousnesses of no use to us ?

GREAT-HEART. Yes ; for though they are essential to his natures and office, and so cannot be communicated unto another, yet it is by virtue of them, that the righteousness that justifies, is, for that purpose, efficacious. The righteousness of his Godhead gives virtue to his obedience ; the righteousness of his manhood giveth capability to his obedience to justify ; and the righteousness that standeth in the union of these two natures to his office, giveth authority to that righteousness to do the work for which it is ordained.

So then, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God, has no need of, for he is God without it ; here is a righteousness that Christ, as man, has no need of to make him so, for he is perfect man without it ; again, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God-man, has no need of, for he is perfectly so without it. Here, then, is a righteousness that Christ, as God, as man, as God-man, has no need of, with reference to himself, and therefore he can spare it ; a justifying righteousness, that he for himself wanteth not, and therefore he giveth it away ; hence it is called 'the gift of righteousness.' This righteousness, since Christ Jesus the Lord has made himself under the

Rom. v. 17.

law, must be given away; for the law doth not only bind him that is under it 'to do justly,' but to use charity. Wherefore he must, he ought, by the law, if he hath two coats, to give one to him that hath none. Now, our Lord, indeed, hath two coats, one for himself, and one to spare; wherefore he freely bestows one upon those that have none. And thus, Christiana, and Mercy, and the rest of you that are here, doth your pardon come by deed, or by the work of another man. Your Lord Christ is he that has worked, and has given away what he wrought for, to the next poor beggar he meets.

But, again, in order to pardon by deed, there must something be paid to God as a price, as well as something prepared to cover us withal. Sin has delivered us up to the just curse of a righteous law; now, from this curse we must be justified by way of redemption, a price being paid for the harms we have done, and this is by the blood of your Lord, who came and stood in your place and stead, and died your death for your transgressions. Thus has he ransomed you from your transgressions by blood, and covered your polluted and deformed souls with righteousness. For the sake of which, God passeth by you, and will not hurt you, when he comes to judge the world. Rom. iv. 24.
Gal. iii. 13.

CHRIST. This is brave. Now, I see there was something to be learned by our being pardoned by word and deed. Good Mercy, let us labour to keep this in mind; and my children, do you remember it also. But, Sir, was not this it that made my good Christian's burden fall from off his shoulder, and that made him give three leaps for joy? Christiana
affected with this
way of redem-
tion.

GREAT-HEART. Yes, it was the belief of this, that cut those strings, that could not be cut by other means; and it was to give him a proof of the virtue of this, that he was suffered to carry his burden to the cross. How the strings
that bound
Christian's
burden to him
were cut.

CHRIST. I thought so; for though my heart was lightful and joyous before, yet it is ten times more lightsome and joyous now. And I am persuaded by what I have felt, though I have felt but little as yet, that if the most burdened man in the world was here, and did see and believe as I now do, it would make his heart the more merry and blithe.

GREAT-HEART. There is not only comfort, and the ease of a burden brought to us, by the sight and consideration of these, but an endeared affection begot in us by it; for who can, if he doth but once think that pardon comes not only by promise, but thus, but be affected with the way and means of his redemption, and so, with the man that hath wrought it for him? How affection to
Christ is begot
in the soul.

CHRIST. True; methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that he should bleed for me. O thou loving One! O thou blessed One! Thou deservest to have me: thou hast bought me; thou deservest to have me all; thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth! No marvel that this Cause of admira-
tion.

First Part,
p. 20.

made the water stand in my husband's eyes, and that it made him trudge so nimbly on ; I am persuaded he wished me with him ; but, vile wretch that I was, I let him come all alone. O Mercy, that thy father and mother were here ; yea, and Mrs Timorous also ; nay, I wish now with all my heart, that here was Madam Wanton too. Surely, surely their hearts would be affected ; nor could the fear of the one, nor the powerful lusts of the other, prevail with them to go home again, and to refuse to become good pilgrims.

GREAT-HEART. You speak now in the warmth of your affections. Will it, think you, be always thus with you ? Besides, this is not communicated to every one that did see your Jesus bleed. There were that stood by, and that saw the blood run from his heart to the ground, and yet were so far off this, that, instead of lamenting, they laughed at him ; and, instead of becoming his disciples, did harden their hearts against him. So that all that you have, my daughters, you have by a peculiar impression made by a Divine contemplating upon what I have spoken to you. Remember that it was told you, that the hen, by her common call, gives no meat to her chickens. This you have, therefore, by a special grace.

Now, I saw still in my dream, that they went on until they were come to the place that Simple, and Sloth, and Presumption, lay and slept in, when Christian went by on pilgrimage ; and, behold, they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side.

MERCY. Then said Mercy to him that was their guide and conductor, What are those three men ? and for what are they hanged there ?

GREAT-HEART. These three men were men of very bad qualities. They had no mind to be pilgrims themselves, and whosoever they could they hindered. They were for sloth and folly themselves, and whoever they could persuade with, they made so too ; and, withal, taught them to presume that they should do well at last. They were asleep when Christian went by ; and now you go by, they are hanged.

MERCY. But could they persuade any to be of their opinion ?

GREAT-HEART. Yes ; they turned several out of the way. There was Slow-pace that they persuaded to do as they. They also prevailed with one Short-wind, with one No-heart, with one Linger-after-lust, and with one Sleepy-head, and with a young woman, her name was Dull, to turn out of the way, and become as they. Besides, they brought up an ill report of your Lord, persuading others that he was a taskmaster. They also brought up an evil report of the good land, saying it was not half so good as some pretend it was. They also began to vilify his servants, and to count the very best of them meddlesome, troublesome busybodies. Further, they could call the bread of God husks ; the comforts of his children, fancies ; the travel and labour of pilgrims, things to no purpose.

To be affected
with Christ, and
with what he has
done, is a thing
special.

Simple, and
Sloth, and
Presumption
hanged, and
why.

Their crimes.

Who they pre-
vailed upon to
turn out of the
way.

CHRIST. Nay, said Christiana, if they were such, they shall never be bewailed by me. They have but what they deserve; and I think it is well that they hang so near the highway, that others may see and take warning. But had it not been well if their crimes had been engraven on some plate of iron or brass, and left here, even where they did their mischiefs, for a caution to other bad men?

GREAT-HEART. So it is, as you well may perceive, if you will go a little to the wall.

MERCY. No, no; let them hang, and their names rot, and their crimes live for ever against them. I think it a high favour that they were hanged before we came hither; who knows else what they might have done to such poor women as we are? Then she turned it into a song, saying—

Now then, you three, hang there, and be a sign
To all that shall against the truth combine.
And let him that comes after fear this end,
If unto pilgrims he is not a friend.
And thou, my soul, of all such men beware,
That unto holiness opposers are.

Thus they went on, till they came at the foot of the Hill Difficulty, where, again, their good friend, Mr Great-heart, took an occasion to tell them of what happened there when Christian himself went by. So he had them first to the spring. Lo, said he, this is the spring that Christian drank of, before he went up this hill; and then it was clear and good, but now it is dirty with the feet of some that are not desirous that pilgrims here should quench their thirst. Thereat Mercy said, And why so envious, trow? But, said their guide, it will do, if taken up, and put into a vessel that is sweet and good; for then the dirt will sink to the bottom, and the water come out by itself more clear. Thus, therefore, Christiana and her companions were compelled to do. They took it up, and put it into an earthen pot, and so let it stand till the dirt was gone to the bottom, and then they drank thereof.

Next, he showed them the two by-ways that were at the foot of the hill, where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. And, said he, these are dangerous paths. Two were here cast away when Christian came by. And although, as you see, these ways are since stopped up with chains, posts, and a ditch, yet there are that will choose to adventure here, rather than take the pains to go up this hill.

CHRIST. 'The way of transgressors is hard.' It is a wonder that they can get into those ways without danger of breaking their necks.

GREAT-HEART. They will venture. Yea, if at any time any of the King's servants do happen to see them, and do call unto them, and tell them that they are in the wrong ways, and do bid them beware the danger, then they will railingly return

First Part,
pp. 22, 23.
It is difficult
getting of good
doctrine in
erroneous times.

Ezek. xxxiv. 18.

By-paths, though
barred up, will
not keep all from
going in them.

Prov. xiii. 15.

them answer, and say, '*As for* the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee; but we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth,' &c. Nay, if you look a little further, you shall see that these ways are made cautionary enough, not only by these posts, and ditch, and chain; but also by being hedged up, yet they will choose to go there.

The reason why
some do choose
to go in by-ways.
Prov. xv. 19.

CHRIST. They are idle; they love not to take pains; uphill way is unpleasant to them. So it is fulfilled unto them as it is written, '*The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns.*' Yea, they will rather choose to walk upon a snare, than to go up this hill, and the rest of this way to the city.

The hill puts the
Pilgrims to it.

Then they set forward, and began to go up the hill, and up the hill they went; but before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant; and said, I dare say, this is a breathing hill. No marvel if they that love their ease more than their souls, choose to themselves a smoother way. Then said Mercy, I must sit down; also the least of the children began to cry. Come, come, said Great-heart, sit not down here, for a little above is the Prince's arbour. Then took he the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto.

They sit in the
arbour.
Matt. xi. 28.

When they were come to the arbour, they were very willing to sit down, for they were all in a pelting heat. Then said Mercy, How sweet is rest to them that labour. And how good is the Prince of pilgrims, to provide such resting-places for them! Of this arbour I have heard much; but I never saw it before. But here let us beware of sleeping; for, as I have heard, for that it cost poor Christian dear.

First Part,
p. 23.

Then said Mr Great-heart to the little ones, Come, my pretty boys, how do you do? What think you now of going on pilgrimage? Sir, said the least, I was almost beat out of heart, but I thank you for lending me a hand at my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as up a ladder, and the way to hell is as down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death.

Which is
hardest, up hill
or down hill.

Then said Mercy, But the proverb is, To go down the hill is easy. But James said (for that was his name), The day is coming, when, in my opinion, going down hill will be the hardest of all. 'Tis a good boy, said his Master, thou hast given her a right answer. Then Mercy smiled; but the little boy did blush.

They refresh
themselves.

CHRIST. Come, said Christiana, will you eat a bit, a little to sweeten your mouths, while you sit here to rest your legs? For I have here a piece of pomegranate, which Mr Interpreter put in my hand, just when I came out of his doors. He gave me also a piece of a honeycomb, and a little bottle of spirits. I thought he gave you something, said Mercy, because he called you aside. Yes; so he did, said the other. But, said Christiana, it shall still be, as I said it should, when at first we

came from home, thou shalt be a sharer in all the good that I have, because thou so willingly didst become my companion. Then she gave to them, and they did eat, both Mercy and the boys. And, said Christiana to Mr Great-heart, Sir, will you do as we? But he answered, You are going on pilgrimage, and presently I shall return. Much good may what you have do to you. At home I eat the same every day. Now, when they had eaten and drank, and had chatted a little longer, their guide said to them. The day wears away, if you think good, let us prepare to be going. So they got up to go, and the little boys went before. But Christiana forgot to take her bottle of spirits with her; so she sent her little boy back to fetch it. Then said Mercy, I think this is a losing place. Here Christian lost his roll; and here Christiana left her bottle behind her. Sir, what is the cause of this? So their guide made answer, and said, The cause is sleep or forgetfulness. Some sleep when they should keep awake; and some forget when they should remember; and this is the very cause why, often at the resting-places, some pilgrims, in some things, come off losers. Pilgrims should watch, and remember what they have already received under their greatest enjoyments; but for want of doing so, oft-times their rejoicing ends in tears, and their sunshine in a cloud. Witness the story of Christian at this place.

Christiana
forgets her bottle
of spirits.

Mark this.

First Part,
pp. 23, 24.

When they were come to the place where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian to persuade him to go back for fear of the lions, they perceived as it were a stage, and before it, towards the road, a broad plate, with a copy of verses written thereon, and underneath, the reason of raising up of that stage in that place, rendered. The verses were these:—

Let him who sees this stage take heed
Unto his heart and tongue;
Lest if he do not, here he speed,
As some have long ago.

The words underneath the verses were, 'This stage was built to punish such upon, who through Timorousness or Mistrust, shall be afraid to go further on pilgrimage; also, on this stage, both Mistrust and Timorous were burned through the tongue with a hot iron, for endeavouring to hinder Christian in his journey.'

Then said Mercy, This is much like to the saying of the Beloved, 'What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.'

Ps. cxx. 3, 4.

So they went on, till they came within sight of the lions. Now Mr Great-heart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion; but yet when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions; so they stepped back,

First Part,
p. 25.

An emblem of those that go on bravely, when there is no danger, but shrink when troubles come.

Of Grim the Giant, and of his backing the lions.

and went behind. At this their guide smiled, and said, How now, my boys, do you love to go before, when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?

Now, as they went up, Mr Great-heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the Pilgrims, in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one, that it seems, had taken upon him to back the lions; and he said to the Pilgrims' guide, What is the cause of your coming hither? Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of Pilgrims, and he was of the race of the giants.

GREAT-HEART. Then said the Pilgrims' guide, These women and children are going on pilgrimage; and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.

GRIM. This is not their way, neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them, and to that end will back the lions.

Now, to say truth, by reason of the fierceness of the lions, and of the grim carriage of him that did back them, this way had of late lain much unoccupied, and was almost all grown over with grass.

Judg. v. 6, 7.

CHRIST. Then said Christiana, Though the highways have been unoccupied heretofore, and though the travellers have been made in time past to walk through by-paths, it must not be so now I am risen. Now 'I am risen a mother in Israel.'

GRIM. Then he swore by the lions, but it should; and therefore bid them turn aside, for they should not have passage there.

GREAT-HEART. But their guide made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily at him with his sword, that he forced him to a retreat.

GRIM. Then said he that attempted to back the lions, Will you slay me upon mine own ground?

A fight betwixt Grim and Great-heart.

GREAT-HEART. It is the King's highway that we are in, and in his way it is that thou hast placed thy lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions. And with that he gave him again a downright blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm. Then did the giant roar so hideously, that his voice frightened the women, and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling upon the ground. Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim, that intended to back them, was dead, Mr Great-heart said to the Pilgrims, Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions. They therefore went on, but the women trembled as they passed by them; the boys also looked as if they would die, but they all got by without further hurt.

The Victory.

They pass by the lions.

Now then they were within sight of the Porter's Lodge, and they soon came up unto it, but they made the more haste after this to go thither, because it is dangerous travelling there in the night. So when they were come to the gate, the guide knocked, and the Porter cried, Who is there? But as soon as the guide had said, It is I, he knew his voice, and came down (for the guide had oft before that come thither, as a conductor of pilgrims). When he was come down, he opened the gate, and seeing the guide standing just before it (for he saw not the women, for they were behind him), he said unto him, How now, Mr Great-heart, what is your business here so late to-night? I have brought, said he, some pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's commandment, they must lodge; I had been here some time ago, had I not been opposed by the giant that did use to back the lions; but I, after a long and tedious combat with him, have cut him off, and have brought the Pilgrims hither in safety.

They come to the Porter's Lodge.

PORTER. Will you not go in, and stay till morning?

GREAT-HEART. No, I will return to my Lord to-night.

Great-heart attempts to go back.

CHRIST. O Sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage, you have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counselling of us, that I shall never forget your favour towards us.

The Pilgrims implore his company still.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, O that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is, without a friend and defender?

JAMES. Then said James, the youngest of the boys, Pray, Sir, be persuaded to go with us, and help us, because we are so weak, and the way so dangerous as it is.

GREAT-HEART. I am at my Lord's commandment; if he shall allot me to be your guide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you. But here you failed at first; for, when he bid me come thus far with you, then you should have begged me of him to have gone quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present, I must withdraw; and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, Adieu.

Help lost for want of asking for.

Then the Porter, Mr Watchful, asked Christiana of her country, and of her kindred; and she said, I came from the City of Destruction; I am a widow woman, and my husband is dead; his name was Christian, the Pilgrim. How! said the Porter, was he your husband? Yes, said she, and these are his children; and this, pointing to Mercy, is one of my townswomen. Then the Porter rang his bell, as at such times he is wont, and there came to the door one of the damsels, whose name was Humble-mind; and to her the Porter said, Go tell it within, that Christiana, the wife of Christian, and her children, are come hither on pilgrimage. She went in, there-

First Part, p. 25.

Christiana makes herself known to the Porter; he tells it to a damsel.

Joy at the noise
of the Pilgrims
coming.

fore, and told it. But O what noise for gladness was there within, when the damsel did but drop that word out of her mouth!

Christians' love
is kindled at the
sight of one
another.

So they came with haste to the Porter, for Christiana stood still at the door. Then some of the most grave said unto her, Come in, Christiana, come in, thou wife of that good man; come in, thou blessed woman; come in, with all that are with thee. So she went in, and they followed her that were her children and her companions. Now when they were gone in, they were had into a very large room, where they were bidden to sit down; so they sat down, and the chief of the house was called to see and welcome the guests. Then they came in, and understanding who they were, did salute each other with a kiss, and said, Welcome, ye vessels of the grace of God; welcome to us your friends.

Exod. xii. 21, 28;
John i. 29.

Now, because it was somewhat late, and because the Pilgrims were weary with their journey, and also made faint with the sight of the fight, and of the terrible lions, therefore they desired, as soon as might be, to prepare to go to rest. Nay, said those of the family, refresh yourselves first with a morsel of meat; for they had prepared for them a lamb, with the accustomed sauce belonging thereto, for the Porter had heard before of their coming, and had told it to them within. So when they had supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to rest. But let us, said Christiana, if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband's when he was here; so they had them up thither, and they lay all in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse about things that were convenient.

First Part,
p. 30.

Christ's bosom is
for all pilgrims.

CHRIST. Little did I think once, that when my husband went on pilgrimage, I should ever have followed.

MERCY. And you as little thought of lying in his bed, and in his chamber to rest, as you do now.

CHRIST. And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord the King with him and yet now I believe I shall.

MERCY. Hark! Don't you hear a noise?

Music.

CHRIST. Yes; it is, as I believe, a noise of music, for joy that we are here.

MERCY. Wonderful! music in the house, music in the heart and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!

Thus they talked a while, and then betook themselves to sleep. So, in the morning, when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy:

Mercy did laugh
in her sleep.

CHRIST. What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you was in a dream.

MERCY. So I was, and a sweet dream it was; but are you sure I laughed?

CHRIST. Yes; you laughed heartily; but, prithee, Mercy, tell me thy dream.



"I WAS A-DREAMED THAT I SAT ALL ALONE IN A SOLITARY PLACE"

MERCY. I was a-dreamed that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. Now, I had not sat there long, but methought many were gathered about me, to see me, and to hear what it was that I said. So they hearkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this, some of them laughed at me, some called me fool, and some began to thrust me about. With that, methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, Mercy, what aileth thee? Now, when he had heard me make my complaint, he said 'Peace be to thee.' He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and ear-rings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand, and said, Mercy, come after me. So he went up, and I followed, till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked; and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat, and he said to me, Welcome, daughter. The place looked bright and twinkling, like the stars, or rather like the sun; and I thought that I saw your husband there. So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?

Mercy's dream.
What her dream was.

Ezek. xvi. 8-11.

CHRIST. Laugh! aye, and well you might, to see yourself so well. For you must give me leave to tell you, that I believe it was a good dream; and that, as you have begun to find the first part true, so you shall find the second at last. 'God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed.' We need not, when a-bed, lie awake to talk with God. He can visit us while we sleep, and cause us then to hear his voice. Our heart oft-times wakes when we sleep; and God can speak to that, either by words, by proverbs, by signs and similitudes, as well as if one was awake.

Job xxxiii. 14, 15.

MERCY. Well, I am glad of my dream; for I hope, ere long, to see it fulfilled, to the making me laugh again.

Mercy glad of her dream.

CHRIST. I think it is now high time to rise, and to know what we must do.

MERCY. Pray, if they invite us to stay awhile, let us willingly accept of the proffer. I am the willinger to stay awhile here, to grow better acquainted with these maids. Methinks Prudence, Piety, and Charity have very comely and sober countenances.

CHRIST. We shall see what they will do. So when they were up and ready, they came down, and they asked one another of their rest, and if it was comfortable, or not.

MERCY. Very good, said Mercy; it was one of the best night's lodging that ever I had in my life.

Then said Prudence and Piety, If you will be persuaded to stay here awhile, you shall have what the house will afford.

They stay here
some time.

Prudence desires
to catechise
Christiana's
children.

James
catechised.

Joseph
catechised.

CHAR. Aye, and that with a very good will, said Charity. So they consented and staid there about a month, or above, and became very profitable one to another. And because Prudence would see how Christiana had brought up her children, she asked leave of her to catechise them. So she gave her free consent. Then she began at the youngest, whose name was James.

PRUDENCE. And she said, Come, James, canst thou tell me who made thee?

JAMES. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

PRUD. Good boy. And canst thou tell me who saves thee?

JAMES. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

PRUD. Good boy still. But how doth God the Father save thee?

JAMES. By his grace.

PRUD. How doth God the Son save thee?

JAMES. By his righteousness, death, and blood, and life.

PRUD. And how doth God the Holy Ghost save thee?

JAMES. By his illumination, by his renovation, and by his preservation.

Then said Prudence to Christiana, You are to be commended for thus bringing up your children. I suppose I need not ask the rest these questions, since the youngest of them can answer them so well. I will therefore now apply myself to the next youngest.

PRUD. Then she said, Come Joseph (for his name was Joseph), will you let me catechise you?

JOSEPH. With all my heart.

PRUD. What is man?

JOSEPH. A reasonable creature, so made by God, as my brother said.

PRUD. What is supposed by this word 'saved'?

JOSEPH. That man, by sin, has brought himself into a state of captivity and misery.

PRUD. What is supposed by his being saved by the Trinity?

JOSEPH. That sin is so great and mighty a tyrant, that none can pull us out of its clutches, but God; and that God is so good and loving to man, as to pull him indeed out of this miserable state.

PRUD. What is God's design in saving of poor men?

JOSEPH. The glorifying of his name, of his grace, and justice, &c., and the everlasting happiness of his creature.

PRUD. Who are they that must be saved?

JOSEPH. Those that accept of his salvation.

PRUD. Good boy, Joseph; thy mother has taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened to what she hath said unto thee.

Then said Prudence to Samuel, who was the eldest but one,

PRUD. Come, Samuel, are you willing that I should catechise you also? Samuel catechised.

SAMUEL. Yes, forsooth, if you please.

PRUD. What is heaven?

SAM. A place and state most blessed, because God dwelleth there.

PRUD. What is hell?

SAM. A place and state most woeful, because it is the dwelling-place of sin, the devil, and death.

PRUD. Why wouldest thou go to heaven?

SAM. That I may see God, and serve him without weariness; that I may see Christ, and love him everlastingly; that I may have that fulness of the Holy Spirit in me that I can by no means here enjoy.

PRUD. A very good boy also, and one that has learned well.

Then she addressed herself to the eldest, whose name was Matthew; and she said to him, Come, Matthew, shall I also catechise you? Matthew catechised.

MATTHEW. With a very good will.

PRUD. I ask, then, if there was ever anything that had a being antecedent to, or before God?

MATT. No; for God is eternal; nor is there anything excepting himself, that had a being until the beginning of the first day. 'For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.'

PRUD. What do you think of the Bible?

MATT. It is the holy Word of God.

PRUD. Is there nothing written therein but what you understand?

MATT. Yes. A great deal.

PRUD. What do you do when you meet with such places therein that you do not understand?

MATT. I think God is wiser than I. I pray also that he will please to let me know all therein that he knows will be for my good.

PRUD. How believe you, as touching the resurrection of the dead?

MATT. I believe they shall rise, the same that was buried; the same in nature, though not in corruption. And I believe this upon a double account: First, because God has promised it; secondly, because he is able to perform it.

Then said Prudence to the boys, You must still hearken to your mother, for she can learn you more. You must also diligently give ear to what good talk you shall hear from others; for, for your sakes do they speak good things. Observe, also, and that with carefulness, what the heavens and the earth do teach you; but especially be much in the meditation of that Book that was the cause of your father's becoming a pilgrim. I, for my part, my children, will teach you what I can while Prudence's conclusion upon the catechising of the boys.

you are here, and shall be glad if you will ask me questions that tend to godly edifying.

Mercy has a sweetheart.

Now, by that these Pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good-will unto her, and his name was Mr Brisk, a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion; but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring.

Mercy's temper.

Her mind also was, to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making of hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And Mr Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy inquires of the maids concerning Mr Brisk.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her, that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which was good.

Nay, then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given to him, her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor, would quickly cool his courage.

Talk betwixt Mercy and Mr Brisk.

So the next time he comes, he finds her at her old work, a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, What! always at it? Yes, said she, either for myself or for others. And what canst thou earn a day? quoth he. I do these things, said she, 'that I may be rich in good works, laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.' Why, prithee, what dost thou with them? said he. Clothe the naked, said she. With that his countenance

1 Tim. vi. 17-19.

He forsakes her, and why.

fell. So he forbore to come at her again; and when he was asked the reason why, he said, that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions.

Mercy in the practice of mercy rejected; while Mercy in the name of Mercy is liked.

When he had left her, Prudence said, Did I not tell thee, that Mr Brisk would soon forsake thee? yea, he will raise up an ill report of thee; for, notwithstanding his pretence to religion, and his seeming love to Mercy, yet Mercy and he are of tempers so different, that I believe they will never come together.

MERCY. I might have had husbands afore now, though I spake not of it to any; but they were such as did not like my conditions, though never did any of them find fault with my person. So they and I could not agree.

PRUD. Mercy in our days is little set by, any further than as

to its name ; the practice, which is set forth by thy conditions, there are but few that can abide.

MERCY. Well, said Mercy, if nobody will have me, I will die a maid, or my conditions shall be to me as a husband. For I cannot change my nature ; and to have one that lies cross to me in this, that I purpose never to admit of as long as I live. I had a sister named Bountiful, that was married to one of these churls ; but he and she could never agree ; but because my sister was resolved to do as she had begun, that is, to show kindness to the poor, therefore her husband first cried her down at the cross, and then turned her out of his doors.

Mercy's resolution.

How Mercy's sister was served by her husband.

PRUD. And yet he was a professor, I warrant you.

MERCY. Yes, such a one as he was, and of such as he, the world is now full ; but I am for none of them all.

Now Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, fell sick, and his sickness was sore upon him, for he was much pained in his bowels, so that he was with it, at times, pulled as it were both ends together. There dwelt also not far from thence, one Mr Skill, an ancient and well approved physician. So Christiana desired it, and they sent for him, and he came. When he was entered the room, and had a little observed the boy, he concluded that he was sick of the gripes. Then he said to his mother, What diet has Matthew of late fed upon ? Diet, said Christiana, nothing but that which is wholesome. The physician answered, This boy has been tampering with something that lies in his maw undigested, and that will not away without means. And I tell you, he must be purged, or else he will die.

Matthew falls sick.

Gripes of conscience.

The physician's judgment.

SAM. Then said Samuel, Mother, mother, what was that which my brother did gather up and eat, so soon as we were come from the gate that is at the head of this way ? You know that there was an orchard on the left hand, on the other side of the wall, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did splash and did eat.

Samuel puts his mother in mind of the fruit his brother did eat.

CHRIST. True, my child, said Christiana, he did take thereof, and did eat ; naughty boy as he was, I did chide him, and yet he would eat thereof.

SKILL. I knew he had eaten something that was not wholesome food ; and that food, to wit, that fruit is even the most hurtful of all. It is the fruit of Beelzebub's orchard. I do marvel that none did warn you of it ; many have died thereof.

CHRIST. Then Christiana began to cry ; and she said, O naughty boy ! and O careless mother ! What shall I do for my son !

SKILL. Come, do not be too much dejected ; the boy may do well again, but he must purge and vomit.

CHRIST. Pray, Sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs.

SKILL. Nay, I hope I shall be reasonable. So he made him a purge, but it was too weak ; it was said, it was made of the

Potion prepared.

- blood of a goat, the ashes of a heifer, and with some of the juice of hyssop, &c. When Mr Skill had seen that that purge was too weak, he made him one to the purpose; it was made *ex carne et sanguine Christi*. (You know physicians give strange medicines to their patients.) And it was made up into pills, with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt. Now he was to take them three at a time fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of the tears of repentance. When this potion was prepared, and brought to the boy, he was loath to take it, though torn with the gripes, as if he should be pulled in pieces. Come, come, said the physician, you must take it. It goes against my stomach, said the boy. I must have you take it, said his mother. I shall vomit it up again, said the boy. Pray, Sir, said Christiana to Mr Skill, how does it taste? It has no ill taste, said the doctor; and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue. O Matthew, said she, this potion is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers, if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest thy life, take it. So with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep, and rest quietly; it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat, and did quite rid him of his gripes. So in little time he got up, and walked about with a staff, and would go from room to room, and talk with Prudence, Piety, and Charity, of his distemper, and how he was healed. So when the boy was healed, Christiana asked Mr Skill, saying, Sir, what will content you for your pains and care to and of my child? And he said, You must pay the Master of the College of Physicians, according to rules made in that case and provided.
- CHRIST. But, Sir, said she, what is this pill good for else?
- SKILL. It is an universal pill; it is good against all the diseases that Pilgrims are incident to; and when it is well prepared, it will keep good, time out of mind.
- CHRIST. Pray, Sir, make me up twelve boxes of them; for if I can get these, I will never take other physic.
- SKILL. These pills are good to prevent diseases, as well as to cure when one is sick. Yea, I dare say it, and stand to it, that if a man will but use this physic as he should, it will make him live for ever. But, good Christiana, thou must give these pills no other way but as I have prescribed; for, if you do, they will do no good. So he gave unto Christiana physic for herself and her boys, and for Mercy; and bid Matthew take heed how he eat any more green plums, and kissed them, and went his way.
- It was told you before, that Prudence bid the boys, that if at any time they would, they should ask her some questions that might be profitable, and she would say something to them.
- Heb. x. 1-4
- John vi. 54-57;
Heb. ix. 14.
The Latin I borrow.
- Mark ix. 49.
- The boy loath to take the physic.
- Zech. xii. 10.
- The mother tastes it, and persuades him.
- A word of God in the hand of his faith.
- Heb. xiii. 11-16.
- This pill an universal remedy.
- John vi. 50.
In a glass of the tears of repentance.

MATT. Then Matthew, who had been sick, asked her, Why, Of physic.
for the most part, physic should be bitter to our palates?

PRUD. To show how unwelcome the Word of God, and the effects thereof, are to a carnal heart.

MATT. Why does physic, if it does good, purge, and cause Of the effects of
that we vomit. physic.

PRUD. To show that the Word, when it works effectually, cleanseth the heart and mind. For look, what the one doth to the body, the other doth to the soul.

MATT. What should we learn by seeing the flame of our fire Of fire, and of
go upwards? and by seeing the beams and sweet influences of the Sun.

PRUD. By the going up of the fire we are taught to ascend to heaven, by fervent and hot desires. And by the sun's sending his heat, beams, and sweet influences downwards, we are taught that the Saviour of the world, though high, reacheth down with his grace and love to us below.

MATT. Where have the clouds their water? Of the clouds.

PRUD. Out of the sea.

MATT. What may we learn from that?

PRUD. That ministers should fetch their doctrine from God.

MATT. Why do they empty themselves upon the earth?

PRUD. To show that ministers should give out what they know of God to the world.

MATT. Why is the rainbow caused by the sun. Of the rainbow.

PRUD. To show that the covenant of God's grace is confirmed to us in Christ.

MATT. Why do the springs come from the sea to us, through the earth?

PRUD. To show that the grace of God comes to us through the body of Christ.

MATT. Why do some of the springs rise out of the tops of Of the springs.
high hills?

PRUD. To show that the spirit of grace shall spring up in some that are great and mighty, as well as in many that are poor and low.

MATT. Why doth the fire fasten upon the candlewick? Of the candle.

PRUD. To show, that unless grace doth kindle upon the heart there will be no true light of life in us.

MATT. Why is the wick and tallow, and all, spent to maintain the light of the candle?

PRUD. To show that body and soul, and all, should be at the service of, and spend themselves to maintain, in good condition, that grace of God that is in us.

MATT. Why doth the pelican pierce her own breast with Of the pelican.
her bill?

PRUD. To nourish her young ones with her blood, and thereby to show that Christ the blessed so loveth his young, his people, as to save them from death by his blood.

MATT. What may one learn by hearing the cock crow? Of the cock.

PRUD. Learn to remember Peter's sin, and Peter's repentance. The cock's crowing shows also that day is coming on ; let then the crowing of the cock put thee in mind of that last and terrible day of judgment.

Now, about this time their month was out ; wherefore they signified to those of the house that it was convenient for them to up and be going. Then said Joseph to his mother, It is convenient that you forget not to send to the house of Mr Interpreter, to pray him to grant that Mr Great-heart should be sent unto us, that he may be our conductor the rest of our way. Good boy, said she, I had almost forgot. So she drew up a petition, and prayed Mr Watchful, the Porter, to send it by some fit man, to her good friend Mr Interpreter ; who, when it was come, and he had seen the contents of the petition, said to the messenger, Go tell them that I will send him.

When the family, where Christiana was, saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they called the whole house together, to give thanks to their King for sending of them such profitable guests as these. Which done, they said to Christiana, And shall we not show thee something, according as our custom is to do to pilgrims, on which thou mayest meditate when thou art upon the way ? So they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy, into the closet, and showed them one of the apples that Eve did eat of, and that she also did give to her husband, and that for the eating of which they both were turned out of Paradise ; and asked her what she thought that was ? Then Christiana said, It is food or poison, I know not which. So they opened the matter to her, and she held up her hands and wondered.

Then they had her to a place, and showed her Jacob's ladder. Now at that time there was some angels ascending upon it. So Christiana looked, and looked, to see the angels go up ; and so did the rest of the company. Then they were going into another place, to show them something else ; but James said to his mother, Pray, bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight. So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes with this so pleasant a prospect. After this, they had them into a place where did hang up a golden anchor, so they bid Christiana take it down ; for, said they, you shall have it with you, for it is of absolute necessity that you should, that you may lay hold of that within the veil, and stand steadfast, in case you should meet with turbulent weather ; so they were glad thereof. Then they took them, and had them to the mount upon which Abraham our father had offered up Isaac his son, and showed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife, for they remain to be seen to this very day. When they had seen it, they held up their hands and blessed themselves, and said, O what a man for love to his Master, and for denial to himself, was Abraham ! After they had showed them all these things, Prudence took

The weak may sometimes call the strong to prayers.

They provide to be gone on their way.

Eve's apple.

A sight of sin is amazing.
Gen. iii. 6 ;
Rom. vii. 24.

Jacob's ladder.

A sight of Christ is taking.

Gen. xxviii. 12 ;
John i. 51.

Golden anchor.

Heb. vi. 19.

Of Abraham offering up Isaac.

Gen. xxii 9.

them into the dining-room, where stood a pair of excellent virginals; so she played upon them, and turned what she had showed them into this excellent song, saying—

Prudence's
virginals.

Eve's apple we have showed you,
Of that be you aware;
You have seen Jacob's ladder, too,
Upon which angels are.
An anchor you received have;
But let not these suffice,
Until, with Abr'am, you have gave
Your best a sacrifice.

Now, about this time, one knocked at the door; so the Porter opened, and behold Mr Great-heart was there; but when he was come in, what joy was there! For it came now fresh again into their minds, how but a while ago he had slain old Grim Bloody-man the giant, and had delivered them from the lions.

Mr. Great-heart
come again.

Then said Mr Great-heart to Christiana, and to Mercy, My Lord hath sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; he has also sent the boys some figs and raisins, to refresh you in your way.

He brings a
token from his
Lord with him

Then they addressed themselves to their journey; and Prudence and Piety went along with them. When they came at the gate, Christiana asked the Porter if any of late went by? He said, No; only one some time since, who also told me, that of late there had been a great robbery committed on the King's highway, as you go; but, he said, the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives. Then Christiana and Mercy were afraid; but Matthew said, Mother, fear nothing, as long as Mr Great-heart is to go with us, and to be our conductor.

Robbery

Then said Christiana to the Porter, Sir I am much obliged to you for all the kindnesses that you have showed me since I came hither; and also for that you have been so loving and kind to my children; I know not how to gratify your kindness. Wherefore, pray, as a token of my respects to you, accept of this small mite; so she put a gold angel in his hand, and he made her a low obeisance, and said, Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head want no ointment. Let Mercy live, and not die, and let not her works be few. And to the boys he said, Do you fly youthful lusts, and follow after godliness with them that are grave and wise; so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart, and obtain praise of all that are sober-minded. So they thanked the porter, and departed.

Christiana takes
her leave of the
Porter.

The Porter's
blessing.

Now I saw in my dream, that they went forward until they were come to the brow of the hill, where Piety, bethinking herself, cried out, Alas! I have forgot what I intended to bestow upon Christiana and her companions; I will go back and fetch it. So she ran and fetched it. While she was gone, Christiana thought she heard in a grove, a little way

off, on the right hand, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these—

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly show'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

And, listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying—

For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

So Christiana asked Prudence what it was that made those curious notes? They are, said she, our country birds; they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I often, said she, go out to hear them; we also oftentimes keep them tame in our house. They are very fine company for us when we are melancholy; also they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places, places desirous to be in.

Piety bestoweth
something on
them at parting.

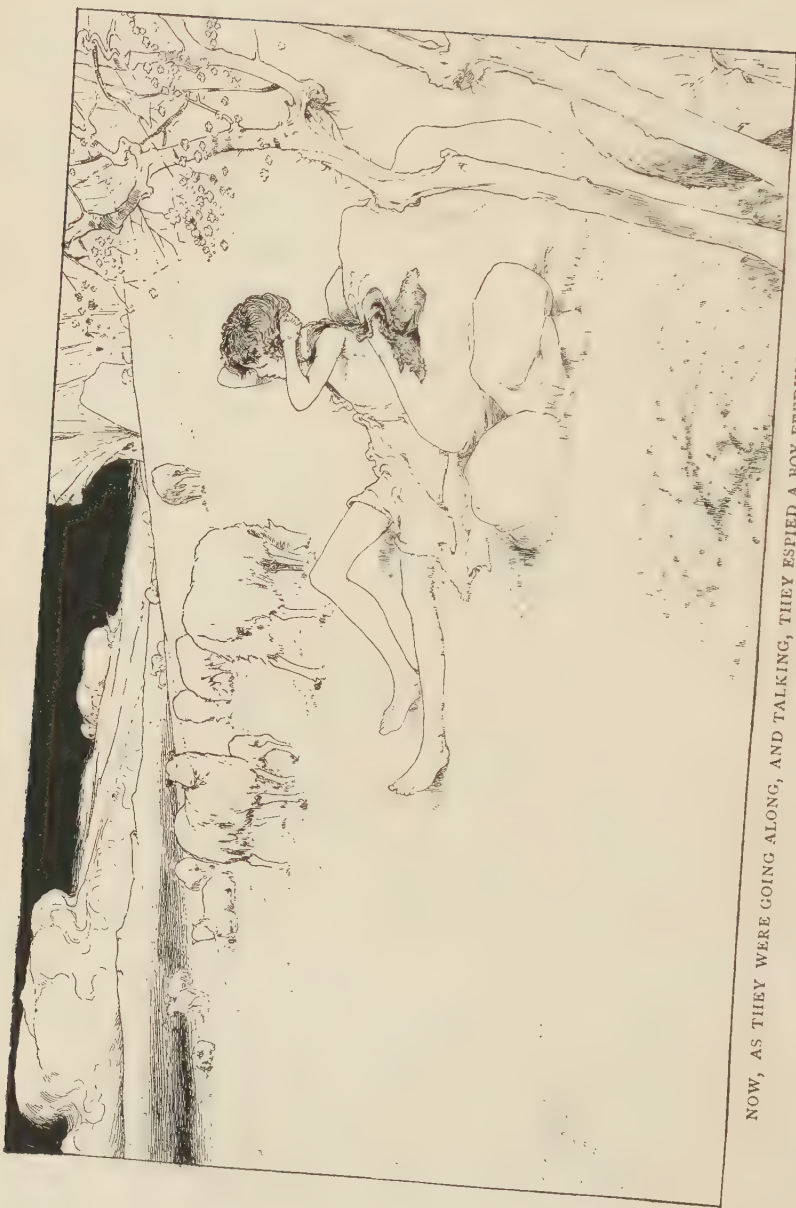
By this time Piety was come again, so she said to Christiana, Look here, I have brought thee a scheme of all those things that thou hast seen at our house, upon which thou mayest look when thou findest thyself forgetful, and call those things again to remembrance for thy edification and comfort.

First Part,
P. 32.

Now they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the Valley, Piety said to Christiana, This is the place where Christian your husband met with the foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had; I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage, as long as you have here Mr Great-heart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare the better. So when these two had committed the Pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.

Mr Great-heart
at the Valley of
Humiliation.
First Part,
P. 32.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr Great-heart, We need not be so afraid of this Valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it to ourselves. It is true, Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the hill; for they that get slips there, must look for combats here. And hence it is, that this Valley has got so hard a name. For the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of an opinion, that that place is haunted with some foul fiend, or evil spirit; when, alas! it is for the fruit of their doing, that such things do befall them there.



NOW, AS THEY WERE GOING ALONG, AND TALKING, THEY ESPIED A BOY FEEDING HIS FATHER'S SHEEP

This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over; and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts, something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place.

The reason why Christian was so beset here.

Then James said to his mother, Lo, yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon; let us go and see what it is. So they went, and found there written, 'Let Christian's slips, before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after.' Lo, said their guide, did not I tell you, that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place? Then, turning himself to Christiana, he said, No disparagement to Christian, more than to many others, whose hap and lot his was; for it is easier going up, than down this hill, and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man, he is at rest, he also had a brave victory over his enemy; let him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he.

A pillar with an inscription on it.

But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most useful piece of ground in all those parts. It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before, thereon, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold how green this Valley is, also how beautified with lilies. I have also known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation ('for God resisteth the proud, but gives more, more grace unto the humble'), for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished, that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there is an end.

This Valley a brave place.

Cant. ii. 1.

James iv. 6;
1 Pet. v. 5.
Men thrive in the Valley of Humiliation.

Now, as they were going along, and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance, and as he sat by himself, he sang. Hark, said Mr Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boysaith. So they hearkened, and he said—

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Phil. iv. 12, 13

Heb. xiii. 5.

Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet; but we will proceed in our discourse.

Christ, when in the flesh, had his Country-house in the Valley of Humiliation.

In this Valley our lord formerly had his country-house; he loved much to be here; he loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise, and from the hurryings of this life. All states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. This is a Valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life.

Hosea xii. 4, 5.

Did I say, our Lord had here in former days his country-house, and that he loved here to walk? I will add, in this place, and to the people that live, and trace these grounds, he has left a yearly revenue, to be faithfully paid them at certain seasons, for their maintenance by the way, and for their further encouragement to go on in their pilgrimage.

Matt. xi. 29.

SAMUEL. Now, as they went on, Samuel said to Mr Great-heart; Sir, I perceive that in this Valley my father and Apollyon had their battle; but whereabouts was the fight? for I perceive this Valley is large.

Forgetful Green.

GREAT-HEART. Your father had that battle with Apollyon, at a place yonder, before us, in a narrow passage, just beyond Forgetful Green. And indeed, that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts. For if at any time the pilgrims meet with any brunt, it is when they forget what favours they have received, and how unworthy they are of them. This is the place also, where others have been hard put to it; but more of the place when we are come to it; for I persuade myself, that to this day there remains either some sign of the battle, or some monument to testify that such a battle there was fought.

Humility a sweet grace.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, I think I am as well in this Valley, as I have been anywhere else in all our journey; the place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels; methinks, here one may, without much molestation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him; here one may think, and break at heart, and melt in one's spirit, until one's eyes become like 'the fish-pools of Heshbon.' They that go rightly through this Valley of Baca, make it a well, the rain that God sends down from heaven upon them that are here, also filleth the pools. This Valley is that from whence also

Cant. vii. 4.

Ps. lxxxiv. 6, 7.

the King will give to his their vineyards, and they that go through it, shall sing, as Christian did, for all he met with Apollyon. Hosea ii. 15.

GREAT-HEART. It is true, said their guide, I have gone through this Valley many a time, and never was better than when here. An experiment of it.

I have also been a conductor to several pilgrims, and they have confessed the same. 'To this *man* will I look (saith the King), *even to him that is* poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.'

Isa. lxvi. 2.

Now they were come to the place where the afore-mentioned battle was fought. Then said the guide to Christiana, her children, and Mercy, This is the place, on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. And look, did not I tell you? here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones to this day; behold, also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place, some of the shivers of Apollyon's broken darts; see also, how they did beat the ground with their feet as they fought, to make good their places against each other; how also, with their by-blows, they did split the very stones in pieces. Verily, Christian did here play the man, and showed himself as stout, as could, had he been there, even Hercules himself. When Apollyon was beat, he made his retreat to the next Valley, that is called, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, unto which we shall come anon.

The place where Christian and the Fiend did fight. Some signs of the battle remain.

Lo, yonder also stands a monument, on which is engraven this battle, and Christian's victory, to his fame throughout all ages. So, because it stood just on the wayside before them, they stepped to it, and read the writing, which word for word was this—

A monument of the battle.

Hard by, here was a battle fought,
Most strange, and yet most true;
Christian and Apollyon sought
Each other to subdue.
The man so bravely play'd the man,
He made the fiend to fly;
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify.

A monument of Christian's victory.

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death; and this Valley was longer than the other; a place, also, most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify; but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr Great-heart was their conductor. First Part. p. 35.

When they were entered upon this Valley, they thought that they heard a groaning, as of dead men, a very great groaning. They thought, also, they did hear words of lamentation spoken, as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake, the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

Groanings heard

The ground
shakes.

So they went on a little further, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard also a kind of a hissing, as of serpents, but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place? But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

James sick with
fear.

Now James began to be sick, but I think the cause thereof was fear; so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that she had given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr Skill had prepared, and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the Valley, and then Christiana said, Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us, a thing of such a shape such as I have not seen. Then said Joseph, Mother, what is it? An ugly thing, child; an ugly thing, said she. But, mother, what is it like? said he. It is like I cannot tell what, said she. And now it was but a little way off; then said she, It is nigh.

The Fiend
appears.

The Pilgrims are
afraid.

Great-heart
encourages them.

Well, well, said Mr Great-heart, Let them that are most afraid, keep close to me. So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered they what had been said some time ago, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

James iv. 7.

A lion.

They went therefore on, as being a little refreshed; but they had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came a great padding pace after; and it had a hollow voice of roaring; and at every roar that it gave, it made all the Valley echo, and their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide. So it came up; and Mr Great-heart went behind, and put the Pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on apace, and Mr Great-heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when he saw that it was determined that resistance should be made, he also drew back, and came no further.

x Pet. v. 8, 9.

A pit and
darkness.

Then they went on again, and their conductor did go before them, till they came at a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way; and, before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the Pilgrims, Alas! now what shall we do? But their guide made answer, Fear not, stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also. So they staid there, because their path was marred. They then also thought that they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies; the fire, also, and the smoke of the pit, was much easier to be discerned. Then said Christiana to Mercy, Now I see what my poor husband went through; I have heard much of this place, but I never was here before now. Poor man, he went here all alone in the night; he had nigh almost quite through the way; also, these fiends were

Christiana now
knows what her
husband felt.

busy about him, as if they would have torn him in pieces. Many have spoke of it, but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean, until they come in it themselves. 'The heart knows its own bitterness; and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.' To be here is a fearful thing.

GREAT-HEART. This is like doing business in great waters, or like going down into the deep; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains; now it seems as if the earth, with its bars, were about us for ever. But let them that walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God. For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this Valley, and have been much harder put to it than now I am, and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not mine own saviour; but I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke not only these, but all the Satans in hell.

Great-heart's
reply.

Isa. i. 10.

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance, for there was now no light in their way; no not there, where but now they were stopped with a pit. Yet they were not got through the Valley; so they went on still, and behold great stinks and loathsome smells, to the great annoyance of them. Then said Mercy to Christiana, There is not such pleasant being here, as at the gate, or at the Interpreter's, or at the house where we lay last.

They pray.

O but, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always; and for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us, is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us.

One of the boys
reply.

Well said, Samuel, quoth the guide, thou hast now spoke like a man. Why, if ever I get out here again, said the boy, I think I shall prize light and good way better than ever I did in all my life. Then said the guide, We shall be out by and by.

So on they went, and Joseph said, Cannot we see to the end of this Valley as yet? Then said the guide, Look to your feet, for you shall presently be among the snares. So they looked to their feet, and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now, when they were come among the snares, they espied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn. Then said the guide, That is one Heedless, that was a-going this way; he has lain there a great while. There was one Take-heed with him, when he was taken and slain; but he escaped their hands. You cannot imagine how many are killed hereabout, and yet men are so foolishly venturous, as to set out lightly on pilgrimage, and to come without a guide. Poor Christian! it was a wonder that he here escaped; but he was beloved of his God:

Heedless is slain,
and Take-heed
preserved.

First Part,
p. 36.

Maul, a giant,

He quarrels with
Great-heart.

God's ministers
counted as kid-
nappers.

The giant and
Mr Great-heart
must fight.

Weak folks'
prayers do some-
times help strong
folks' cries.

The giant struck
down.

also, he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never have done it. Now they drew towards the end of the way; and just there where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, How many times have you been forbidden to do these things? Then said Mr Great-heart, What things? What things? quoth the giant; you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade. But pray, said Mr Great-heart, before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight. Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do. Quoth the giant, You rob the country, and rob it with the worst of thefts. These are but generals, said Mr Great-heart; come to particulars, man.

Then said the giant, Thou practisest the craft of a kidnapper; thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom. But now Great-heart replied, I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance; I am commanded to do my endeavour to turn men, women, and children, 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God:' and if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt.

Then the giant came up, and Mr Great-heart went to meet him; and as he went, he drew his sword, but the giant had a club. So without more ado, they fell to it, and at the first blow the giant struck Mr Great-heart down upon one of his knees; with that the women and children cried out; so Mr Great-heart recovering himself, laid about him in full lusty manner, and gave the giant a wound in his arm; thus he fought for the space of an hour, to that height of heat, that the breath came out of the giant's nostrils, as the heat doth out of a boiling caldron.

Then they sat down to rest them, but Mr Great-heart be- took him to prayer; also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested them, and taken breath, they both fell to it again, and Mr Great-heart with a full blow, fetched the giant down to the ground. Nay, hold, and let me recover, quoth he; so Mr Great-heart fairly let him get up. So to it they went again, and the giant missed but little of all-to-breaking Mr Great-heart's skull with his club.

Mr Great-heart seeing that, runs to him in the full heat of his spirit, and pierceth him under the fifth rib; with that the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer. Then Mr Great-heart seconded his blow, and smote the head of the giant from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Mr Great-heart also praised God, for the deliverance he had wrought.

When this was done, they among them erected a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote underneath in letters, that passengers might read—

He is slain, and his head disposed of.

He that did wear this head, was one
That pilgrims did misuse ;
He stopp'd their way, he spared none,
But did them all abuse ;
Until that I, Great-heart, arose,
The pilgrim's guide to be ;
Until that I did him oppose,
That was their enemy.

Now I saw, that they went to the ascent that was a little way off, cast up to be a prospect for pilgrims (that was the place from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful his brother) ; wherefore here they sat down, and rested ; they also here did eat and drink, and make merry, for that they had gotten deliverance from this so dangerous an enemy. As they sat thus, and did eat, Christiana asked the guide if he had caught no hurt in the battle. Then said Mr Great-heart, No, save a little on my flesh ; yet that also shall be so far from being to my detriment, that it is at present a proof of my love to my Master and you, and shall be a means, by grace, to increase my reward at last.

First Part,
P. 39.

CHRIST. But was you not afraid, good Sir, when you saw him come out with his club?

2 Cor. iv.

Discourse of the
fight.

GREAT-HEART. It is my duty, said he, to distrust my own ability, that I may have reliance on him that is stronger than all.

CHRIST. But what did you think when he fetched you down to the ground at the first blow?

GREAT-HEART. Why, I thought, quoth he, that so my Master himself was served, and yet he it was that conquered at the last.

MATT. When you all have thought what you please, I think God has been wonderful good unto us, both in bringing us out of this Valley, and in delivering us out of the hand of this enemy ; for my part, I see no reason, why we should distrust our God any more, since he has now, and in such a place as this, given us such testimony of his love as this.

Matthew here
admires Good-
ness.

Then they got up and went forward. Now a little before them stood an oak ; and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep ; they knew that he was a pilgrim by his clothes, and his staff, and his girdle.

Old Honest
asleep under an
oak.

So the guide, Mr Great-heart, awaked him, and the old gentleman, as he lift up his eyes, cried out, What's the matter? Who are you? and what is your business here?

GREAT-HEART. Come, man, be not so hot, here is none but friends ; yet the old man gets up, and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they were. Then said the guide, My name is Great-heart ; I am the guide of these Pilgrims, which are going to the Celestial Country.

HONEST. Then said Mr Honest, I cry you mercy ; I feared

One saint sometimes takes another for his enemy.

Talk between Great-heart and he.

that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money ; but now I look better about me, I perceive you are honester people.

GREAT-HEART. Why, what would, or could you have done, to have helped yourself, if we indeed had been of that company.

HON. Done ! why I would have fought as long as breath had been in me ; and had I so done, I am sure you could never have given me the worst on it ; for a Christian can never be overcome, unless he should yield of himself.

GREAT-HEART. Well said, father Honest, quoth the guide ; for by this I know thou art a cock of the right kind, for thou hast said the truth.

HON. And by this, also, I know that thou knowest what true pilgrimage is ; for all others do think that we are the soonest overcome of any.

Whence Mr Honest came.

GREAT-HEART. Well, now we are so happily met, pray let me crave your name, and the name of the place you came from.

HON. My name I cannot ; but I came from the town of Stupidity ; it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.

GREAT-HEART. Oh ! are you that countryman, then ? I deem I have half a guess of you ; your name is Old Honesty, is it not ? So the old gentleman blushed, and said, Not Honesty, in the abstract, but Honest is my name ; and I wish that my nature shall agree to what I am called.

HON. But, Sir, said the old gentleman, how could you guess that I am such a man, since I came from such a place ?

Stupefied ones are worse than those merely carnal.

GREAT-HEART. I had heard of you before, by my Master ; for he knows all things that are done on the earth ; but I have often wondered that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than is the City of Destruction itself.

HON. Yes, we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless ; but was a man in a mountain of ice, yet if the Sun of Righteousness will arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw ; and thus it hath been with me.

GREAT-HEART. I believe it, father Honest, I believe it ; for I know the thing is true.

Then the old gentleman saluted all the Pilgrims with a holy kiss of charity ; and asked them of their names, and how they had fared since they set out on their pilgrimage.

Old Honest and Christiana talk.

CHRIST. Then said Christiana, My name, I suppose you have heard of ; good Christian was my husband, and these four were his children. But can you think how the old gentleman was taken, when she told him who she was ! He skipped, he smiled, and blessed them with a thousand good wishes, saying :

HON. I have heard much of your husband, and of his travels and wars, which he underwent in his days. Be it spoken to your comfort, the name of your husband rings over all these parts of the world : his faith, his courage, his enduring, and his



MR FEARING

sincerity under all, has made his name famous. Then he turned him to the boys, and asked them of their names, which they told him. And then said he unto them: Matthew, be thou like Matthew the publican, not in vice, but in virtue. Samuel, said he, be thou like Samuel the prophet, a man of faith and prayer. Joseph, said he, be thou like Joseph in Potiphar's house, chaste, and one that flies from temptation. And James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord. Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, Mercy is thy name; by Mercy shalt thou be sustained, and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither, where thou shalt look the Fountain of Mercy in the face with comfort.

He also talks with the boys. Old Mr Honest's blessing on them.

Matt. x. 3.

Ps. xcix. 6.

Gen. xxxix.

Act i. 13, 14.

He blesseth Mercy.

All this while the guide, Mr Great-heart, was very much pleased, and smiled upon his companion.

Now, as they walked along together, the guide asked the old gentleman, if he did not know one Mr Fearing, that came on pilgrimage out of his parts?

Talk of one Mr Fearing.

HON. Yes, very well, said he. He was a man that had the root of the matter in him; but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met with in all my days.

GREAT-HEART. I perceive you knew him; for you have given a very right character of him.

HON. Knew him! I was a great companion of his; I was with him most an end; when he first began to think of what would come upon us hereafter, I was with him.

GREAT-HEART. I was his guide from my Master's house to the gates of the Celestial City.

HON. Then you knew him to be a troublesome one.

GREAT-HEART. I did so, but I could very well bear it; for men of my calling are oftentimes intrusted with the conduct of such as he was.

HON. Well then, pray let us hear a little of him, and how he managed himself under your conduct.

GREAT-HEART. Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of, that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for about a month together; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hand. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said, he should die if he came not to it; and yet was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured, and so got over; but when he was over, he would scarce believe it. He had, I

Mr Fearing's troublesome pilgrimage.

His behaviour at the Slough of Despond.

His behaviour at
the gate.

think, a Slough of Despond in his mind ; a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was. So he came up to the gate, you know what I mean, that stands at the head of this way ; and there also he stood a good while, before he would adventure to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy. For, for all he got before some to the gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand, shaking and shrinking. I dare say, it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him ; nor would he go back again. At last, he took the hammer that hanged on the gate in his hand, and gave a small rap or two ; then one opened to him, but he shrank back as before. He that opened stepped out after him, and said, Thou trembling one, what wantest thou ? With that he fell down to the ground. He that spoke to him wondered to see him so faint. So he said to him, Peace be to thee ; up, for I have set open the door to thee. Come in, for thou art blessed. With that he got up, and went in trembling ; and when he was in, he was ashamed to show his face. Well, after he had been entertained there a while, as you know how the manner is, he was bid go on his way, and also told the way he should take. So he came till he came to our house. But as he behaved

himself at the gate, so he did at my master the Interpreter's door. He lay thereabout in the cold a good while before he would adventure to call ; yet he would not go back, and the nights were long and cold then. Nay, he had a note of necessity in his bosom to my master, to receive him and grant him the comfort of his house, and also to allow him a stout and valiant conductor, because he was himself so chicken-hearted a man ; and yet, for all that, he was afraid to call at the door. So he lay up and down thereabouts, till, poor man ! he was almost starved. Yea, so great was his dejection, that though he saw several others, for knocking, get in, yet he was afraid to venture. At last, I think, I looked out of the window, and perceiving a man to be up and down about the door, I went out to him, and asked what he was ; but, poor man ! the water stood in his eyes ; so I perceived what he wanted. I went, therefore, in and told it in the house, and we showed the thing to our Lord. So he sent me out again, to entreat him to come in ; but, I dare say, I had hard work to do it. At last he came in ; and I will say that for my Lord, he carried it wonderfully lovingly to him. There were but a few good bits at the table, but some of it was laid upon his trencher. Then he presented the note, and my Lord looked thereon, and said his desire should be granted. So, when he had been there a good while, he seemed to get some heart, and to be a little more comfortable ; for my master, you must know, is one of very tender bowels, especially to them that are afraid ; wherefore he carried it so towards him, as might tend

How he was
entertained
there.

He is a little
encouraged at
the Interpreter's
house.

most to his encouragement. Well, when he had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the city, my Lord, as he did to Christian before, gave him a bottle of spirits, and some comfortable things to eat. Thus we set forward, and I went before him; but the man was but of few words, only he would sigh aloud.

When we were come to where the three fellows were hanged, he said that he doubted that that would be his end also. Only he seemed glad when he saw the Cross and the Sepulchre. There, I confess, he desired to stay a little to look, and he seemed, for a while after, to be a little cheery. When we came at the Hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions; for you must know that his trouble was not about such things as those; his fear was about his acceptance at last.

I got him in at the House Beautiful, I think, before he was willing. Also, when he was in, I brought him acquainted with the damsels that were of the place; but he was ashamed to make himself much for company. He desired much to be alone, yet he always loved good talk, and often would get behind the screen to hear it. He also loved much to see ancient things, and to be pondering them in his mind. He told me afterwards that he loved to be in those two houses from which he came last, to wit, at the gate, and that of the Interpreter, but that he durst not be so bold to ask.

When we went also from the House Beautiful, down the hill, into the Valley of Humiliation, he went down as well as ever I saw man in my life; for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last. Yea, I think, there was a kind of a sympathy betwixt that valley and him; for I never saw him better in all his pilgrimage than when he was in that valley.

Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley. He would now be up every morning by break of day, tracing and walking to and fro in this valley.

But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not for that he had any inclination to go back; that he always abhorred; but he was ready to die for fear. Oh! the hobgoblins will have me! the hobgoblins will have me! cried he; and I could not beat him out on it. He made such a noise, and such an outcry here, that, had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us.

But this I took very great notice of, that this valley was as quiet while he went through it, as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr Fearing was passed over it.

It would be too tedious to tell you of all. We will, therefore, only mention a passage or two more. When he was

He was greatly afraid when he saw the gibbet; cheery when he saw the Cross.

Dumpish at the House Beautiful.

He went down into, and was very pleasant in the Valley of Humiliation.

Lam. iii. 27-29.

Much perplexed in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

His behaviour at
Vanity Fair. come at Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men at the fair. I feared there we should both have been knocked on the head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the Enchanted Ground, he was also very wakeful. But when he was come at the river, where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case. Now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold.

And here, also, I took notice of what was very remarkable ; the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate, Mr Great-heart began to take his leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above. So he said, I shall, I shall. Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more.

His boldness at
last.

HON. Then, it seems, he was well at last.

Ps. lxxxviii.

GREAT-HEART. Yes, yes ; I never had doubt about him ; he was a man of a choice spirit, only he was always kept very low, and that made his life so burdensome to himself, and so troublesome to others. He was, above many, tender of sin. He was so afraid of doing injuries to others, that he often would deny himself of that which was lawful, because he would not offend.

Rom. xiv. 21 ;
1 Cor. viii. 13.

HON. But what should be the reason that such a good man should be all his days so much in the dark ?

Reasons why
good men are so
in the dark.

Matt. xi. 16-18.

GREAT-HEART. There are two sorts of reasons for it : One is, the wise God will have it so ; some must pipe, and some must weep. Now Mr Fearing was one that played upon this bass ; he and his fellows sound the sackbut, whose notes are more doleful than the notes of other music are ; though, indeed, some say the bass is the ground of music. And, for my part, I care not at all for that profession that begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune. God also plays upon this string first, when he sets the soul in tune for himself. Only here was the imperfection of Mr Fearing, he could play upon no other music but this, till towards his latter end.

Rev. viii. 2 ; xiv.
2, 3.

I make bold to talk thus metaphorically, for the ripening of the wits of young readers ; and because, in the book of the Revelations, the saved are compared to a company of musicians that play upon their trumpets and harps, and sing their songs before the throne.

A close about
him.

HON. He was a very zealous man, as one may see by what relation you have given of him ; difficulties, lions, or Vanity Fair, he feared not at all. It was only sin, death, and hell that was to him a terror, because he had some doubts about his interest in that celestial country.

GREAT-HEART. You say right. Those were the things that were his troublers, and they, as you have well observed, arose from the weakness of his mind thereabout, not from weakness

of spirit as to the practical part of a pilgrim's life. I dare believe that, as the proverb is, 'he could have bit a firebrand, had it stood in his way;' but the things with which he was oppressed, no man ever yet could shake off with ease.

CHRIST. Then said Christiana, This relation of Mr Fearing has done me good. I thought nobody had been like me; but I see there was some semblance betwixt this good man and I; only we differed in two things: His troubles were so great, they break out; but mine I kept within. His, also, lay so hard upon him, they made him that he could not knock at the houses provided for entertainment; but my trouble was always such as made me knock the louder.

Christiana's
sentence.

MERCY. If I might also speak my heart, I must say, that something of him has also dwelt in me; for I have ever been more afraid of the lake, and the loss of a place in Paradise, than I have been of the loss of other things. O, thought I, may I have the happiness to have a habitation there, it is enough, though I part with all the world to win it!

Mercy's
sentence.

MATT. Then said Matthew, Fear was one thing that made me think that I was far from having that within me that accompanies salvation; but if it was so with such a good man as he, why may it not also go well with me?

Matthew's
sentence.

JAMES. No fears, no grace, said James. Though there is not always grace where there is the fear of hell, yet, to be sure, there is no grace where there is no fear of God.

James's
sentence.

GREAT-HEART. Well said, James, thou hast hit the mark; for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and, to be sure, they that want the beginning, have neither middle nor end. But we will here conclude our discourse of Mr Fearing, after we have sent after him this farewell.

Well, Master Fearing, thou didst fear
Thy God, and wast afraid
Of doing anything, while here,
That would have thee betray'd.
And didst thou fear the lake and pit?
Would others did so too!
For, as for them that want thy wit,
They do themselves undo.

Their Farewell
about him.

Now I saw, that they still went on in their talk; for after Mr Great-heart had made an end with Mr Fearing, Mr Honest began to tell them of another, but his name was Mr Self-will. He pretended himself to be a pilgrim, said Mr Honest; but I persuade myself he never came in at the gate that stands at the head of the way.

Of Mr Self-will.

GREAT-HEART. Had you ever any talk with him about it?

HON. Yes, more than once or twice; but he would always be like himself, self-willed. He neither cared for man, nor argument, nor yet example; what his mind prompted him to, that he would do, and nothing else could he be got to.

Old Honest had
talked with him.

Self-will's
opinions.

GREAT-HEART. Pray, what principles did he hold? for I suppose you can tell.

HON. He held, that a man might follow the vices as well as the virtues of the pilgrims; and that if he did both, he should be certainly saved.

GREAT-HEART. How! if he had said, It is possible for the best to be guilty of the vices, as well as to partake of the virtues of pilgrims, he could not much have been blamed; for indeed we are exempted from no vice absolutely, but on condition that we watch and strive. But this, I perceive, is not the thing; but if I understand you right, your meaning is, that he was of that opinion, that it was allowable so to be.

HON. Aye, aye, so I mean; and so he believed and practised.

GREAT-HEART. But what ground had he for his so saying?

HON. Why, he said he had the Scripture for his warrant.

GREAT-HEART. Prithee, Mr Honest, present us with a few particulars.

HON. So I will. He said, To have to do with other men's wives, had been practised by David, God's beloved; and therefore he could do it. He said, To have more women than one, was a thing that Solomon practised; and therefore he could do it. He said, That Sarah and the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and so did saved Rahab; and therefore he could do it. He said, That the disciples went at the bidding of their Master, and took away the owner's ass; and therefore he could do so too. He said, That Jacob got the inheritance of his father in a way of guile and dissimulation; and therefore he could do so too.

GREAT-HEART. Highly base! indeed. And you are sure he was of this opinion?

HON. I have heard him plead for it, bring Scripture for it, bring argument for it, &c.

GREAT-HEART. An opinion that is not fit to be with any allowance in the world.

HON. You must understand me rightly. He did not say that any man might do this; but that those that had the virtues of those that did such things, might also do the same.

GREAT-HEART. But what more false than such a conclusion? for this is as much as to say, that because good men heretofore have sinned of infirmity, therefore he had allowance to do it of a presumptuous mind; or if, because a child by the blast of the wind, or for that it stumbled at a stone, fell down, and defiled itself in mire, therefore he might wilfully lie down and wallow like a boar therein. Who could have thought that any one could so far have been blinded by the power of lust? But what is written must be true: They 'stumble at the word, being disobedient; whereunto also they were appointed.'

His supposing that such may have the godly men's virtues, who addict themselves to their vices, is also a delusion as

strong as the other. It is just as if the dog should say, I have, or may have, the qualities of the child, because I lick up its stinking excrements. To eat up the sin of God's people, is no sign of one that is possessed with their virtues. Nor can I believe, that one that is of this opinion, can at present have faith or love in him. But I know you have made strong objections against him; prithee, what can he say for himself? Hos. iv. 3.

HON. Why, he says, To do this by way of opinion, seems abundance more honest, than to do it, and yet hold contrary to it in opinion.

GREAT-HEART. A very wicked answer; for though to let loose the bridle to lusts, while our opinions are against such things, is bad; yet, to sin, and plead a toleration so to do, is worse. The one stumbles beholders accidentally, the other pleads them into the snare.

HON. There are many of this man's mind, that have not this man's mouth; and that makes going on pilgrimage of so little esteem as it is.

GREAT-HEART. You have said the truth, and it is to be lamented; but he that feareth the King of Paradise, shall come out of them all.

CHRIST. There are strange opinions in the world; I know one that said, It was time enough to repent when they come to die.

GREAT-HEART. Such are not over wise. That man would have been loath, might he have had a week to run twenty miles in for his life, to have deferred that journey to the last hour of that week.

HON. You say right; and yet the generality of them, that count themselves pilgrims, do indeed do thus. I am, as you see, an old man, and have been a traveller in this road many a day; and I have taken notice of many things.

I have seen some that have set out as if they would drive all the world afore them, who yet have, in few days, died as they in the wilderness, and so never got sight of the promised land.

I have seen some that have promised nothing, at first setting out to be pilgrims, and that one would have thought could not have lived a day, that have yet proved very good pilgrims.

I have seen some who have run hastily forward, that again have, after a little time, run as fast just back again.

I have seen some who have spoken very well of a pilgrim's life at first, that, after a while, have spoken as much against it.

I have heard some, when they first set out for Paradise, say positively there is such a place; who when they have been almost there, have come back again, and said there is none.

I have heard some vaunt what they would do, in case they should be opposed, that have, even at a false alarm, fled faith, the pilgrim's way, and all.

Now, as they were thus in their way, there came one running to meet them, and said, Gentlemen, and you of the weaker Fresh news of trouble.

sort, if you love life, shift for yourselves, for the robbers are before you.

First Part,
p. 78.

Great-heart's
resolution.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr Great-heart, They be the three that set upon Little-faith heretofore. Well, said he, we are ready for them; so they went on their way. Now, they looked at every turning, when they should have met with the villains; but whether they heard of Mr Great-heart, or whether they had some other game, they came not up to the Pilgrims.

Christiana
wisheth for an
inn.

Gaius.
Rom. xvi. 23.

They enter into
his house.

Christiana then wished for an inn for herself and her children, because they were weary. Then said Mr Honest, There is one a little before us, where a very honourable disciple, one Gaius, dwells. So they all concluded to turn in thither, and the rather, because the old gentleman gave him so good a report. So when they came to the door, they went in, not knocking, for folks use not to knock at the door of an inn. Then they called for the master of the house, and he came to them. So they asked if they might lie there that night.

Gaius entertains
them, and how.

GAIUS. Yes, gentlemen, if ye be true men, for my house is for none but pilgrims. Then was Christiana, Mercy, and the boys, the more glad, for that the Innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims. So they called for rooms, and he showed them one for Christiana and her children, and Mercy, and another for Mr Great-heart and the old gentleman.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr Great-heart, Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper? for these pilgrims have come far to-day, and are weary.

GAIUS. It is late, said Gaius, so we cannot conveniently go out to seek food; but such as we have, you shall be welcome to, if that will content.

GREAT-HEART. We will be content with what thou hast in the house; forasmuch as I have proved thee, thou art never destitute of that which is convenient.

Gaius's Cook.

Then he went down and spake to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he comes up again, saying, Come, my good friends, you are welcome to me, and I am glad that I have a house to entertain you; and while supper is making ready, if you please, let us entertain one another with some good discourse. So they all said, Content.

Talk between
Gaius and his
guests.

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, Whose wife is this aged matron? and whose daughter is this young damsel.

Mark this.

GREAT-HEART. The woman is the wife of one Christian, a Pilgrim of former times; and these are his four children. The maid is one of her acquaintance; one that she hath persuaded to come with her on pilgrimage. The boys take all after their father, and covet to tread in his steps; yea, if they do but see any place where the old Pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same.

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, Is this Christian's wife? and are

these Christian's children? I knew your husband's father, yea, also his father's father. Many have been good of this stock; their ancestors dwelt first at Antioch. Christian's progenitors (I suppose you have heard your husband talk of them) were very worthy men. They have, above any that I know, showed themselves men of great virtue and courage, for the Lord of the Pilgrims, his ways, and them that loved him. I have heard of many of your husband's relations, that have stood all trials for the sake of the truth. Stephen, that was one of the first of the family from whence your husband sprang, was knocked on the head with stones. James, another of this generation, was slain with the edge of the sword. To say nothing of Paul and Peter, men anciently of the family from whence your husband came, there was Ignatius, who was cast to the lions; Romanus, whose flesh was cut by pieces from his bones, and Polycarp, that played the man in the fire. There was he that was hanged up in a basket in the sun, for the wasps to eat; and he who they put into a sack, and cast him into the sea to be drowned. It would be utterly impossible to count up all of that family that have suffered injuries and death, for the love of a pilgrim's life. Nor can I but be glad, to see that thy husband has left behind him four such boys as these. I hope they will bare up their father's name, and tread in their father's steps, and come to their father's end.

Of Christian's
ancestors.

Acts. xi. 26.

Acts vii. 59, 60.

Acts xii. 2.

GREAT-HEART. Indeed, Sir, they are likely lads; they seem to choose heartily their father's ways.

GAIUS. That is it that I said; wherefore Christian's family is like still to spread abroad upon the face of the ground, and yet to be numerous upon the face of the earth; wherefore, let Christiana look out some damsels for her sons, to whom they may be betrothed, &c., that the name of their father and the house of his progenitors may never be forgotten in the world.

Advice to Chris-
tiana about her
boys.

HON. It is pity this family should fall and be extinct.

GAIUS. Fall it cannot, but be diminished it may; but let Christiana take my advice, and that is the way to uphold it.

And, Christiana, said this Innkeeper, I am glad to see thee and thy friend Mercy together here, a lovely couple. And may I advise, take Mercy into a nearer relation to thee; if she will, let her be given to Matthew, thy eldest son; it is the way to preserve you a posterity in the earth. So this match was concluded, and in process of time they were married; but more of that hereafter.

Mercy and
Matthew marry.

Gaius also proceeded, and said, I will now speak on the behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so also did life and health: 'God sent forth his Son made of a woman.' Yea, to show how much those that came after, did abhor the act of the mother, this sex, in the Old Testament, coveted children, if happily this or that woman might be the mother of the Saviour of the world.

Gen. iii.

Gal. iv. 4.

Why women of
old so much
desired children.

I will say again, that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in him before either man or angel. I read not, that ever any man did give unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women followed him, and ministered to him of their substance. It was a woman that washed his feet with tears, and a woman that anointed his body to the burial. They were women that wept, when he was going to the cross, and women that followed him from the cross, and that sat by his sepulchre, when he was buried. They were women that were first with him at his resurrection-morn; and women that brought tidings first to his disciples, that he was risen from the dead. Women, therefore, are highly favoured, and show by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life.

Now the cook sent up to signify that supper was almost ready, and sent one to lay the cloth, the trenchers, and to set the salt and bread in order.

Then said Matthew, The sight of this cloth, and of this fore-runner of the supper, begetteth in me a greater appetite to my food than I had before.

What to be gathered from laying of the board with the cloth and trenchers.

GAIVS. So let all ministering doctrines to thee, in this life, beget in thee a greater desire to sit at the supper of the great King in his kingdom; for all preaching, books, and ordinances here, are but as the laying of the trenchers, and as setting of salt upon the board, when compared with the feast that our Lord will make for us when we come to his house.

Lev. vii. 32-34;
x. 14, 15.
Ps. xxv. 1; Heb.
xiii. 5.

So supper came up; and first, a heave-shoulder, and a wave-breast, were set on the table before them, to show that they must begin their meal with prayer and praise to God. The heave-shoulder, David lifted his heart up to God with; and with the wave-breast, where his heart lay, with that he used to lean upon his harp when he played. These two dishes were very fresh and good, and they all eat heartily well thereof.

Deut. xxxii 14.
Judg. ix. 13;
John xv. 1.

The next they brought up was a bottle of wine, red as blood. So Gaius said to them, Drink freely; this is the juice of the true vine, that makes glad the heart of God and man. So they drank and were merry.

A dish of milk.
1 Pet. ii. 1, 2.
Of honey and butter.

The next was a dish of milk well crumbed; but Gaius said, Let the boys have that, that they may grow thereby.

Isa. vii. 15.

A dish of apples.

Then they brought up in course a dish of butter and honey. Then said Gaius, Eat freely of this; for this is good to cheer up, and strengthen your judgments and understandings. This was our Lord's dish when he was a child: 'Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good.'

Then they brought them up a dish of apples, and they were very good tasted fruit. Then said Matthew, May we eat apples, since they were such, by, and with which, the serpent beguiled our first mother?

Then said Gaius—

Apples were they with which we were beguil'd ;
Yet sin, not apples, hath our souls defil'd.
Apples forbid, if eat, corrupt the blood ;
To eat such, when commanded, does us good.
Drink of his flagons, then, thou church, his dove,
And eat his apples, who are sick of love.

Then said Matthew, I made the scruple, because I awhile since was sick with eating of fruit.

GAIUS. Forbidden fruit will make you sick, but not what our Lord has tolerated.

While they were thus talking, they were presented with another dish, and it was a dish of nuts. Then said some at the table, Nuts spoil tender teeth, especially the teeth of children ; which when Gaius heard, he said—

Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheaters),
Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters.
Ope then the shells, and you shall have the meat ;
They here are brought for you to crack and eat.

Then were they very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things. Then said the old gentleman, My good landlord, while we are cracking your nuts, if you please, do you open this riddle :

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had.

A riddle put forth
by Old Honest.

Then they all gave good heed, wondering what good Gaius would say ; so he sat still awhile, and then thus replied :—

He that bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more.

Gaius opens it.

Then said Joseph, I dare say, Sir, I did not think you could have found it out. Joseph wonders.

Oh ! said Gaius, I have been trained up in this way a great while ; nothing teaches like experience ; I have learned of my Lord to be kind ; and have found by experience, that I have gained thereby. ' There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; and *there is* that withholdeth more than is meet ; but *it tendeth* to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet *hath* nothing ; *there is* that maketh himself poor, yet *hath* great riches.

Prov. xi. 24.

Prov. xiii. 7.

Then Samuel whispered to Christiana, his mother, and said, Mother, this is a very good man's house, let us stay here a good while, and let my brother Matthew be married here to Mercy, before we go any further.

The which Gaius the host overhearing, said, With a very good will, my child.

So they staid there more than a month, and Mercy was given to Matthew to wife.

Matthew and
Mercy are
married.

While they staid here, Mercy, as her custom was, would be making coats and garments to give to the poor, by which she brought up a very good report upon the Pilgrims.

The boys go to bed, the rest sit up.

But to return again to our story. After supper the lads desired a bed ; for that they were weary with travelling : then Gaius called to show them their chamber ; but said Mercy, I will have them to bed. So she had them to bed, and they slept well ; but the rest sat up all night ; for Gaius and they were such suitable company, that they could not tell how to part. Then after much talk of their Lord, themselves, and their journey, old Mr Honest, he that put forth the riddle to Gaius, began to nod. Then said Great-heart, What, Sir, you begin to be drowsy ; come, rub up ; now here is a riddle for you. Then said Mr Honest, Let us hear it.

Old Honest nods.

Then said Mr Great-heart :

A riddle.

He that will kill, must first be overcome,
Who live abroad would, first must die at home.

Ha ! said Mr Honest, it is a hard one, hard to expound, and harder to practise. But come, landlord, said he, I will if you please, leave my part to you ; do you expound it, and I will hear what you say.

No, said Gaius, it was put to you, and it is expected that you should answer it.

Then said the old gentleman :

The riddle opened.

He first by grace must conquer'd be,
That sin would mortify ;
And who, that lives, would convince me,
Unto himself must die.

It is right, said Gaius ; good doctrine and experience teaches this. For, first, until grace displays itself, and overcomes the soul with its glory, it is altogether without heart to oppose sin ; besides, if sin is Satan's cords, by which the soul lies bound, how should it make resistance, before it is loosed from that infirmity ?

Secondly, nor will any, that knows either reason or grace, believe that such a man can be a living monument of grace that is a slave to his own corruptions.

A question worth the minding.

And now it comes in my mind, I will tell you a story worth the hearing. There were two men that went on pilgrimage ; the one began when he was young, the other when he was old. The young man had strong corruptions to grapple with ; the old man's were decayed with the decays of nature. The young man trod his steps as even as did the old one, and was every way as light as he. Who now, or which of them, had their graces shining clearest, since both seemed to be alike ?

A comparison.

HON. The young man's, doubtless. For that which heads it against the greatest opposition, gives best demonstration that it is strongest ; especially when it also holdeth pace with

that that meets not with half so much ; as, to be sure, old age does not.

Besides, I have observed that old men have blessed themselves with this mistake, namely, taking the decays of nature A mistake. for a gracious conquest over corruptions, and so have been apt to beguile themselves. Indeed, old men that are gracious, are best able to give advice to them that are young, because they have seen most of the emptiness of things. But yet, for an old and a young [man] to set out both together, the young one has the advantage of the fairest discovery of a work of grace within him, though the old man's corruptions are naturally the weakest.

Thus they sat talking till break of day. Now, when the family was up, Christiana bid her son James that he should read a chapter ; so he read the fifty-third of Isaiah. When he had done, Mr Honest asked, why it was said that the Saviour is said to come 'out of a dry ground ;' and also, that 'he had no form or comeliness in him ?' Another question.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr Great-heart, To the first, I answer, Because the church of the Jews, of which Christ came, had then lost almost all the sap and spirit of religion. To the second, I say, The words are spoken in the person of the unbelievers, who, because they want that eye that can see into our Prince's heart, therefore they judge of him by the meanness of his outside. Just like those that know not that precious stones are covered over with a homely crust ; who, when they have found one, because they know not what they have found, cast it again away, as men do a common stone.

Well, said Gaus, now you are here, and since as I know, Mr Great-heart is good at his weapons, if you please, after we have refreshed ourselves, we will walk into the fields, to see if we can do any good. About a mile from hence, there is one Slay-good, a giant that does much annoy the King's highway in these parts ; and I know whereabout his haunt is. He is master of a number of thieves ; it would be well if we could clear these parts of him.

So they consented, and went, Mr Great-heart with his sword, helmet, and shield, and the rest with spears and staves.

When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one Feeble-mind in his hands, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones, for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters. He is found with one Feeble-mind in his hand.

Well, so soon as he saw Mr Great-heart and his friends at the mouth of his cave, with their weapons, he demanded what they wanted.

GREAT-HEART. We want thee ; for we are come to revenge the quarrel of the many that thou hast slain of the pilgrims, when thou hast dragged them out of the King's highway ; wherefore, come out of thy cave. So he armed himself and

came out ; and to a battle they went, and fought for above an hour, and then stood still to take wind.

SLAY. Then said the giant, Why are you here on my ground ?

Giant Slay-good
assaulted and
slain.

GREAT-HEART. To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as I also told thee before. So they went to it again, and the giant made Mr Great-heart give back ; but he came up again, and, in the greatness of his mind, he let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his weapon fall out of his hand ; so he smote him, and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn. He also took Feeble-mind, the pilgrim, and brought him with him to his lodgings. When they were come home, they showed his head to the family, and then set it up, as they had done others before, for a terror to those that shall attempt to do as he hereafter.

One Feeble-mind
rescued from the
giant.

Then they asked Mr Feeble-mind how he fell into his hands ?

How Feeble-
mind came to be
a pilgrim.

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said the poor man, I am a sickly man, as you see ; and, because death did usually once a day knock at my door, I thought I should never be well at home ; so I betook myself to a pilgrim's life, and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind ; but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came at the gate that is at the head of the way, the Lord of that place did entertain me freely ; neither objected he against my weakly looks, nor against my feeble mind ; but gave me such things that were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. When I came to the house of the Interpreter, I received much kindness there ; and because the Hill Difficulty was judged too hard for me, I was carried up that by one of his servants. Indeed, I have found much relief from pilgrims, though none were willing to go so softly as I am forced to do ; yet still, as they came on, they bid me be of good cheer, and said that it was the will of their Lord that comfort should be given to the feeble-minded, and so went on their own pace. When I was come up to Assault Lane, then this giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter ; but, alas ! feeble one that I was, I had more need of a cordial. So he came up and took me. I conceited he should not kill me. Also, when he had got me into his den, since I went not with him willingly, I believed I should come out alive again ; for I have heard, that not any pilgrim that is taken captive by violent hands, if he keeps heart-whole towards his Master, is, by the laws of Providence, to die by the hand of the enemy. Robbed I looked to be, and robbed to be sure I am ; but I am, as you see, escaped with life ; for the which I thank my King as author, and you as the means. Other brunts I also look for ; but this I have resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank him that loves me, I am

x Thess. v. 14.

Mark this.

Mark this.

fixed. My way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though I am, as you see, but of a feeble mind.

HON. Then said old Mr Honest, Have you not, some time ago, been acquainted with one Mr Fearing, a pilgrim.

FEEBLE. Acquainted with him! Yes; he came from the town of Stupidity, which lieth four degrees to the northward of the City of Destruction, and as many off of where I was born; yet we were well acquainted, for, indeed, he was my uncle, my father's brother. He and I have been much of a temper. He was a little shorter than I, but yet we were much of a complexion.

Mr Fearing Mr
Feeble-mind's
uncle.

HON. I perceive you know him; and I am apt to believe also that you were related one to another; for you have his whitely look, a cast like his with your eye, and your speech is much alike.

Feeble-mind has
some of Mr
Fearing's
features.

FEEBLE. Most have said so that have known us both; and besides, what I have read in him, I have, for the most part, found in myself.

GAIUS. Come, Sir, said good Gaius, be of good cheer, you are welcome to me, and to my house, and what thou hast a mind to, call for freely; and what thou wouldest have my servants do for thee, they will do it with a ready mind.

Gaius comforts
him.

Then said Mr Feeble-mind, This is unexpected favour, and as the sun shining out of a very dark cloud. Did Giant Slay-good intend me this favour when he stopped me, and resolved to let me go no further? Did he intend, that after he had rifled my pockets, I should go to Gaius, mine host? Yet so it is.

Notice to be
taken of Provi-
dence.

Now, just as Mr Feeble-mind and Gaius were thus in talk, there comes one running, and called at the door, and told that, about a mile and a half off, there was one Mr Not-right, a pilgrim, struck dead upon the place where he was with a thunder-bolt.

Tidings how one
Not-right was
slain with a
thunderbolt,
and Mr Feeble-
mind's comment
upon it.

FEEBLE. Alas! said Mr Feeble-mind, is he slain? He overtook me some days before I came so far as hither, and would be my company-keeper. He also was with me when Slay-good, the giant, took me; but he was nimble of his heels, and escaped. But, it seems, he escaped to die, and I was took to live.

What, one would think, doth seek to slay outright,
Ofttimes delivers from the saddest plight.
That very providence, whose face is death,
Doth ofttimes to the lowly life bequeath.
I taken was, he did escape and flee;
Hands cross'd gives death to him, and life to me.

Now, about this time, Matthew and Mercy were married. Also Gaius gave his daughter Phebe to James, Matthew's brother, to wife; after which time they yet staid above ten days at Gaius's house, spending their time, and the seasons, like as pilgrims used to do.

The Pilgrims
prepare to go
forward.

How they greet
one another
at parting.
Luke x. 34, 35.

3 John 5, 6.

Gaius, his last
kindness to
Feeble-mind.

Feeble-mind for
going behind.

His excuse for it.

Job xii. 5.
Great-heart's
commission.

1 Thess. v. 14.
Rom. xiv. 1.

1 Cor. viii.

1 Cor. ix. 22.
A Christian
spirit.

* Promises.
Ps. xxxviii. 17.

When they were to depart, Gaius made them a feast, and they did eat and drink, and were merry. Now the hour was come that they must be gone; wherefore, Mr Great-heart called for a reckoning; but Gaius told him, that at his house it was not the custom for pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He boarded them by the year, but looked for his pay from the good Samaritan, who had promised him, at his return, whatsoever charge he was at with them, faithfully to repay him. Then said Mr Great-heart to him—

GREAT-HEART. 'Beloved, thou dost faithfully whatsoever thou dost to the brethren, and to strangers; which have borne witness of thy charity before the church; whom if thou (yet) bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well.'

Then Gaius took his leave of them all, and of his children, and particularly of Mr Feeble-mind. He also gave him something to drink by the way.

Now Mr Feeble-mind, when they were going out of the door, made as if he intended to linger; the which when Mr Great-heart espied, he said, Come, Mr Feeble-mind, pray do you go along with us, I will be your conductor, and you shall fare as the rest.

Feeble-mind. Alas! I want a suitable companion; you are all lusty and strong; but I, as you see, am weak; I choose, therefore, rather to come behind, lest, by reason of my many infirmities, I should be both a burden to myself and to you. I am, as I said, a man of a weak and feeble mind, and shall be offended and made weak at that which others can bear. I shall like no laughing; I shall like no gay attire; I shall like no unprofitable questions. Nay, I am so weak a man, as to be offended with that which others have liberty to do. I do not yet know all the truth; I am a very ignorant Christian man; sometimes, if I hear some rejoice in the Lord, it troubles me, because I cannot do so too. It is with me, as it is with a weak man among the strong, or as with a sick man among the healthy, or as a lamp despised ('He that is ready to slip with *his* feet, *is as* a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease'); so that I know not what to do.

GREAT-HEART. But, brother, said Mr Great-heart, I have it in commission to 'comfort the feeble-minded,' and to 'support the weak.' You must needs go along with us; we will wait for you; we will lend you our help, we will deny ourselves of some things, both opinionative and practical, for your sake, we will not enter into doubtful disputations before you; we will be made all things to you, rather than you shall be left behind.

Now all this while they were at Gaius's door; and behold, as they were thus in the heat of their discourse, Mr Ready-to-halt came by, with his crutches * in his hand, and he also was going on pilgrimage.

FEEBLE. Then said Mr Feeble-mind to him, Man, How camest thou hither? I was but just now complaining, that I had not a suitable companion, but thou art according to my wish. Welcome, welcome, good Mr Ready-to-halt, I hope thee and I may be some help.

Feeble-mind
glad to see
Ready-to-halt
come by.

READY-TO-HALT. I shall be glad of thy company, said the other; and good Mr Feeble-mind, rather than we will part, since we are thus happily met, I will lend thee one of my crutches.

FEEBLE. Nay, said he, though I thank thee for thy goodwill, I am not inclined to halt before I am lame. Howbeit, I think, when occasion is, it may help me against a dog.

READY. If either myself or my crutches can do thee a pleasure, we are both at thy command, good Mr Feeble-mind.

Thus therefore they went on; Mr Great-heart and Mr Honest went before, Christiana and her children went next, and Mr Feeble-mind and Mr Ready-to-halt came behind with his crutches. Then said Mr Honest—

HON. Pray, Sir, now we are upon the road, tell us some profitable things of some that have gone on pilgrimage before us.

New talk.

GREAT-HEART. With a good will. I suppose you have heard how Christian of old did meet with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation; and also what hard work he had to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Also I think you cannot but have heard how Faithful was put to it with Madam Wanton, with Adam the first, with one Discontent, and Shame, four as deceitful villains as a man can meet with upon the road.

First Part,
P. 32.

HON. Yes, I have heard of all this; but indeed, good Faithful was hardest put to it with Shame; he was an unwearyed one.

GREAT-HEART. Aye; for, as the Pilgrim well said, he of all men had the wrong name.

HON. But pray, Sir, where was it that Christian and Faithful met Talkative? That same was also a notable one.

First Part,
P. 45.

GREAT-HEART. He was a confident fool, yet many follow his ways.

HON. He had like to have beguiled Faithful.

GREAT-HEART. Aye, but Christian put him into a way quickly to find him out. Thus they went on till they came at the place where Evangelist met with Christian and Faithful, and prophesied to them of what should befall them at Vanity Fair.

First Part,
P. 49.

GREAT-HEART. Then said their guide, Hereabouts did Christian and Faithful meet with Evangelist, who prophesied to them of what troubles they should meet with at Vanity Fair.

HON. Say you so? I daresay it was a hard chapter that then he did read unto them.

First Part,
p. 57.

GREAT-HEART. It was so ; but he gave them encouragement withal. But what do we talk of them ? they were a couple of lion-like men ; they had set their faces like flint. Don't you remember how undaunted they were when they stood before the judge ?

HON. Well, Faithful bravely suffered.

GREAT-HEART. So he did, and as brave things came on it ; for Hopeful and some others, as the story relates it, were converted by his death.

HON. Well, but pray go on ; for you are well acquainted with things.

First Part,
p. 60.

GREAT-HEART. Above all that Christian met with after he had passed through Vanity Fair, one By-ends was the arch one.

HON. By-ends ! What was he ?

GREAT-HEART. A very arch fellow ; a downright hypocrite. One that would be religious which way ever the world went ; but so cunning, that he would be sure neither to lose nor suffer for it. He had his mode of religion for every fresh occasion ; and his wife was as good at it as he. He would turn and change from opinion to opinion ; yea, and plead for so doing too. But, so far as I could learn, he came to an ill end with his by-ends ; nor did I ever hear that any of his children were ever of any esteem with any that truly feared God.

They are come
within sight of
Vanity.

Now, by this time, they were come within sight of the town of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is kept. So, when they saw that they were so near the town, they consulted with one another, how they should pass through the town ; and some said one thing, and some another. At last Mr Great-heart said, I have, as you may understand, often been a conductor of pilgrims through this town ; now I am acquainted with one Mr Mnason, a Cyprusian by nation, an old disciple, at whose house we may lodge. If you think good, said he, we will turn in there.

Acts xxi. 16.

Content, said old Honest ; Content, said Christiana ; Content, said Mr Feeble-mind ; and so they said all. Now, you must think, it was even-tide by that they got to the outside of the town ; but Mr Great-heart knew the way to the old man's house. So thither they came ; and he called at the door, and the old man within knew his tongue so soon as ever he heard it ; so he opened and they all came in. Then said Mnason their host, How far have ye come to-day ? So they said, From the house of Gaius our friend. I promise you, said he, you have gone a good stitch, you may well be a-weary ; sit down. So they sat down.

They enter into
one Mr Mnason's
to lodge.

They are glad of
entertainment.

GREAT-HEART. Then said their guide, Come, what cheer, Sirs ? I dare say you are welcome to my friend.

MNASON. I also, said Mr Mnason, do bid you welcome, and, whatever you want, do but say, and we will do what we can to get it for you.

HON. Our great want, a while since, was harbour and good company, and now I hope we have both.

MNASON. For harbour, you see what it is; but for good company, that will appear in the trial.

GREAT-HEART. Well, said Mr Great-heart, will you have the Pilgrims up into their lodging?

MNASON. I will, said Mr Mnason. So he had them to their respective places; and also showed them a very fair dining-room, where they might be, and sup together, until time was come to go to rest.

Now, when they were set in their places, and were a little cheery after their journey, Mr Honest asked his landlord, if there were any store of good people in the town?

MNASON. We have a few, for indeed they are but a few, when compared with them on the other side.

HON. But how shall we do to see some of them? for the sight of good men to them that are going on pilgrimage, is like to the appearing of the moon and the stars to them that are sailing upon the seas. They desire to see some of the good people of the town.

Then Mr Mnason stamped with his foot, and his daughter Grace came up; so he said unto her, Grace, go you, tell my friends, Mr Contrite, Mr Holy-man, Mr Love-saint, Mr Dare-not-lie, and Mr Penitent, that I have a friend or two at my house that have a mind this evening to see them. Some sent for.

So Grace went to call them, and they came; and, after salutation made, they sat down together at the table.

Then said Mr Mnason, their landlord, My neighbours, I have, as you see, a company of strangers come to my house; they are Pilgrims; they come from afar, and are going to Mount Zion. But who, quoth he, do you think this is? pointing with his finger to Christiana; it is Christiana, the wife of Christian, that famous Pilgrim, who, with Faithful his brother, were so shamefully handled in our town. At that they stood amazed, saying, We little thought to see Christiana, when Grace came to call us; wherefore this is a very comfortable surprise. Then they asked her of her welfare, and if these young men were her husband's sons? And when she had told them they were, they said, The King whom you love and serve, make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace!

HON. Then Mr Honest (when they were all sat down) asked Mr Contrite, and the rest, in what posture their town was at present? Some talk betwixt Mr Honest and Contrite.

CONTRITE. You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair-time. It is hard keeping our hearts and spirits in any good order, when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this is, and that has to do with such as we have, has need of an item, to caution him to take heed, every moment of the day. The fruit of watchfulness.

HON. But how are your neighbours for quietness?

CONTRITE. They are much more moderate now than formerly.

Persecution not
so hot at Vanity
Fair as formerly.

You know how Christian and Faithful were used at our town; but of late, I say, they have been far more moderate. I think the blood of Faithful lieth with load upon them till now; for since they burned him, they have been ashamed to burn any more. In those days we were afraid to walk the streets, but now we can show our heads. Then the name of a professor was odious; now, especially in some parts of our town (for you know our town is large), religion is counted honourable.

Then said Mr Contrite to them, Pray how fareth it with you in your pilgrimage? How stands the country affected towards you?

HON. It happens to us as it happeneth to wayfaring men; sometimes our way is clean, sometimes foul, sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill; we are seldom at a certainty; the wind is not always on our backs, nor is every one a friend that we meet with in the way. We have met with some notable rubs already; and what are yet behind, we know not; but for the most part, we find it true, that has been talked of, of old, A good man must suffer trouble.

CONTRITE. You talk of rubs; what rubs have you met withal?

HON. Nay, ask Mr Great-heart, our guide, for he can give the best account of that.

GREAT-HEART. We have been beset three or four times already. First, Christiana and her children were beset with two ruffians, that they feared would a took away their lives. We were beset with Giant Bloody-man, Giant Maul, and Giant Slay-good. Indeed we did rather beset the last, than were beset of him. And thus it was: After we had been some time at the house of 'Gaius, mine host, and of the whole church,' we were minded upon a time to take our weapons with us, and so go see if we could light upon any of those that were enemies to pilgrims (for we heard that there was a notable one thereabouts). Now Gaius knew his haunt better than I, because he dwelt thereabout; so we looked, and looked, till at last we discerned the mouth of his cave; then we were glad, and plucked up our spirits. So we approached up to his den, and lo, when we came there, he had dragged, by mere force, into his net, this poor man, Mr Feeble-mind, and was about to bring him to his end. But when he saw us, supposing, as we thought, he had had another prey, he left the poor man in his hole, and came out. So we fell to it full sore, and he lustily laid about him; but in conclusion, he was brought down to the ground, and his head cut off, and set up by the way-side, for a terror to such as should after practise such ungodliness. That I tell you the truth, here is the man himself to affirm it, who was as a lamb taken out of the mouth of the lion.

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said Mr Feeble-mind, I found this true, to my cost, and comfort; to my cost, when he threatened to pick my bones every moment; and to my comfort, when I saw

Rom. xvi. 23.

Mr Great-heart and his friends with their weapons, approach so near for my deliverance.

HOLY-MAN. Then said Mr Holy-man, There are two things that they have need to be possessed with, that go on pilgrimage; courage, and an unspotted life. If they have not courage, they can never hold on their way; and if their lives be loose, they will make the very name of a Pilgrim stink. Mr Holy-man's speech.

LOVE-SAINT. Then said Mr Love-saint, I hope this caution is not needful amongst you. But truly, there are many that go upon the road, that rather declare themselves strangers to pilgrimage, than strangers and pilgrims in the earth. Mr Love-saint's speech.

DARE-NOT-LIE. Then said Mr Dare-not-lie, It is true, they neither have the pilgrim's weed, nor the pilgrim's courage; they go not uprightly, but all awry with their feet; one shoe goes inward, another outward, and their hosen out behind; there a rag, and there a rent, to the disparagement of their Lord. Mr Dare-not-lie's speech.

PENITENT. These things, said Mr Penitent, they ought to be troubled for; nor are the pilgrims like to have that grace put upon them and their pilgrim's progress, as they desire, until the way is cleared of such spots and blemishes. Mr Penitent's speech.

Thus they sat talking and spending the time, until supper was set upon the table; unto which they went and refreshed their weary bodies; so they went to rest. Now they stayed in this fair a great while, at the house of this Mr Mnason, who, in process of time, gave his daughter Grace unto Samuel, Christiana's son, to wife, and his daughter Martha to Joseph.

The time, as I said, that they lay here, was long (for it was not now as in former times). Wherefore the Pilgrims grew acquainted with many of the good people of the town, and did them what service they could. Mercy, as she was wont, laboured much for the poor; wherefore their bellies and backs blessed her, and she was there an ornament to her profession. And, to say the truth for Grace, Phebe, and Martha, they were all of a very good nature, and did much good in their place. They were also all of them very fruitful; so that Christian's name, as was said before, was like to live in the world.

While they lay here, there came a monster out of the woods, and slew many of the people of the town. It would also carry away their children, and teach them to suck its whelps. Now, no man in the town durst so much as face this monster; but all men fled when they heard of the noise of his coming. A monster.

The monster was like unto no one beast upon the earth; its body was like a dragon, and it had seven heads and ten horns. It made great havoc of children, and yet it was governed by a woman. This monster propounded conditions to men, and such men as loved their lives more than their souls, accepted of those conditions. So they came under. His shape, his nature.
Rev. xvii. 3.

Now this Mr Great-heart, together with these that came to visit the pilgrims at Mr Mnason's house, entered into a covenant to go and engage this beast, if perhaps they might

deliver the people of this town from the paws and mouth of this so devouring a serpent.

How he is engaged.

Then did Mr Great-heart, Mr Contrite, Mr Holy-man, Mr Dare-not-lie, and Mr Penitent, with their weapons go forth to meet him. Now the monster, at first, was very rampant, and looked upon these enemies with great disdain; but they so belaboured him, being sturdy men at arms, that they made him make a retreat; so they came home to Mr Mnason's house again.

The monster, you must know, had his certain seasons to come out in, and to make his attempts upon the children of the people of the town; also these seasons did these valiant worthies watch him in, and did still continually assault him; insomuch, that in process of time he became not only wounded, but lame; also he has not made that havoc of the townsmen's children, as formerly he has done. And it is verily believed by some, that this beast will die of his wounds.

This, therefore, made Mr Great-heart and his fellows of great fame in this town; so that many of the people that wanted their taste of things, yet had a reverend esteem and respect for them. Upon this account therefore it was, that these pilgrims got not much hurt here. True, there were some of the baser sort, that could see no more than a mole, nor understand more than a beast; these had no reverence for these men, nor took they notice of their valour or adventures.

Well, the time grew on that the Pilgrims must go on their way, wherefore they prepared for their journey. They sent for their friends; they conferred with them; they had some time set apart, therein to commit each other to the protection of their Prince. There were again, that brought them of such things as they had, that were fit for the weak and the strong, for the women and the men, and so laded them with such things as were necessary.

Acts xxviii. 10.

Then they set forward on their way; and their friends accompanying them so far as was convenient, they again committed each other to the protection of their King, and parted.

They, therefore, that were of the Pilgrims' company went on, and Mr Great-heart went before them. Now the women and children being weakly, they were forced to go as they could bear; by this means Mr Ready-to-halt and Mr Feeble-mind had more to sympathise with their condition.

When they were gone from the townsmen, and when their friends had bid them farewell, they quickly came to the place where Faithful was put to death; there therefore they made a stand, and thanked Him that had enabled him to bear his cross so well; and the rather because they now found that they had a benefit by such a manly suffering as his was.

They went on, therefore, after this, a good way further, talking of Christian and Faithful; and how Hopeful joined himself to Christian after that Faithful was dead.

Now they were come up with the Hill Lucre, where the silver mine was, which took Demas off from his pilgrimage, and into which, as some think, By-ends fell and perished; wherefore they considered that. But when they were come to the old monument that stood over against the Hill Lucre, to wit, to the pillar of salt that stood also within view of Sodom and its stinking lake; they marvelled, as did Christian before, that men of that knowledge and ripeness of wit, as they were, should be so blinded as to turn aside here. Only they considered again, that nature is not affected with the harms that others have met with, especially if that thing upon which they look has an attracting virtue upon the foolish eye.

First Part,
p. 66.

I saw now that they went on, till they came at the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains. To the river where the fine trees grow on both sides; and whose leaves, if taken inwardly, are good against surfeits, where the meadows are green all the year long, and where they might lie down safely.

First Part,
p. 68.

Ps. xxiii.

By this river side, in the meadow, there were cotes and folds for sheep, a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those women that go on pilgrimage. Also there was here one that was intrusted with them, who could have compassion, and that could gather these lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and that could gently lead those that were with young. Now to the care of THIS MAN, Christiana admonished her four daughters to commit their little ones, that by these waters they might be housed, harboured, succoured, and nourished, and that none of them might be lacking in time to come. This Man, if any of them go astray, or be lost, he will bring them again; he will also bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen them that are sick. Here they will never want meat, and drink, and clothing; here they will be kept from thieves and robbers; for this Man will die before one of those committed to his trust shall be lost. Besides, here they shall be sure to have good nurture and admonition, and shall be taught to walk in right paths, and that you know is a favour of no small account. Also here, as you see, are delicate waters, pleasant meadows, dainty flowers, variety of trees, and such as bear wholesome fruit; fruit not like that that Matthew ate of, that fell over the wall out of Beelzebub's garden; but fruit that procureth health where there is none, and that continueth and increaseth it where it is.

Heb. v. 2.

Isa. xl. 11.

Ezek. xxxiv.
11-16.

Jer. xxiii. 4.

So they were content to commit their little ones to him; and that which was also an encouragement to them so to do, was, for that all this was to be at the charge of the King, and so was as an hospital for young children and orphans.

Now they went on; and when they were come to By-path Meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair, and put

First Part,
p. 69.

They being come
to By-path stile,
have a mind to
have a pluck
with Giant
Despair.

1 John iii. 13, 14.

Isa. xi. 6.

Despair has over-
come angels.

Despair is loath
to die.

Doubting Castle
demolished.

into Doubting Castle; they sat down and consulted what was best to be done; to wit, now they were so strong, and had got such a man as Mr Great-heart for their conductor, whether they had not best to make an attempt upon the Giant, demolish his castle, and, if there were any pilgrims in it, to set them at liberty, before they went any further. So one said one thing, and another said the contrary. One questioned if it was lawful to go upon unconsecrated ground; another said they might, provided their end was good; but Mr Great-heart said, Though that assertion offered last cannot be universally true, yet I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith; and, I pray, with whom should I fight this good fight, if not with Giant Despair? I will, therefore, attempt the taking away of his life, and the demolishing of Doubting Castle. Then said he, Who will go with me? Then said old Honest, I will. And so will we too, said Christiana's four sons, Matthew, Samuel, James, and Joseph; for they were young men and strong. So they left the women in the road, and with them Mr Feeble-mind and Mr Ready-to-halt with his crutches, to be their guard, until they came back; for in that place though Giant Despair dwelt so near, they keeping in the road, a little child might lead them.

So Mr Great-heart, old Honest, and the four young men, went to go up to Doubting Castle, to look for Giant Despair. When they came at the castle gate, they knocked for entrance with an unusual noise. At that the old Giant comes to the gate, and Diffidence, his wife, follows. Then said he, Who, and what is he that is so hardy, as after this manner to molest the Giant Despair? Mr Great-heart replied, It is I, Great-heart, one of the King of the Celestial Country's conductors of pilgrims to their place; and I demand of thee that thou open thy gates for my entrance. Prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle.

Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought no man could overcome him; and again, thought he, since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Great-heart make me afraid! So he harnessed himself, and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breast-plate of fire girded to him, and he came out in iron shoes with a great club in his hand. Then these six men made up to him, and beset him behind and before. Also when Diffidence, the giantess, came up to help him, old Mr Honest cut her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground, but was very loath to die. He struggled hard, and had, as they say, as many lives as a cat; but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders.

Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, that you know might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead.

They were seven days in destroying of that; and in it of pilgrims they found one Mr Despondency, almost starved to death, and one Much-afraid, his daughter; these two they saved alive. But it would have made you a-wondered to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle-yard, and how full of dead men's bones the dungeon was.

When Mr Great-heart and his companions had performed this exploit, they took Mr Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, into their protection; for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle, to that tyrant Giant Despair. They, therefore, I say, took with them the head of the Giant, for his body they had buried under a heap of stones, and down to the road and to their companions they came, and showed them what they had done. Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so, since they were so merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter, named Much-afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand; but, I promise you, he footed it well. Also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.

They have music
and dancing for
joy.

As for Mr Despondency, the music was not much to him; he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him some of her bottle of spirits, for present relief, and then prepared him something to eat; and, in little time, the old gentleman came to himself, and began to be finely revived.

Now I saw in my dream, when all these things were finished, Mr Great-heart took the head of Giant Despair, and set it upon a pole by the highway side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to pilgrims that came after, to take heed of entering into his grounds.

Though Doubting Castle be demolish'd,
And the Giant Despair hath lost his head,
Sin can rebuild the Castle, make't remain,
And make Despair the Giant live again.

Then he writ under it, upon a marble stone, these verses following:

This the head of him, whose name only
In former times did pilgrims terrify.
His Castle's down: and Diffidence, his wife,
Brave Master Great-heart has bereft of life.
Despondency, his daughter Much-afraid,
Great-heart for them also the man has play'd;
Who hereof doubts, if he'll but cast his eye
Up hither, may his scruples satisfy.
This head also, when doubting cripples dance,
Doth show from fears they have deliverance.

A monument of
deliverance.

When these men had thus bravely showed themselves against Doubting Castle, and had slain Giant Despair, they went forward ; and went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful refreshed themselves with the varieties of the place. They also acquainted themselves with the shepherds there, who welcomed them, as they had done Christian before, unto the Delectable Mountains.

Now the Shepherds, seeing so great a train follow Mr Great-heart, for with him they were well acquainted, they said unto him, Good Sir, you have got a goodly company here. Pray, where did you find all these ?

Then Mr Great-heart replied :

The Guide's
speech to the
Shepherds.

First, here is Christiana and her train,
Her sons, and her sons' wives, who like the wain,
Keep by the pole, and do by compass steer,
From sin to grace, else they had not been here ;
Next, here's old Honest come on pilgrimage,
Ready-to-halt, too, who, I dare engage,
True-hearted is, and so is Feeble-mind,
Who willing was not to be left behind ;
Despondency, good man, is coming after,
And so also is Much-afraid his daughter.
May we have entertainment here, or must
We further go ? Let's know whereon to trust.

Their entertain-
ment.

Matt. xxv. 40.

A description of
false shepherds.

Ezek. xxxiv. 21.

Then said the Shepherds, This is a comfortable company. You are welcome to us, for we have [comfort] for the feeble as for the strong. Our Prince has an eye to what is done to the least of these ; therefore infirmity must not be a block to our entertainment. So they had them to the palace door, and then said unto them, Come in, Mr Feeble-mind ; come in, Mr Ready-to-Halt ; come in, Mr Despondency, and Mrs Much-afraid, his daughter. These, Mr Great-heart, said the Shepherds to the guide, we call in by name, for that they are most subject to draw back ; but as for you, and the rest that are strong, we leave you to your wonted liberty. Then said Mr Great-heart, This day I see that grace doth shine in your faces, and that you are my Lord's Shepherds indeed ; for that you have not pushed these diseased neither with side nor shoulder, but have rather strewed their way into the palace with flowers, as you should.

So the feeble and weak went in, and Mr Great-heart and the rest did follow. When they were also set down, the Shepherds said to those of the weaker sort, What is it that you would have ? for, said they, all things must be managed here to the supporting of the weak, as well as the warning of the unruly.

So they made them a feast of things easy of digestion, and that were pleasant to the palate, and nourishing ; the which, when they had received, they went to their rest, each one respectively unto his proper place. When morning was come, because the mountains were high, and the day clear, and because it was the custom of the Shepherds to show to the



AND THERE THEY SAW A MAN CLOTHED ALL IN WHITE, AND TWO MEN,
PREJUDICE AND ILL-WILL, CONTINUALLY CASTING DIRT UPON HIM

Pilgrims, before their departure, some rarities ; therefore, after they were ready, and had refreshed themselves, the Shepherds took them out into the fields, and showed them first what they had showed to Christian before.

Then they had them to some new places. The first was to Mount Marvel. Mount Marvel, where they looked, and beheld a man at a distance, that tumbled the hills about with words. Then they asked the Shepherds what that should mean? So they told them, that that man was a son of one Great-grace, of whom you read in the First Part of the Records of the Pilgrim's First Part, p. 81. Progress. And he is set there to teach pilgrims how to believe down, or to tumble out of their way, what difficulties they shall meet with, by faith. Then said Mr Great-heart, I know him. Mark xi. 23, 24. He is a man above many.

Then they had them to another place, called Mount Inno- Mount Innocent. cent ; and there they saw a man clothed all in white, and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt, whatsoever they cast at him, would in little time fall off again, and his garments would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast thereat.

Then said the Pilgrims, What means this? The Shepherds answered, This man is named Godly-man, and this garment is to show the innocency of his life. Now, those that throw dirt at him, are such as hate his well-doing ; but, as you see the dirt will not stick upon his clothes, so it shall be with him that liveth truly innocently in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labour all in vain ; for God, by that a little time is spent, will cause that their innocence shall break forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noon-day.

Then they took them, and had them to Mount Charity, Mount Charity. where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him ; yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less.

Then said they, What should this be? This is, said the Shepherds, to show you, that he that has a heart to give of his labour to the poor, shall never want wherewithal. He that watereth shall be watered himself. And the cake that the widow gave to the prophet did not cause that she had ever the less in her barrel.

They had them also to a place where they saw one Fool, and one Want-wit, washing of an Ethiopian, with intention to make him white ; but the more they washed him the blacker he was. They then asked the Shepherds what that should mean. So they told them, saying, Thus shall it be with the vile person. All means used to get such a one a good name shall, in conclusion, tend but to make him more abominable. Thus it was with the Pharisees, and so shall it be with all hypocrites.

Then said Mercy, the wife of Matthew, to Christiana her

Mercy has a
mind to see the
hole in the hill.
First Part,
p. 76.

mother, Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, or that commonly called the by-way to hell. So her mother brake her mind to the Shepherds. Then they went to the door. It was in the side of a hill, and they opened it, and bid Mercy hearken awhile. So she hearkened, and heard one saying, Cursed be my father, for holding of my feet back from the way of peace and life; and another said, O that I had been torn in pieces, before I had, to save my life, lost my soul! and another said, If I were to live again, how would I deny myself, rather than come to this place! Then there was as if the very earth had groaned and quaked under the feet of this young woman for fear. So she looked white, and came trembling away, saying, Blessed be he and she that are delivered from this place.

Mercy longeth,
and for what.

Now when the Shepherds had shown them all these things, then they had them back to the palace, and entertained them with what the house would afford. But Mercy being a young and breeding woman, longed for something that she saw there, but was ashamed to ask. Her mother-in-law then asked her what she ailed; for she looked as one not well. Then said Mercy, There is a looking-glass hangs up in the dining-room, of which I cannot take my mind: if, therefore, I have it not, I think I shall miscarry. Then said her mother, I will mention thy wants to the Shepherds, and they will not deny it thee. But she said, I am ashamed that these men should know that I longed. Nay, my daughter, said she, it is no shame but a virtue to long for such a thing as that. So Mercy said, Then, mother, if you please, ask the Shepherds if they are willing to sell it.

It was the Word
of God.
James i. 23.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

Now the glass was one of a thousand. It would present a man one way, with his own features exactly, and, turn it but another way, and it would show one the very face and similitude of the Prince of Pilgrims himself. Yea, I have talked with them that can tell, and they have said, that they have seen the very crown of thorns upon his head, by looking in that glass; they have therein also seen the holes in his hands, in his feet, and his side. Yea, such an excellency is there in that glass, that it will show him to one where they have a mind to see him; whether living or dead; whether in earth or heaven; whether in a state of humiliation, or in his exaltation; whether coming to suffer, or coming to reign.

First Part,
p. 75.

Christiana, therefore, went to the Shepherds apart—now the names of the Shepherds are Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere—and said unto them, There is one of my daughters, a breeding woman, that I think doth long for something that she hath seen in this house; and she thinks she shall miscarry, if she shall by you be denied.

She doth not
lose her longing.

EXPERIENCE. Call her, call her; she shall assuredly have what we can help her to. So they called her, and said to her, Mercy, what is that thing thou wouldst have? Then she

blushed, and said, The great glass that hangs up in the dining-room. So Sincere ran and fetched it, and, with a joyful consent, it was given her. Then she bowed her head, and gave thanks, and said, By this I know that I have obtained favour in your eyes.

They also gave to the other young women such things as they desired, and to their husbands great commendations, for that they had joined with Mr Great-heart to the slaying of Giant Despair, and the demolishing of Doubting Castle.

About Christiana's neck the Shepherds put a bracelet, and so they did about the necks of her four daughters; also they put ear-rings in their ears, and jewels on their foreheads.

How the Shepherds adorn the Pilgrims.

When they were minded to go hence, they let them go in peace, but gave not to them those certain cautions which before were given to Christian and his companion. The reason was, for that these had Great-heart to be their guide, who was one that was well acquainted with things, and so could give them their cautions more seasonably; to wit, even then when the danger was nigh the approaching.

First Part, pp. 76, 77.

What cautions Christian and his companion had received of the Shepherds, they had also lost, by that the time was come that they had need to put them in practice. Wherefore, here was the advantage that this company had over the other.

First Part, p. 83.

From hence they went on singing, and they said,

Behold, how fitly are the stages set
For their relief that pilgrims are become !
And how they us receive without one let,
That makes the other life our mark and home !

What novelties they have to us they give,
That we, though Pilgrims, joyful lives may live ;
They do upon us, too, such things bestow,
That show we Pilgrims are, where'er we go.

When they were gone from the Shepherds, they quickly came to the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostasy. Wherefore of him Mr Great-heart, their guide, did now put them in mind, saying, This is the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, who carried with him the character of his rebellion at his back. And this I have to say concerning this man; he would hearken to no counsel, but once falling, persuasion could not stop him.

First Part, p. 78.

How one Turn-away managed his apostasy.

When he come to the place where the Cross and the Sepulchre were, he did meet with one that did bid him look there, but he gnashed with his teeth, and stamped, and said, he was resolved to go back to his own town. Before he came to the gate, he met with Evangelist, who offered to lay hands on him, to turn him into the way again. But this Turn-away resisted him, and having done much despite unto him, he got away over the wall, and so escaped his hand.

Heb. x. 26-29.

Then they went on; and just at the place where Little-faith

One Valiant-for-truth beset with thieves.

formerly was robbed, there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all bloody. Then said Mr Great-heart, What art thou? The man made answer, saying, I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. Now, as I was in my way, there were three men did beset me, and propounded unto me these three things: 1. Whether I would become one of them. 2. Or go back from whence I came. 3. Or die upon the place. To the first, I answered, I had been a true man a long season, and therefore it could not be expected that I now should cast in my lot with thieves. Then they demanded what I would say to the second. So I told them that the place from whence I came, had I not found incommmodity there, I had not forsaken it at all; but finding it altogether unsuitable to me, and very unprofitable for me, I forsook it for this way. Then they asked me what I said to the third. And I told them, My life cost more dear far, than that I should lightly give it away. Besides, you have nothing to do thus to put things to my choice; wherefore, at your peril be it, if you meddle. Then these three, to wit, Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them.

Prov. i. 10-14.

How he behaved himself, and put them to flight.

So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of above three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valour, and have also carried away with them some of mine. They are but just now gone. I suppose they might, as the saying is, hear your horse dash, and so they betook them to flight.

Great-heart wonders at his valour.

GREAT-HEART. But here was great odds, three against one.

Ps. xxvii. 3.

VALIANT. It is true; but little or more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side. 'Though an host should encamp against me,' said one, 'my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this *will I be* confident.' Besides, saith he, I have read in some records, that one man has fought an army. And how many did Samson slay with the jaw-bone

Judg. xv. 15, 16. of an ass?

GREAT-HEART. Then said the guide, Why did you not cry out, that some might have come in for your succour?

VALIANT. So I did, to my King, who, I knew, could hear, and afford invisible help, and that was sufficient for me.

Isa. ii. 3.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Great-heart to Mr Valiant-for-truth, Thou hast worthily behaved thyself. Let me see thy sword. So he showed it him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon a while, he said, Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade.

Eph. vi. 12-17;
Heb. iv. 12.

VALIANT. It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edges will never blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, and soul and spirit, and all.

GREAT-HEART. But you fought a great while ; I wonder you was not weary.

VALIANT. I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand ; and when they were joined together, as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage.

The Word.
The Faith.
Blood.

2 Sam. xxiii. 10.

GREAT-HEART. Thou hast done well. Thou hast 'resisted unto blood, striving against sin.' Thou shalt abide by us, come in and go out with us, for we are thy companions.

Then they took him, and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him ; and so they went on together. Now, as they went on, because Mr Great-heart was delighted in him, for he loved one greatly that he found to be a man of his hands, and because there were with his company them that were feeble and weak, therefore he questioned with him about many things ; as, first, what countryman he was ?

VALIANT. I am of Dark-land ; for there I was born, and there my father and mother are still.

GREAT-HEART. Dark-land, said the guide ; doth not that lie upon the same coast with the City of Destruction ?

VALIANT. Yes, it doth. Now, that which caused me to come on pilgrimage was this ; we had one Mr Tell-true come into our parts, and he told it about what Christian had done, that went from the City of Destruction ; namely, how he had forsaken his wife and children, and had betaken himself to a pilgrim's life. It was also confidently reported, how he had killed a serpent that did come out to resist him in his journey, and how he got through to whither he intended. It was also told, what welcome he had at all his Lord's lodgings, especially when he came to the gates of the Celestial City ; for there, said the man, he was received with sound of trumpet, by a company of Shining Ones. He told it also, how all the bells in the city did ring for joy at his reception, and what golden garments he was clothed with, with many other things that now I shall forbear to relate. In a word, that man so told the story of Christian and his travels, that my heart fell into a burning haste to be gone after him ; nor could father or mother stay me ! So I got from them, and am come thus far on my way.

How Mr
Valiant came to
go on pilgrimage.

GREAT-HEART. You came in at the gate, did you not ?

VALIANT. Yes, yes ; for the same man also told us that all would be nothing, if we did not begin to enter this way at the gate.

He Begins right.

GREAT-HEART. Look you, said the guide to Christiana, the pilgrimage of your husband, and what he has gotten thereby, is spread abroad far and near.

Christian's name
famous.

VALIANT. Why, is this Christian's wife ?

GREAT-HEART. Yes, that it is ; and these are also her four sons.

VALIANT. What ! and going on pilgrimage too ?

GREAT-HEART. Yes, verily ; they are following after.

He is much
rejoiced to see
Christian's wife.

VALIANT. It glads me at heart. Good man! how joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the City!

GREAT-HEART. Without doubt it will be a comfort to him; for, next to the joy of seeing himself there, it will be a joy to meet there his wife and children.

VALIANT. But, now you are upon that, pray let me hear your opinion about it. Some make a question, Whether we shall know one another when we are there.

GREAT-HEART. Do they think they shall know themselves then, or that they shall rejoice to see themselves in that bliss? and if they think they shall know and do these, why not know others, and rejoice in their welfare also?

Again, since relations are our second self, though that state will be dissolved there; yet why may it not be rationally concluded, that we shall be more glad to see them there, than to see they are wanting?

VALIANT. Well, I perceive whereabouts you are as to this. Have you any more things to ask me about my beginning to come on pilgrimage?

GREAT-HEART. Yes. Was your father and mother willing that you should become a pilgrim?

VALIANT. O no! They used all means imaginable to persuade me to stay at home.

GREAT-HEART. What could they say against it.

The great stum-
bling-blocks that
by his friends
were laid in his
way.

VALIANT. They said it was an idle life; and if I myself were not inclined to sloth and laziness, I would never countenance a pilgrim's condition.

GREAT-HEART. And what did they say else?

VALIANT. Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way; yea, the most dangerous way in the world, said they, is that which the pilgrims go.

GREAT-HEART. Did they show wherein this way is so dangerous?

VALIANT. Yes; and that in many particulars.

GREAT-HEART. Name some of them.

The first stum-
bling-block.

VALIANT. They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was well nigh smothered. They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub Castle, to shoot them that should knock at the wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood, and dark mountains; of the Hill Difficulty; of the lions; and also of the three giants, Bloody-man, Maul, and Slay-good. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation, and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. Besides, said they, you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are; where the light is darkness; where the way is full of snares, pits, traps, and gins. They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruin that the Pilgrims met with there. Further, they said I must go over

the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous. And that, after all this, I should find a river, over which I should find no bridge, and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

GREAT-HEART. And was this all?

VALIANT. No. They also told me that this way was full of deceivers, and of persons that laid in wait there to turn good men out of the path. The second.

GREAT-HEART. But how did they make that out?

VALIANT. They told me that Mr Worldly-wiseman did there lie in wait to deceive. They also said, that there was Formality and Hypocrisy continually on the road. They said also that By-ends, Talkative, or Demas would go near to gather me up; that the Flatterer would catch me in his net; or that, with green-headed Ignorance, I would presume to go on to the gate, from whence he always was sent back to the hole that was in the side of the hill, and made to go the by-way to hell.

GREAT-HEART. I promise you this was enough to discourage; but did they make an end here?

VALIANT. No; stay. They told me also of many that had tried that way of old, and that had gone a great way therein, to see if they could find something of the glory there, that so many had so much talked of from time to time; and how they came back again, and befooled themselves for setting a foot out of doors in that path, to the satisfaction of all the country. And they named several that did so; as Obstinate and Pliable, Mistrust and Timorous, Turn-away and old Atheist, with several more, who, they said, had some of them, gone far to see if they could find; but not one of them found so much advantage by going as amounted to the weight of a feather. The third.

GREAT-HEART. Said they anything more to discourage you.

VALIANT. Yes. They told me of one Mr Fearing who was a pilgrim; and how he found this way so solitary, that he never had comfortable hour therein. Also that Mr Despondency had like to have been starved therein; yea, and also, which I had almost forgot, that Christian himself, about whom there has been such a noise, after all his ventures for a celestial crown, was certainly drowned in the Black River, and never went foot further, however it was smothered up. The fourth.

GREAT-HEART. And did none of these things discourage you?

VALIANT. No; they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

GREAT-HEART. How came that about?

VALIANT. Why, I still believed what Mr Tell-true had said, and that carried me beyond them all. How he got over these stumbling-blocks.

GREAT-HEART. Then this was your victory, even your faith.

VALIANT. It was so. I believed, and therefore came out,

got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and, by believing, am come to this place.

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent,
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is ;
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight ;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

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By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy ; and that place was all grown over with briars and thorns, excepting here and there, where was an Enchanted Arbour, upon which if a man sits, or in which, if a man sleeps, it is a question, say some, whether ever he shall rise or wake again in this world. Over this forest, therefore, they went, both one and the other, and Mr Greatheart went before, for that he was the guide ; and Mr Valiant-for-truth, he came behind, being there a guard, for fear, lest peradventure some fiend, or dragon, or giant, or thief, should fall upon their rear, and so do mischief. They went on here, each man with his sword drawn in his hand, for they knew it was a dangerous place. Also they cheered up one another as well as they could ; Feeble-mind, Mr Great-heart commanded, should come up after him, and Mr Despondency was under the eye of Mr Valiant.

Now they had not gone far, but a great mist and darkness fell upon them all, so that they could scarce, for a great while, see the one the other ; wherefore they were forced, for some time, to feel for one another by words ; for they walked not by sight.

But any one must think that here was but sorry going for the best of them all ; but how much worse for the women and children, who both of feet and heart, were but tender. Yet so it was, that through the encouraging words of he that led in

the front, and of him that brought them up behind, they made a pretty good shift to wag along.

The way also was here very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn, or victualling house, therein to refresh the feeblers sort. Here, therefore, was grunting, and puffing, and sighing. While one tumbleth over a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt; and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire. While one cries out, I am down; and another, Ho! where are you? and a third, The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them.

Then they came at an arbour, warm, and promising much refreshing to the Pilgrims; for it was finely wrought above head, beautified with greens, furnished with benches and settles. It also had in it a soft couch, whereon the weary might lean. This, you must think, all things considered, was tempting; for the Pilgrims already began to be foiled with the badness of the way; but there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop there. Yea, for aught I could perceive, they continually gave so good heed to the advice of their guide, and he did so faithfully tell them of dangers, and of the nature of dangers, when they were at them, that usually, when they were nearest to them, they did most pluck up their spirits, and hearten one another to deny the flesh. This arbour was called 'The Slothful's Friend, on purpose to allure, if it might be, some of the pilgrims there to take up their rest when weary.

An arbour on the Enchanting Ground.

The name of the arbour.

I saw then in my dream, that they went on in this their solitary ground, till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now, though when it was light, their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet in the dark he was put to a stand; but he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to, or from the Celestial City; wherefore he struck a light, for he never goes also without his tinder-box, and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him be careful, in that place, to turn to the right-hand way. And had he not here been careful to look in his map, they had all, in probability, been smothered in the mud; for, just a little before them, and that at the end of the cleanest way too, was a pit, none knows how deep, full of nothing but mud, there made on purpose to destroy the Pilgrims in.

The way difficult to find.

The guide has a map of all ways leading to or from the city.

Then thought I with myself, who that goeth on pilgrimage, but would have one of these maps about him, that he may look when he is at a stand, which is the way he must take.

God's Book.

They went on, then, in this Enchanted Ground, till they came to where there was another arbour, and it was built by the highway-side. And in that arbour there lay two men, whose names were Heedless and Too-bold. These two went thus far on pilgrimage; but here, being wearied with their journey, they sat down to rest themselves, and so fell fast

An arbour, and two asleep therein.

asleep. When the Pilgrims saw them, they stood still, and shook their heads; for they knew that the sleepers were in a pitiful case. Then they consulted what to do, whether to go on and leave them in their sleep, or to step to them, and try to awake them. So they concluded to go to them, and awake them; that is, if they could; but with this caution, namely, to take heed that themselves did not sit down nor embrace the offered benefit of that arbour.

The Pilgrims try to wake them. So they went in, and spake to the men, and called each by his name, for the guide, it seems, did know them; but there was no voice nor answer. Then the guide did shake them, and do what he could to disturb them. Then said one of them, I will pay you when I take my money. At which the guide shook his head. I will fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand, said the other. At that one of the children laughed.

Their endeavour is fruitless.

Then said Christiana, What is the meaning of this? The guide said, They talk in their sleep. If you strike them, beat them, or whatever else you do to them, they will answer you after this fashion; or, as one of them said in old time, when the waves of the sea did beat upon him, and he slept as one upon the mast of a ship, 'When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.' You know, when men talk in their sleep, they say anything, but their words are not governed either by faith or reason. There is an incoherency in their words now, as there was before, betwixt their going on pilgrimage, and sitting down here. This, then, is the mischief of it, when heedless ones go on pilgrimage, it is twenty to one but they are served thus; for this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to pilgrims has. Wherefore it is, as you see, placed almost at the end of the way, and so it standeth against us with the more advantage. For when, thinks the enemy, will these fools be so desirous to sit down, as when they are weary? and when so like to be weary, as when almost at their journey's end? Therefore it is, I say, that the Enchanted Ground is placed so nigh to the Land Beulah, and so near the end of their race. Wherefore, let pilgrims look to themselves, lest it happen to them as it has done to these, that, as you see, are fallen asleep, and none can wake them.

The light of the Word.

2 Pet. i. 19.

The children cry for weariness.

Then the Pilgrims desired, with trembling, to go forward; only they prayed their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of their way by the help of the light of a lantern. So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of this way, though the darkness was very great.

But the children began to be sorely weary; and they cried out unto him that loveth pilgrims, to make their way more comfortable. So by that they had gone a little further, a wind arose, that drove away the fog; so the air became more clear.

Yet they were not off, by much, of the Enchanted Ground,

only now they could see one another better, and the way wherein they should walk.

Now, when they were almost at the end of this ground, they perceived that, a little before them, was a solemn noise of one that was much concerned. So they went on and looked before them; and behold, they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, with hands and eyes lift up, and speaking, as they thought, earnestly to one that was above. They drew nigh, but could not tell what he said. So they went softly till he had done. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City. Then Mr Great-heart called after him, saying, Soho! friend, let us have your company, if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City. So the man stopped, and they came up to him. But so soon as Mr Honest saw him, he said, I know this man. Then said Mr Valiant-for-truth, Prithee, who is it? It is one, said he, who comes from whereabouts I dwell. His name is Stand-fast; he is certainly a right good pilgrim.

Stand-fast upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground.

The story of Stand-fast.

So they came up one to another; and presently Stand-fast said to old Honest, Ho, father Honest, are you there? Aye, said he, that I am, as sure as you are there. Right glad am I, said Mr Stand-fast, that I have found you on this road. And as glad am I, said the other, that I espied you upon your knees. Then Mr Stand-fast blushed, and said, But why, did you see me? Yes, that I did, quoth the other, and with my heart was glad at the sight. Why, what did you think? said Stand-fast. Think! said old Honest, what should I think? I thought we had an honest man upon the road, and therefore should have his company by and by. If you thought not amiss [said Stand-fast], how happy am I; but if I be not as I should, I alone must bear it. That is true, said the other; but your fear doth further confirm me, that things are right betwixt the Prince of Pilgrims and your soul; for, saith he, 'Blessed is the man that feareth always.'

Talk between him and Mr Honest.

VALIANT. Well, but brother, I pray thee tell us what was it that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees even now? Was it for that some special mercies laid obligations upon thee, or how?

They found him at prayer.

STAND-FAST. Why, we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground; and as I was coming along, I was musing with myself of what a dangerous road the road in this place was, and how many that had come even thus far on pilgrimage had here been stopped, and been destroyed. I thought also of the manner of the death with which this place destroyeth men. Those that die here, die of no violent distemper. The death which such die is not grievous to them; for he that goeth away in a sleep, begins that journey with desire and pleasure; yea, such acquiesce in the will of that disease.

What it was that fetched him upon his knees

HON. Then Mr Honest, interrupting of him, said, Did you see the two men asleep in the arbour?

Prov. x. 7.

Madam Bubble,
or this vain
world.

STAND-FAST. Aye, aye, I saw Heedless and Too-bold there; and, for aught I know, there they will lie till they rot. But let me go on in my tale. As I was thus musing, as I said, there was one, in very pleasant attire, but old, who presented herself unto me, and offered me three things; to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now, the truth is, I was both a-weary and sleepy; I am also as poor as an owlet, and that, perhaps, the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and twice, but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry; but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said, If I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy; for, said she, I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me. Then I asked her name, and she told me it was Madam Bubble. This set me further from her; but she still followed me with enticements. Then I betook me as you saw, to my knees; and with hands lift up, and cries, I prayed to him that had said he would help. So, just as you came up, the gentlewoman went her way. Then I continued to give thanks for this my great deliverance; for I verily believe she intended no good, but rather sought to make stop of me in my journey.

HON. Without doubt her designs were bad. But stay, now you talk of her, methinks I either have seen her, or have read some story of her.

STAND-FAST. Perhaps you have done both.

HON. Madam Bubble! is she not a tall, comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion?

STAND-FAST. Right, you hit it, she is just such a one.

HON. Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

STAND-FAST. You fall right upon it again, for these are her very actions.

HON. Doth she not wear a great purse by her side; and is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

STAND-FAST. It is just so; had she stood by all this while, you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

HON. Then he that drew her picture was a good limner, and he that wrote of her said true.

The World.

GREAT-HEART. This woman is a witch, and it is by virtue of her sorceries that this ground is enchanted. Whoever doth lay their head down in her lap, had as good lay it down upon that block over which the axe doth hang; and whoever lay their eyes upon her beauty, are counted the enemies of God. 'This is she that maintaineth in their splendour all those that are the enemies of pilgrims. Yea, this is she that hath bought off many a man from a pilgrim's life. She is a great gossip; she is always, both she and her daughters, at one pilgrim's heels or another, now commending, and then pre-

James iv. 4;
1 John ii. 15.



"SHE WILL CAST OUT OF HER PURSE GOLD LIKE DUST, IN SOME PLACES,
AND TO SOME PERSONS "

ferring the excellencies of this life. She is a bold and impudent slut; she will talk with any man. She always laugheth poor pilgrims to scorn; but highly commends the rich. If there be one cunning to get money in a place, she will speak well of him from house to house; she loveth banqueting and feasting mainly well; she is always at one full table or another. She has given it out in some places that she is a goddess, and therefore some do worship her. She has her times and open places of cheating; and she will say and avow it, that none can show a good comparable to hers. She promiseth to dwell with children's children, if they will but love and make much of her. She will cast out of her purse gold like dust, in some places, and to some persons. She loves to be sought after, spoken well of, and to lie in the bosoms of men. She is never weary of commending her commodities, and she loves them most that think best of her. She will promise to some crowns and kingdoms, if they will but take her advice; yet many hath she brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell.

STAND-FAST. O, said Stand-fast, what a mercy is it that I did resist! for whither might she have drawn me!

GREAT-HEART. Whither! nay, none but God knows whither. But, in general, to be sure, she would have drawn thee into 'many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

1 Tim. vi. 9

It was she that set Absalom against his father, and Jeroboam against his master. It was she that persuaded Judas to sell his Lord, and that prevailed with Demas to forsake the godly pilgrims' life; none can tell of the mischief that she doth. She makes variance betwixt rulers and subjects, betwixt parents and children, betwixt neighbour and neighbour, betwixt a man and his wife, betwixt a man and himself, betwixt the flesh and the heart.

Wherefore, good Master Stand-fast, be as your name is, and 'when you have done all, Stand.'

At this discourse there was, among the Pilgrims, a mixture of joy and trembling; but at length they brake out, and sang—

What danger is the pilgrim in!
 How many are his foes!
 How many ways there are to sin
 No living mortal knows.
 Some of the ditch shy are, yet can
 Lie tumbling in the mire;
 Some, though they shun the frying-pan,
 Do leap into the fire.

After this, I beheld until they were come unto the Land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest; and, because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to

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make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here ; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep ; and yet they received as much refreshing, as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked in the streets, was, More pilgrims are come to town. And another would answer, saying, And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day. They would cry again, There is now a legion of Shining Ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road ; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow. Then the Pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro ; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions ! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind ; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but it proved sweeter when it was down.

Death bitter to
the flesh, but
sweet to the soul.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

Death has its
ebbings and
flowings like the
tide.

In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all its trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the Pilgrims' chambers were perfumed, while they staid here ; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

A messenger of
Death sent to
Christiana.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the Pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was ; so the post presented her with a letter ; the contents whereof were, 'Hail, good woman ! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

His message.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

How welcome is
death to them
that have
nothing to do
but to die.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she



IN THIS PLACE THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN WOULD GO INTO THE
KING'S GARDENS, AND GATHER NOSEGAYS FOR THE PILGRIMS.

was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post came for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, thus and thus it must be ; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Her speech to her guide.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them, that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and her daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

To her children.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr Valiant for truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted ; 'be faithful unto death,' and my King will give you 'a crown of life.' I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children ; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr Stand-fast a ring.

To Mr Valiant.

To Mr Stand-fast.

Then she called for old Mr Honest, and said of him, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Then said he, I wish you a fair day, when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone ; for, however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me, and dry me.

To old Honest.

Then came in that good man Mr Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, Thy travel hither has been with difficulty ; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready ; for at an hour when you think not, the messenger may come.

To Mr Ready-to-halt.

After him came in Mr Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness, for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear ; 'be sober and hope to the end.'

To Despondency and his daughter.

Then she said to Mr Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living for ever, and see thy King with comfort ; only I advise thee to repent thee of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee ; lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him, for that fault, with blushing.

To Feeble-mind.

Now the day drew on, that Christiana must be gone. the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But,

So Her last day, and manner of departure.

behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. The last words that she was heard to say here, were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had done before her.

At her departure her children wept. But Mr Great-heart and Mr Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

Ready-to-halt
summoned.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee, that he expects thee at his table to sup with him, in his kingdom, the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey.

Eccles. xii. 6.

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord.

Promises.
His will.

After this, Mr Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr Valiant to make his will; and because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him, but his crutches, and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done.

His last words.
Feeble-mind
summoned.

Then he thanked Mr Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river, he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say was, Welcome life! So he went his way.

Eccles. xii. 3.

After this, Mr Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee, that thy Master hath need of thee; and that, in very little time, thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message, 'Those that look out of the windows shall be darkened.'

He makes no
will.

Then Mr Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind



HIS DAUGHTER WENT THROUGH THE RIVER SINGING, BUT NONE COULD
UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE SAID

me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go. Nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim ; wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, faith and patience. So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr Despondency was sent for ; for a post was come, and brought this message to him : Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings.

And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof ; so he gave him the grasshopper to be a burden unto him. Now, Mr Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever ; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after ; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims ; but, for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr Despondency were, Farewell night, welcome day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines : Thou art commanded to be ready against this day sevensnight, to present thyself before thy Lord, at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, 'All thy daughters of music shall be brought low.' Then Mr Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me ; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places ; but Mr Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr Honest were, Grace reigns. So he left the world.

After this, it was noised abroad, that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons, by the same post as the other ; and

- had this for a token that the summons was true, 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.' When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went, he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.
- Then there came forth a summons for Mr Stand-fast—this Mr Stand-fast was he that the rest of the Pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground—for the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr Stand-fast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt of the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof: 'Thy wheel is broken at the cistern.'
- Then he called unto him Mr Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage; yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children; let me entreat you, at your return (for I know that you will go, and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims), that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath, or shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present [and] late blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian, and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except it be prayers and tears for them; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.
- When Mr Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, stood a while and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. Now, methinks, I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that upon
- Eccles. xii. 6.
- His will.
- His last words.
- Mr Stand-fast is summoned.
- Eccles. xii. 6.
- He calls for Mr Great-heart.
- His speech to him.
- His errand to his family.
- His last words.

which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. The waters, indeed, Jos. iii. 17. are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart.

I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me.

I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too.

His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. 'He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.'

Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him; and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

As for Christian's children, the four boys that Christiana brought with her, with their wives and children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Also, since I came away, I heard one say that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the CHURCH in that place where they were, for a time.

Shall it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it an account of what I here am silent about. Meantime, I bid my reader

ADIEU.

APPENDIX I.

APPENDIX

I.

WAS BUNYAN ASSISTED IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS PILGRIM?

To this question take his own reply—

'Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.
Or that so fond I am of being sire,
I'll father bastards: or, if need require,
I'll tell a lie in print to get applause.
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was,
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To show why I my Pilgrim patronize.

'It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.

'Manner and matter too was all mine own
Nor was it unto any mortal known,
'Till I had done it. Nor did any then,
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
Add five words to it, or wrote half a line
Thereof: the whole, and ev'ry whit is mine.

'Also for *this** thine eye is now upon,
The matter in this manner came from none,
But the same heart and head, fingers and pen,
As did the other. Witness all good men;
For none in all the world without a lie,
Can say that this is mine, excepting I.
I write not this of any ostentation,
Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation;
I do it to keep them from such surmise,
As tempt them will my name to scandalize.
Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,
The letters make, Nu honey in a B.

'JOHN BUNYAN.'

'I dare not presume to say, that I know I have hit right in everything; but this I can say, I have endeavoured so to do. True, I have not for these things fished in other men's waters; my Bible and Concordance are my only library in my writings.†

* The 'Holy War,' in which these lines were inserted.

† Preface to 'Solomon's Temple Spiritualized.'

He who doubts the word of John Bunyan, knows nothing of the character and soul of a man who suffered nearly thirteen years' imprisonment in Bedford jail, rather than utter a falsehood or use the slightest simulation. Such objectors deserve chastisement in Doubting Castle, and should be flogged with the royal garter—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. But such there have been from 1678 to a late period; and the same feeling which led the Scribes and Pharisees to reject the Messiah, because he appeared as the son of a carpenter, probably has led authors of great repute to express their doubts as to the originality of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' because the author was an unlettered man—the reason why, as his pastor says, 'the archers shot so sorely at him.'

Dr Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, describing Caxton's *Pilgrimage of the Soul*, says—'This extraordinary production, rather than Bernard's *Isle of Man*, laid the foundation of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."'* The late Dr Adam Clarke, in a Postscript to a *Life of Bunyan*, observes that 'his whole plan being so very similar to Bernard's religious allegory, called the *Isle of Man*, or, *Proceedings in Manshire*; and also to that most beautiful allegorical poem, by Mr Edmund Spenser, oddly called the *Faëry Queen*, there is much reason to believe that one or other, if not both, gave birth to the "Pilgrim's Progress."†

Mr Montgomery, a devoted admirer of Bunyan's genius, considers that the print and the verses entitled *The Pilgrim*, in *Whitney's Emblems*, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, in 1585, might, perhaps, have inspired the first idea of this extraordinary work.‡

Southey, who investigated this subject with great ability, came to a very pointed conclusion: 'It would, indeed, be as impossible for me to believe that Bunyan did not write the "Pilgrim's Progress," as that Porson did write a certain copy of verses entitled the *Devil's Thoughts*.' Now, as these verses were doubtless written by Southey himself, he had arrived at a conviction that Bunyan was fully entitled to all the honour of conceiving and writing his great allegory. Still, he says, 'the same allegory had often been treated before him. Some of these may have fallen in Bunyan's way, and modified his own conceptions when he was not aware of any such influence.'§ It is high time that these questions were fully investigated, and set at rest.

It must be kept in mind that Bunyan knew no language but his own; and that all his characters, as well as the trial by jury, are purely English. When he used five common Latin words in Dr Skill's prescription, *Ex carne et sanguine Christi*, this perfectly unassuming author tells his readers, in a marginal note, '*The Latine I borrow*.' It is absurd to suppose that learned men read to him old monkish manuscripts, or the allegories of a previous age; for his design was unknown, he had formed no plan, nor had he any intention to have written such a book, until it came upon him suddenly. His first idea was inspired from one of his own works while composing it, and then the whole story flowed into his mind as quick as he could write it. Every attempt has been made to tarnish his fair fame; the great and learned, the elegant poet and the pious divine, have asserted, but without foundation in fact, or even in probability, that some of his ideas were derived from the works of previous writers.

Every assertion or suggestion of this kind that came to my knowledge, has been investigated, and the works referred to have been analyzed. And beyond this, every allegorical work that could be found previous to

* Vol. i. p. 153.

† *Bunyan's Pilgrim: an Epic Poem* by C. C. V. G., 1844, p. 44.

‡ Montgomery's *Christian Poet*.

§ Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. xc.

the eighteenth century, has been examined in all the European languages; and the result is a perfect demonstration of the complete originality of Bunyan. 'It came from his own heart.' The plot, the characters, the faithful dealing, are all his own. And what is more, there has not been found a single phrase or sentence borrowed from any other book, except the quotations from the Bible, and the use of common proverbs. To arrive at this conclusion has occupied much time and labour, at intervals, during the last forty years. The works read and analyzed commence with our monkish manuscripts, and continue through the printed books published prior to the Reformation, when the Church, having no competition in the cure of souls, spoke out without disguise; and from that time to 1678, when our Pilgrim appeared. Many, if not all the works so examined, contain useful information; and some of them show what was taught by the Church of England when she refused the Bible to the laity, and was unreformed. And, as my readers ought to judge for themselves, while, in most cases, these rare volumes are beyond their reach, it may prove useful to print these analyses, and then every reader can form his own opinion as to the probability, or rather the impossibility, of Bunyan's having gained any idea, or phrase, or name, from any source but his own prolific imagination. My determination in all these researches has been to report the whole truth; and had it been discovered that some hints might have been given by previous writers, it would not have been any serious reflection upon the originality of a work which has no prototype. This idea is well represented by Mr Montgomery: 'If the Nile could be traced to a thousand springs, it would still be the Nile; and so far undishonoured by its obligations, that it would repay them a thousand-fold, by reflecting upon the nameless streams, the glory of being allied to the most renowned of rivers.'* But there has been no discovery of any tributary spring; no borrowed phrases; no more hints, even, than such as naturally arise from the open treasury or storehouse of Holy Writ.

The greatest characteristic of original genius is its spontaneous exertion—the evidence of having written without labour and without the consciousness of doing anything remarkable, or the ambitious aim of doing a great work. The greatest efforts of genius flow as naturally as it is for common men to breathe. In this view, Bunyan's work comes nearer to the inspired poetry of the Hebrews in its character than any other human composition. He wrote from the impulse of his genius, sanctified and illuminated by a heavenly influence: as if, indeed, he had exerted no voluntary supervision over its exercise. Everything is as natural and unconstrained as if it had not been intended for public inspection. There has not been found any model with which it can even be compared.† It is a beautiful transparency, seen as the heavenly light shines through—the renewed spirit alone enjoys the picture in its perfection, with all its chaste but glowing colours. It can be fully appreciated only by him who possesses that spiritual light without which the things of God and heaven cannot be discerned.

Bunyan's works furnish ample proof that his mind was preparing, for many years, the plan and incidents which render this allegory so striking. This may easily be traced in his works, although it was not known to himself; for, however he was all his spiritual life employed in unintentionally preparing the material, the design struck him suddenly. Twenty years before his great work appeared, he published a most pungent work, called 'Sighs from Hell.' The preface to this book

* Introductory Essay to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' p. xxv. Collins.

† Dr Cheever.

alludes to a pilgrimage; and in it is found some similar ideas to those which occur in the conversation between Christian and Pliable. It thus commences: 'Friend, because it is a dangerous thing to be walking towards a place of darkness, the journey that most of the poor souls in the world are taking with delight, I have thought it my duty to tell thee what sad success those souls have had, and are like to have, by persevering therein. Why, friend, hast thou thy back to heaven and thy face to hell; and art thou running full hastily that way? I beseech thee, stop thy earnest race, and look what entertainment thou art like to have. Hark! dost thou hear the bitter cries of those who have gone before; shall not these mournful groans pierce thy flinty heart? O! sinner, sinner, there are better things than hell to be had, and a thousand times cheaper. O! there is no comparison; there is heaven, there is God, there is Christ, there is communion with an innumerable company of saints and angels.' How do these ideas remind us of Christian's encouraging words to Pliable!

In examining the following accounts of allegories composed by learned doctors, bishops, and divines, the simple Christian will rejoice and triumph in the amazing superiority of a poor unlettered preaching mechanic, guided only by his Bible. Sanctified learning is exceedingly valuable; yet the productions of an unlettered man, wholly influenced by the Holy Oracles, shines resplendently over the laboured, murky productions of lettered men, who, forsaking the simplicity of the gospel, are trammelled with creeds, confessions, canons, articles, decretals, fathers, and, we may almost add, grandfathers.

The first work, in the order of time, that claims our notice, has never been printed. It is called

The Pilgrim.

This ancient poem, a manuscript on vellum, illustrated with drawings, but very much damaged, is in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum; probably translated in the fifteenth century from the first of the *Three Pilgrimages*, a French manuscript. It is in the form of a dream, and it concludes by fixing the pilgrim as a monk in a Cistercian monastery. Soon after setting out, he is tempted by a golden image, but is driven from it by the appearance of a dead corpse. He then encounters an armed man, who endeavours to entice him to turn aside to see his mistress, and uses a magic circle and incantations. They hold a long conversation, in which is narrated the case of a Duke Fryse, who had consented to be baptized; he is represented with a girdle about his middle, otherwise naked, except his crown; but when he had got into the baptistery, he becomes alarmed by a voice which informs him that it is an unlucky day:—

' For hym thought he herde a cry
That affermed certeynly
For synne and for Inyquyte
How mo folk schulde dampned be
At the day of Jugemente
Gon to helle there to be brent,
Ye mo as in comparisoun
Thanne folk for ther savacyon
Scholde that day receyued be
To dwelle in heuene that fayre cyte.'

The duke, although a bishop has got him by one hand, with one of his legs in the baptistery, gets his liberty, and runs away. Had sprinkling been in fashion in those days, the bishop might readily have managed the christening with a handful of water. The pilgrim then has a very long adventure with Heresy, who strives earnestly to draw him aside. She is engaged with a pair of scissors, cutting strips from Pelagians, Arians, and other 'Sectys founde false and vntrewe.' These she puts together, to form a new system of divinity. He becomes sadly puzzled; she

had laid her nets so artfully, 'In lond, on water, and in the hayr.' He sees many attempt to pass, but all are entangled; at length by *fasting* and by great penance, he *slips* through the nets.

He is then assaulted by Satan, who tells him that he has devoured thousands of Christ's flock, and has so many arts that he cannot escape him. The devil, to terrify the pilgrim, narrates a recent adventure by which he had succeeded in destroying a holy hermit. He had transformed himself into an angel of light, and went to the hermit, warning him that Satan would soon overcome him if he was not courageous to resist; that he would appear to him in the shape of his father, and if he parleyed with the fiend, he must be lost; and exhorted him to smite the fiend at once with sword or knife. Soon after this, his father really came to visit him, when the deluded hermit plunged a dagger to his heart, and thus fell into the jaws of the fiend. The pilgrim, much terrified, kept crossing himself, at which Satan drew back; and by continuing to make the sign of the cross, he makes his escape. He is then stopped by Fortune and her Wheel, and by Idolatry, but evades them. A fortune-teller wishes him to have his nativity cast, but as he knows that many men are born at the same moment, some to fortune and many to misery, he knows that there can be no virtue in such consultations of the stars. He is then profited by images in churches, to remind us of the holy lives of saints:—

' And vn to folkes many on [a one]
Ful greet proffyte also they don.'

Sorcery endeavours to catch him with her crooked hook; and he is assailed by Worldly-gladness, but escapes. At length Grace Dieu visits him in a stately ship, having a palace and castle on deck. He embarks, and is shown a large baptistery, filled with tears from an eye in a rock. This bath is replenished with tears of repentance, by works of supererogation. Its virtues are thus described:—

' For it re-cureth euery wounde
Call this Baptym the secunde
That dothe away alle greuance
With which water Dame penaunce
Makyth a lye * I the ensure
To wasche away al ordure,
In whiche bath in certayne
The hooly womman Mawdelyne
Iwaschen was tak heed her to
The Apostle Peter eke also
And many mo than I may telle
Were Iwaschen in this wellle
And so schalt thou by reed of me
Yeue thou lyste to purged be.

Grace Dieu fills up the bath, and the pilgrim, naked, enters the baptistery to his middle, and is bathed and washed. She then tells him he may make his choice of monastic orders—Cisterces, Clunys, Charterhous, or Preechers Minours: he chooses to enter the Cistercian order. The porter, 'Drede of God,' at first refuses him; but Charity receives and shows him over the establishment: he is shown many books. The librarian says:—

' And my name zeue thou lyste be
Is called Agyographe,
Which is to seyne I the ensure
Of holy wrytyng the Scripture,
And at feyres and at feestis
I reste in skynnes off dede bestis.'

* 'A lye;' water impregnated with alkaline salt.

She expresses a clear notion of the Old Testament as enlightened by the *New* :—

‘ I mene as thus in sentement,
That the oolde testament
Were derke and cloudy off his syght
Zeue that it ne took his lyght
Claryfyed by entendement
Off the newe testament,
Whos schynynge in conclusioun
Is cause off our Salvacyoun.’

He is shown a mirror, which exhibits the sins of the person who looks in it ; he is also shown one of Flattery’s mirrors, which exhibits the most defiled, as angels of purity. He is at length introduced to the chief prior, Obedience, and sits down to dinner :—

‘ And also as I dyde obserue,
Noon other folke at mete serue
But folkes deede eue more
Where off I was abaschyd sore.’

Abstinence is the freytourer and butler ; the servants were the skeletons of those who had founded and endowed the abbey. Wilful Poverty, in a state of nudity, sings a song, ending with—

‘ I slepe in Joye and sekerness
For theues may not robbe me.’

Unwilling Poverty sits grumbling and murmuring. Dame Chastity at last introduces the pilgrim to Prayer, who makes him welcome in these lines :—

‘ Wherefore callyd I am Prayer
Whiche that am the messagere
That flee to heuene with whynges lyght,
Fer aboue the sterres bryght
To fore the lord to present
Prayer made in good entente.’

He then speaks to the pilgrim about the servants, who were the spectres of the founders :—

‘ And eche wyght for his good dede
Is worthi to resseyue his mede
Lyke his meryte off equitye
These deede folk which thou dost se.’

Grace Dieu, Obedience, Latrya, and Prayer, then give him instructions for his future conduct in the monastery, where he remains until death strikes him, and he awakes from his sleep.

There is an ancient pilgrimage noticed in Skelton’s *Ryght Delectable Treatyse upon a Goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell*. The author recounts his literary labours ; *inter alia*—

‘ Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun
Owt of frenshe in to englysshe prose
Of mannes lyfe the peregrynacioun
He did translate, enterprete and disclose.’

No copy of this pilgrimage has been discovered and identified as his ; and very high authority connects the second line with the ‘peregrynatioun.’ If so, it is in prose ; but if the first *two* lines refer to the *Contemplation on the Virgin Mary’s Grace*, a prose work, and Skelton being a poet, it would lead us to infer that the pilgrimage was in verse. The poem last described may prove to be the translation referred to by Skelton. Be that as it may, Bunyan never gained a hint from John Skelton, the satirist.

The Abbey of the Holy Ghost.

This curious allegory was written by John Alcocke, the founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, a learned and abstemious English bishop, in the reign of Henry VII.

The author represents the fall and recovery of mankind under the simile of an Abbey, the inmates of which are perfect in holiness and happiness. The abbess is Charity; the prioress, Wisdom; the sub-prioress, Meekness; and the nuns, Poverty, Cleanness, Temperance, Soberness, Penance, Buxomness, Confession, Righteousness, Predication, Strength, Patience, Simplicity, Mercy, Largeness, Reason, Pity, Meditation, Orison, Devotion, Contemplation, Chastity, Jubilation, Honesty, Courtesy, Fear, and Jealousy. This abbey was conveyed by the Almighty to Adam, Eve, and their heirs for ever, upon condition that he withstood the temptation of the fiend *and that of his wife*. The deed is witnessed by angels and man, heaven and earth, sun and moon, stars, and all creatures. Given at Paradise, the first day that man was made; in the year of the reigning of Almighty God, King of Kings, whose kingdom never began nor never shall have end. No persons were to be admitted until Conscience had cleansed the soul with grace of the Holy Ghost. Two maidens, called Love and Righteousness, shall cast away from Conscience all manner of filth; Meekness and Poverty shall keep them poor in spirit.

The abbey was situated upon the waters of repentance. Joy and Mercy built the walls and strengthened them with alms. Patience and Strength are the pillars and buttresses. The nuns have each her place; Contemplation is the doctor; Devotion the butler [the bishop remarks, 'Alas! if I durst say, full many be in religion (nuns), but few be religious']; Oryson shall be chanter. St Bernard saith, When we pray in good life, our good Angel danseth and maketh thereof a present to the Father of heaven. The abbey being so well furnished, a tyrant came, and in an evil hour, while the portress was absent, he put in his four daughters, who were all of shrewd manners; the fiend father of them all. Their names were Pride, Envy, False Judgment, and Lust; and these destroyed the abbey, and dispersed the inmates. The punishment of man was the loss of Paradise, to spend his days in sorrow, to eat grass that groweth on the earth, and never to come to bliss until the abbey was restored. When Adam and Eve died, their souls went to hell; and not only they, but all those that of them came for four thousand six hundred years; to hell they went, every one. Then some of the nuns prayed the Holy Ghost for assistance. David, Isaiah, and others, endeavoured to re-edify the abbey; but in vain. At length Christ came, and sought out the abbess and her company for thirty-three years; and at last brought them together by hanging on the cross; after which he led them with him into hell,* and took out Adam and Eve his wife, and all his friends, and replaced them in the Abbey of the Holy Ghost in Paradise.

From this curious and very rare little volume, Bunyan could not have gained any idea; but in it are some translations of passages of Scripture made fifty years before any version of the Bible was published in English, which prove the great liberties the Church took with the Scriptures; and the extent to which they misled the people, while the Holy Oracles were locked up in a foreign language. Matt. iii. 2: 'Shrive ye and do ye penance, and be ye of good belief; the kingdom of heaven nigheth fast.' John viii. 6: 'He stooped down and wrote on the ground with his finger all their sins, so that each of them might see how sinfull other was.' Matt. xxvi. 38: 'I have, he said, full much dread against that I shall die. Sit ye down, he said, and wake ye, and bid your beads till I come again to you.†

The Pylgremage of the Sowle. Printed by William Caxton. 1483.
Small Folio.‡

Dr Dibdin having, in his account of this very rare volume, stated that 'this extraordinary production, which, perhaps, rather than Bernard's *Isle*

* Hence 'the descent into hell' in a Popish creed, falsely called 'the Apostles' Creed.'

† From a copy in the Editor's library, printed by Wynkin de Worde.

‡ British Museum, 27, d.

of *Man*, laid the foundation of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I shall make no apology to the reader for the following specimens of its poetry and prose. Not daring to trust to the doctor's specimens, which occupy eight folio pages, my analysis is drawn from a careful perusal of the original edition by Caxton, compared with the manuscript written in 1413; the result is, to establish honest John's originality, and to excite great surprise that the learned doctor could have published so unfounded an insinuation.

As I laye in a seynt laurence nyght, slepyng in my bedde, me bifelle a full merueylous dreame.

Having finished my pilgrimage and laid aside my fleshly carrion, it appeared loathsome and dame Misericord buried it. The fowle horrible Satan cruelly menaced me and told me I was his prisoner—a youngling of full huge beauty appeared, and defends the soul of the pilgrim, who is taken to judgement. He is brought before Michael, while his good angel pleads for him Satan cries loudly against him. The devils complain that as soon as a pilgrim is born and washed in the salt lye (christened) Grace Dieu assigns them a guardian angel—we are ill used, let us cry a row so loud that in spite of them they shall hear our complaint. Peter the porter of heaven is called to testify whether the pilgrims have done penance—Call St George for the Gentiles, for clerks St Nicholas, for hermits St Anthony, St Benet for monks, for wedded folk St Paul—not that he was ever married, but he taught the duties of marriage—for widows St Anne, for maids St Katherine. The Pilgrim is placed before the tribunal, and his guardian angel pleads that he had kept his belief, never lost his scrip, nor his *burden*,* and having persevered to the end, he ought to be safe. The cursed Satan acknowledged that the Pilgrim passed the water and was therein washed and fully cleansed of all rather fylthe,† but as soon as he knew good and evil he set little by that washing, but cast himself like a swine in ordure and fylthe. He was washed at a tender age unwillingly, and although by this laver the foul spot of sin original was utterly avoided, yet he has not kept the vow, and is more spotted with deadly sin than he was before he was washed; and as all heathen men that have never received this laver *belong to our Company* because they have it not, much more those that have received these gifts of Grace de Dieu and despised them must be ours. The soul pleads in verse, he appeals to Jesus. Some of the lines are striking:

'For though there ran a river from thy side,
That all the world doth fully overflow,
Thy grace is whole, as every man may know.'

He then appeals to Mary—

'Now be my help a blissful heaven's Quene
Let somewhat of the grace on me be seen

I am be-knownen that I have done amiss
Eternal death deserved with my deed
But gracious Lady Queen of Heaven's bliss
Thou be my help and comfort in this nede
I am that same that highly have mis-wrought
Against thy child Jesus and eke thee
Yet know I well that Lion is he not
Nor thou nor might no Lioness be
In thou there is no malice nor cruelty

Though that I have thy son and the agrieved
By thee is all my trust to be relieved.'‡

* The pilgrim's staff.

† 'Rather fylthe'; early pollution, original sin.

‡ Reader, this is *undisguised* Popery, published to the world before the Reformation, by the Church of Rome. Judge for yourself. Do Papists pray to the Virgin? Is she their intercessor and saviour.

He calls upon Michael—John Baptist, apostles and martyrs, and all saints.

Justice pleads against him, and will allow none to speak on his behalf. He then answers for himself, and accuses Satan of being a liar; but the fiend calls *the worm of conscience** to bear witness against him, and he relates all his wickedness that was not purged with penance, and as he spoke, Satan wrote it all down in a great paper. The soul defends himself by having at all times borne his burden and scrip,† by his natural frailty and the temptations of Satan and allurements of the world. Mercy pleads for him that he had been contrite, and made amends for sin, and had confessed; but when his good and bad deeds were weighed, the evil was heaviest. Then Mercy flew to heaven and brought back a pardon from Jesus, which is given in verse; *inter alia*;—

'At instance of mine own mother sweet
To whom I may no manner of thing deny
And mercy also may I not forget
Unto their good‡ myself I will
This grace I grant them of my
That I shall them receive unto my peace
Of hell pain I grant them full release.'

Christ balances the wicked works of this sinner with—

'Of the treasure of my bitter passion
And of the merit of my mother dear
To whom none other hath comparison
With merit of my saints all in fear
That to my bidding full obedient were
Of plenty and of superabundance
A forset§ full which putteth in balance.'

The balance is in favour of the soul, and his sentence is to bear all his sins as a burden into purgatory, and abide in the fire until all are burned and 'thou, clean purged of all thy foul sins, shall then be pardoned.' At this sentence Satan is sore annoyed, and has great anguish.

He meets a number of pilgrims from purgatory, who sing to the Trinity and to Mary a song of praise for their deliverance. The angels join in a song without comparison more lusty than he had heard before. Then came one pilgrim, conducted by a huge number of angels, each having in his hand some lusty instrument, as harp, organs, &c., some of which he could not scribe. It was a soul who, by extraordinary penance, had suffered his purgatory on earth. He then sees a number of pilgrims condemned to 'brenne withynne the fyre of helle, neuer to be releued.' An ugly company of devils seized them, saying, 'Goo we fast in to helle; there shall we fynde a warm duellynge place.' Our poor pilgrim is taken to purgatory, where, in three days, he imagines that he has suffered a thousand years' indescribable tortures. His guardian angel is with him in the fire, but being a pure spirit, suffereth not. In his torments, he is told that naught can help him but masses and the good 'dedes of hooly chirche.' He asks, What is the use of the pardons and indulgences granted by the church? His angel tells him that they abridge the time of punishment and pain; that for every deadly sin he must suffer seven years' purgation, and the thousand years that he had suffered was but as a moment, for his fardel of sins seemed to be as huge as ever, although the fire was so fierce, that if the great sea fell therein, it would be dried in a moment. At length, Grace Dieu sends from the church a quantity of prayers, masses, and good works, to comfort the pilgrims in purgatory—a packet to each prisoner, with the names of those who had purchased the masses for their relief. Every soul answered the summons, and greedily took the relief, all swimming in hot fire: it was ointment that relieved their horrid pains, and decreased their

* Synderesys.

† His staff or vows.

‡ 'Bone' in the poem. The French word not translated.

§ 'A forset'; a bundle.

burden of sins. He then discovers the place in which Adam and the Fathers, to John the Baptist, were confined, till Christ descended into hell and released them. The prison also in which the souls of infants who had died without being christened—a dark and doleful place, where they will be shut up forever. He inquires how it is possible for the God of love thus to condemn the innocent? His angel refers him to the words of Christ to Nicodemus: 'As seynt John recordeth, he seith, *that an innocent deyng without baptyem is dampned withouted ende.*'* And they lay in endless darkness, and never know joy; and this pain shall be extended to all the most innocent souls not baptized. All these places of punishment are within enclosed all round by the earth. He is then led by his angel to the surface of the earth, the fire still burning within him, to every place in which he had committed sin; the punishment was according to the nature of his crime—sometimes shut up in thick ice, the pain being more intolerable than fire. This was for having used baths and steues† for easement of his body. One soul who had been purged, could not escape, because his executors had neglected to pay his debts. He finds that one day's penance upon earth cleanseth from sins more than years of purgatory. In the journey he finds his bones, and has a long conversation with them, in which they mutually criminate each other.

His guardian angel then takes him into the very depth of the earth, to hell, the stink of which nearly caused his soul to burst. The unbaptized *innocents* he saw in a place: 'Hit was wonder merueylous blacke and derke ynowe.'‡ ever flying about seeking, but never finding, a hole to escape. He then came to a darker place of 'fire horrible and wonder hideous.' There saw he the cursed fiends; some blew the fire; some, with iron forks, righted the brands; some, with sharp hooks, dressed the wretched souls into divers pains. Lucifer sat in a red-hot iron chair, chained with red-hot chains. The devils torment each other. The punishment of Pride is that a devil sits upon her head, and befouls her as much as he can. Hypocrites are trodden perpetually under foot by devils, engulfed in fire and stink. The envious and backbiters were hung by red-hot iron hooks through their tongues over eternal flames. Judas thus hung, but as his mouth had kissed the king, his lips shined like gold, and his tongue was drawn out through his neck, and he hung in hottest flames. Traitors were broken upon wheels, fixed by hooks turning swiftly round; the same punishment was inflicted upon lawyers, proctors, and counsel, who, to fill their purses, had pleaded for the guilty against the innocent. Upon seeing a number of souls being devoured by wolves, but never eaten; others having molten brass poured down their throats, he swooned, but is revived by his angel. These were the punishments of extortioners. Angry people were tied up in bundles, and pitched into fiery furnaces; drunkards were laid upon burning coals, with sulphur, their throats slit, and tongues drawn through the slit; the lechours were laid upon beds of burning thorns, full of venomous and huge toads and worms, for ever biting and gnawing them. The boiling caldron and pit of hell was boiling full of heretics; and when our Lord shall renew the world, all their burning and stinking and horrible pains shall be renewed, and all the filth that may be found in every other place, shall be cast thereto. He then ascends to the earth, and sees the tree from which Eve plucked the apple, and which, after process of time, formed the cross on which the Saviour suffered. Then follows a number of dialogues between the Trinity, regarding the scheme of mercy. His purgation being finished, and sins consumed, his angel took him by the hand, and began to mount towards heaven. The angel shows him many mansions; tells him how saints' days are to be kept. In the feast of the Purification, the cherubims sing this song:—

'Heryed‡ be thou blysfull heuen quene
And worshyped mote § thou be in euery place
That moder art and very mayden clene
Of god our lord thou geten hast that grace
Thou cause of ioyes arte, and of solace

* Strange perversion of the words, 'Ye must be born again!'

† Brothels.

‡ 'Heryed'; praised—from which is derived *hurrah*.

§ 'Mote'; must.

By meryte of thy great humylyte
 And by the floure of thy vyrgynyte
 Honoured be thou, blessyd lady bryght
 By thy person embelysshed is nature
 Of heuen blysse augmented is the lyght
 By presence of so fayre a creature
 Thy worthynesse passeth al mesure
 For vnto thyn estate Imperyall
 No preysynge is that may be peregal.*

In the feast of Ascension the father honoured the sone; and at the feast of Assumption, the Son honoured and worshipped his mother.

Song of angels on Easter day, to the Saviour, is—

‘When thou were dead, to hell thou descended
 And fetched them out that lay there in pain.’

The angel illustrates to him the doctrine of the Trinity, by the world being round, without beginning or end; having breadth, length, and depth, which three, by unity in measure, comprises one world. So in a body is matter, form and substance; if one of these be missing, it is imperfect. So the matter is likened to the Father, the form to the Son, and the substance to the Holy Ghost. So to every perfect work, there must be might, cunning, and will. He then asks, that as these three are one, how came it that one was separated and became incarnate alone? This is accounted for, as a sunbeam does not leave the sun, but enliveneth the earth; so the Son illuminated the world, being clothed with man’s flesh in the blessed maiden, and yet departed he not from his Father’s presence. When properly prepared, the angel went to clear his way to heaven, and as he looked after him, a ‘wonder huge light’ descended from the high heaven, smiting on his eye, and awoke him from his sleep; whereof he was full sorry, after having seemed to live so many thousand years; the clock struck twelve, and the bell tolled midnight, and he remembered that he had not slept three hours while all these adventures had passed. Now Jesus give us grace to come to this bliss! Translated in 1413, and printed by W. Caxton, June 6, 1483.

There is, in the British Museum,† a very fine and curious MS. copy of this very singular work, illustrated with rude illuminated drawings. It finishes with, ‘Here endith the dreem of the pilgrymage of the soule, translated owt of the Frensch into Englysche. The yere of our Lord M.CCCC.XIII.’ The translator craves indulgence, if ‘in som places ther it be ouer fantastyk nought grounded nor foundable in Holy Scripture, ne in docteurs wordes, for I myght not go fro myn auctor.’

The original work was written in verse by Guillaume de Guillonville, prior of Chaalis, about 1330.

The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man. 4to, 26 leaves. Woodcut of Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell, and clasped book in his left hand.‡

Here begynneth a boke, in Frenche called, le pelerynage de L’homme (in latyn, peregrinatio humani generis), and in oure Maternal tunge, the pylgrymage of mankynd, of late drawn and in compendiouce prose copoüded by the reuerent

* ‘Peregal’; equal.

† Addit. MSS., Bibl. Eg. 615. It was bought of Mr Rodd, 1836; but appears to want the first leaf of the text.

‡ This rare book is in the library of Queen’s College, Oxford. I am indebted to my friend, Mr Underhill, for the above analysis.

father in god dane william* heneired Prioure of the honourable place and pryory of Leomynstre: and now newly, at the specyall commaundemente of the same Father reuerent. I haue compyled the tenure of the same in Metre comprehended in xxvi. chaptours as ensuyng appereth.

THE TABLE.

First, the prologe, with the exposyon and enterpretacyon of the name of their sayd reuerent father in God.	
Item how man was made of viij partyes. Capitulo primo.	
Item how almyghty god put adam into paradyce, and of his first age.	ij
Ca.	
Item the secounde age of mankynde, and howe ye sonnes of noe Bylded the Toure of Babylon. Cap.	iiij
Item how man procedyd his thirde age, and of the synkyng of cyties	iiij
Ca.	
Item howe Moyses receyuyd ij tables of the lawe in the iiij age of man.	v
Ca.	
Item howe kyng Salamon byldyd the temple of god in the Cytie of Jerusalem. Ca.	vi
Item howe the vj age enduryd telle che commynge of oure sauoure. Ca.	vij
Item how mankynde endured and of the nombre of yeres from the begynnyng of the worlde to the byrthe of criste. Ca.	viiij
Item howe almyghty God was pylgrym for iiij causes and howe he gaue mankynde ensample to do his pylgrymage. Ca.	ix
Item which iiij synguler poyntys apperteyne to a pylgryme. Ca.	x
Item howe mankynde entereth the londe of June at the age of lx. Ca.	xi
Item an exposition autoursyd by Scripture of ye concepcion of seynt Johñ Baptyst. Ca.	xij
Item howe mankynde entereth into a kyngdome namyd the londe of July and parte of the marterdome of seynt Thomas of caunterbury. Ca.	xiiij
Item a parable of auctorytie of the hooly order of seynt Benet. Ca.	xiiij
Item how mankynde enteryth the empyre of august and of the aboundaunte welth that there is. Ca.	xv
Item howe mankynde enteryth and goeth thorowe the dukedome of September. Ca.	xvj
Item howe mankynde enteryth into the londe of October at the age of a C. yere. Ca.	xvij
Item how mankynde enteryth the barury of Nouembre. Ca.	xviiij
Item howe mankynde enteryth the lordshyp of December. Ca.	xix
Item howe mankynde goth thorowe the londe of January and of the strastyte that coste. Ca.	xx
Item howe mankynde enteryth the londe of February. Ca.	xxi
Item howe man procedyth his pylgrymage in and thorowe the londe of Marche. Ca.	xxij
Item howe Batayle was mayntaynd bytwene sol Justice and pluto duke o tenebris. Ca.	xxiiij
Item howe vyse toke the forwarde on his party, and howe sol Justicie fled. Ca.	xxiiij
Item howe sol justicie turned agayne and dyscumfyte vyce and wanne the feld. Ca.	xxv
Item the conclucion of this boke. Ca.	xxvi

Here endeth the table.

* Guillaume de Guilleville, moine de chaliz. It was printed in Paris by Allerard; not dated, but about the year 1500. Mr Gresswell, in his notice of this book, says, 'Not only in early ages, but in later also, mankind have been found less willing to be instructed by abstract reasoning, than by fables or similitudes. Hence the popularity of these old religious fictions. The "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of our day confessedly excels all others of its kind. And though some have endeavoured to trace its prototype in earlier works, it was a perfectly spontaneous and original effort of the genius of its unlettered author.' See *Annals of Parisian Typography*, p. 245.

'We hym folowyng a full good spede,
 Shortly anone the skrymysche beganne,
 And so sure for matter in dede.
 Uyce with his felysshyp faste layed on
 That voce mea was agast soone.
 Thenne oure capteyne Sol iusticie.
 With In manus tuas away dyd flye.
 In to a darke vale that was nygh by.
 But yet at the desyre and specyall request.
 Of a gracyouse man callyd domine exaudi.
 He came agayne and shortly in haste,
 To ayde us there came one hyeng faste.
 Whiche is callyd with all and some.
 Benedictus qui venit ad prelium.'

So he sets out with *Beatus vir* for a guide, and enters the land of June—a royal land, full of pleasures and fruits, of which he eat plenteously in every lane; then came to a place held by the 'Pope of June,' where was the cleanest castell in Xtendom, called, 'castell of corpus xti':—

'Of whiche indulgence by auctorytye
 The founder is called by naturall sext
 Of the romaynes romanus pontifex,'

where man could be healed from worldly wretchedness and sinful sore. His guide then led him to *dominus illuminatio* for a safe-conduct in all the lands they should visit:—

'So for to purchas a parfyte wryte.
 To soule iusticie we toke our way.
 Sealed to haue oure saffe condyte.
 And he shortly sayde not nay.
 But also haue us of his lyuery.
 A fencyble garment Joyntly compyled.
 With fayth and hope that we exiled.'

They then come to a monastery, &c.

Emprynted at London by me Richard Faques, dwellyng in Poulyschurche yerde at the sygne of the Maydynhed.

The informacym for pylgrymes unto the holy lande, That is to wyt to Rome, to Jherusalem and to Many Other Holy Places. Imprinted by Wynkin de Worde. 1524.*

This rare volume is a hand-book for pilgrims; gives the routes, coin, conveyances, fees, and other instructions to those who were going on any distant pilgrimage. It also contains the narrative of a pilgrim in his journey to the Holy Land. Sixty-six pilgrims sailed from Venice in one ship; they visit Jerusalem and other places in the Holy Land. He gives the pronunciation of useful words to enable future visitors to ask for bread, wine, &c. It is a very rare tract, but there is nothing allegorical about the narrative, which is simply of the facts as they took place.

The next allegorical work in chronological order, representing life as a pilgrimage, is

The Historie of Graunde Amoure and la bell Pucel; called the Pastime of Pleasure, Containing the Knowledge of the Seven Sciences, and the

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. ii. p. 327.

Course of Man's Life in this Worlde. Invented by Stephen Hawes, Grome of King Henry the Seuenth his Chamber. Printed by John Waylande, 1554. Small 4to.

Such is the rarity of this volume, that, although it wants six leaves, it bears this inscription on the fly-leaf, 'I bought this volume at Mr Bindley's sale, January 21st, 1813, for the inordinate sum of forty guineas. James Boswell' (Author of the *Life of Dr Johnson*).

Mr Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*, gives a good account of this poem:—'From the title we might hardly expect a learned allegory, in which the seven sciences of the trivium and quadrivium, besides a host of abstract virtues and qualities, play their parts in living personality. It is rude, obscure, full of pedantic Latinisms, but learned and philosophical. The best, though probably an unexpected, parallel for Hawes, is John Bunyan; their inventions are of the same class, various and novel; their characters, though abstract in name, have a personal truth about them; they render the general allegory subservient to inculcating a system, the one of philosophy, the other of religion. I do not mean that the *Pastime of Pleasure* is equal in merit, as it certainly has not been in success, to the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan is powerful and picturesque, from his concise simplicity; Hawes has the common failings of our old writers—a tedious and languid diffuseness, an expatiating on themes of pedantry in which the reader takes no interest, a weakening of every feature and every reflection, by ignorance of the touches that give effect. Hawes was educated at Oxford, and travelled much on the Continent, and held an office in the Court of Henry VII. He was the earliest of our learned and accomplished gentlemen.'

Hawes's work was the result of a learned education, great connections, an extensive knowledge of the world, and singular ability; still Mr Hallam justly admits that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is greatly superior as a work of genius, although Bunyan was not blessed even with the rudiments of education, no literary connections, and his travels extended not beyond his neighbouring villages. How extensive and prolific must have been the natural powers of Bunyan's mind! But compare the moral tendency of those two allegories: Hawes's inspiration is from beneath, strongly tinged with the smoke of the infernal pit; Bunyan is inspired by heaven, his whole course is illuminated from the celestial city. His pilgrims breathe a heavenly atmosphere; every line of his narrative has a holy, and, consequently, a happy tendency. Hawes derived his knowledge from worldly philosophers, Bunyan from the Bible.

The *Pastime of Pleasure* is a narrative of the adventures of a love-sick knight, in search of a lady named La Bell Pucel. He is directed to the Tower of Doctrine, where he is told that he must become proficient in the seven liberal sciences, in order to win his lady.

Walking in a gay meadow, he finds a statue, whose hands point to two paths, one of contemplative life:—

'And in the other hande, ryght fayre wrytten was
This is the waye, of worldly dignytye
Of the actiue lyfe, who wyll in it passe
Unto the tower, of fayre dame beautye
Fame shall tell him, of the way in certaintye
Unto la bell pucell, the fayre lady excellent
About all other, in cleare beauty splendent.'

In pursuit of this beautiful virgin he chooses the path of active life, and sets out:—

‘ Thus all alone, I began to trauayle
Forthe on my waye, by long continuaunce
But often times, I had great maruayle
Of the by pathes, so full of pleasaunce
Whiche for to take, I had great doubtance
But euermore, as nere as I myght
I toke the waye, whiche went before me right.’

On his journey he falls asleep, and is awaked by the sound of a horn. A lovely lady, on horseback, rides swiftly up to him, accompanied by two greyhounds, with their names set in diamonds upon their collars—Grace and Governauce. The lady proves to be Fame; she presents to him the two greyhounds, praises La Bell Pucell, and instructs him how to attain her in the Tower of Music, and she informs him that he will have great labour, and must pass through hard adventures before he will attain his object:—

‘ For by the waye, there lye in waite
Gyantes great, disfigured of nature
That all deuoureth, by their euil conceite
Against whose strength, there may no man endure
They are so huge, and strong out of measure
With many serpentes, foule and odious
In sundry likenesse, blacke and tedious.

But beyond them, a great sea there is
Beyond which sea, there is a goodly land
Most full of fruite, replete with ioye and bliss
Of right fine golde, appeareth all the sande
In this faire realme, where the tower doth stand
Made all of golde, enameled about
With noble stories, whiche do appeare without.’

He at length arrives at the castle, when the portresse thus questions him:—

‘ Tyll that I came to a royall gate
Where I sawe standyng the goodly portres
Whiche axed me, from whence I came alate
To whom I gan, in euery thing expresse
All myne aduenture, chaunce and busines
And eke my name, I tolde her euery dell
When she hearde thys, she liked me ryght well.’

The portress, whose name was Countenaunce, introduced him into the castle, and in the Fair Hall, upon the arras, is portrayed the perils he will have to encounter; that Folly will beset his path, but that Correction will follow:—

‘ And in her hande, a strong knotted whippe
At every iarte she made him for to skippe.’

He finds that he will have to destroy a giant with three heads, another more fierce with four heads, and a third still more terrible with seven heads, and at length he will win and wed La Bell Pucell. The principal officers in the castle are thus named:—

‘ The marshall, yclipped was dame Reason
And the yeures, also observaunce
The panter Pleasaunce, at euery season
The good Butler, curteys continuaunce
And the chiefe coke, was called temperaunce
The lady chamberlayne, named fidelitee
And the hye stewarde, Liberalitee.’

He is then sent in succession to Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, and at length to Music. In the Temple of Music, he sees and falls deeply in love with La Bell Pucell. She returns his love, but informs him that he will have to brave many desperate adventures before they can be united. He promises to fit himself for all that may happen, and goes to Chivalry—he is taught by Minerva—harnessed and knighted:—

‘ For first good hope, his legge harneys should be
His habergion, of perfect righteousnes
Gyrde fast, wyth the girdle of chastitie
His rich placarde,* should be good busines
Brodered with almes, so full of larges†
The helmet mekenes, and the shelde good fayeth,
His swerde Gods worde, as S. Paule sayeth.’

Fortitude, Consuetude,‡ Justice, Misericorde, Sapience, Curtesye, Concord, and dame Minerva see him on his road, and bid him farewell. His first adventure is with a Kentish man, Godfrey Gouillon, who gives an account of his parentage in these lines:—

‘ Ich am a gentilman, of much noble kynne
Though Iche be cladde, in a knaues skynne
For there was one, called Peter Pratefast
That in all his life, spake no worde in waste
He weddid a wife, that was called Maude
I trow quod I, she was a gorgious boude
Thou liest, quod he, she was gentle and good
She gaue her husbande, many a furde hode
And at his meales, without any misse
She would him serue, in clenly wise iwys
God loue her soule, as she loued clenlines
And kept her dishes, from all foulenes
When she lacked clowtes, without any fayle
She wypped her dishes, with her dogges tayle.’

The conversation that ensues between these worthies, on the misfortunes of lovers, exceeds for gross indelicacy the tales of Chaucer. Grand Amour continues his journey, and becomes a regular Jack the Giant-killer. His first adventure was with a monster twelve feet high, with three heads. These he decapitated; and is then attacked by a second and more formidable giant, fifteen feet high, with seven heads, named, Dissimulation, Delay, Discomfort, Variaunce, Envy, Detraction, and Doubleness; all these he cuts off, and is then received and entertained by seven fine ladies. His next fierce encounter is with demons. Pallas instructs him how to fight with them. He attacks and slays the great dragon—wins La Bell Pucell, and is married to her, and enjoys great happiness, until he is quietly removed by death to purgatory, where, having been purified, he goes to heaven.

In vain have I endeavoured to discover the intention of the author in this allegory. His editor says, that it was to stimulate young men to study the seven liberal sciences! Its natural effect would be to stimulate them to licentiousness. These were the class of books given to the people by the church, in preference to the Bible.

We now come to a very rare pilgrimage, written in Italian, and entitled *Libro del Peregrino*, by J. Cauice, dedicated to Lucesse Borgie.

The edition in my library is ‘*El nouamente stampato et hystoriato*, small 8vo, with woodcuts, Venice, 1524.’ I have also a translation into French,

* ‘Placarde’; a stomach or breastplate, frequently ornamented with jewels.

† ‘Larges’; a bounty bestowed, a large gift.—*Imp. Dict.*

‡ ‘Consuetude’; custom, common law or equity, as distinguished from statute law or justice.

by T. Dassy, Secretary of State to the King of Navarre; it is called *Le Pèlerin: traiton de l'honneste et finisque amour, par pure et sinere Vertu*. It is elegantly printed in black letter, with woodcuts, small 4to, Lyons, 1528, and from it the following analysis was made:—

The pilgrim, a native of Ferrara, at the age of twenty-two years on May-day, attended to hear a Dominican Friar preach. Divine love lay in ambush, and the eloquence of the preacher pierced his heart. He passed a restless night—*speaks in silence*, and at length cries out, O life more miserable than death! his thoughts wound him and he is wretched. Under the character of a lady named Geneure, the daughter of Angiolo (the Virgin Mary, queen of angels), to that time unknown to him, is personated that which alone can cure his wounded spirit. This lady is very wise and modest, young, but ancient in prudence, and very difficult to obtain. He becomes very desirous of obtaining her, and his pilgrimage is made with this object. Through the aid of Geneure's nurse, Violante, he corresponded with her, and sought an interview. He is directed to a sudden passage, by which he hopes secretly to reach her house in the night; but mistakes the chamber, and enters that of another young lady, named Lyonore (the lioness), the daughter of Petruccio (the flurty), and mistook her for Geneure. This sad adventure with Lyonore involves him in great trouble. It came to the knowledge of Geneure, and she weeps for her pilgrim's treason; but is comforted by her mother (the blessed Virgin), who tells her that it is natural to man to go astray. Geneure threatens to enter a nunnery, and submits to her mother that the vows of obedience and poverty are of sovereign virtue. The pilgrim, before Geneure entered upon her noviciate, met her accidentally at church, and proposes marriage, his faults are forgiven, they become united, and pass their time in great happiness, until death separated them.

If Bunyan had been able to have read this quaint old Italian or French story, he would never have devoted his valuable time to such a mass of rubbish; and if he had, not the slightest idea could have suggested itself to have assisted him in composing the adventures of his Pilgrim. In fact, he dared not to have spent an hour over a book, which, under the title of *The Pilgrim*, contains all the looseness of an Italian love-story.

This book was for some time very popular. I have two Venice editions, in 8vo, printed in italics, 1524 and 1527. I have seen also a similar edition not dated, and one of 1538. There is also a very handsome one of the French translation, printed by Gallist, Du Pres, Paris, 1528, and another in 1540. Niceron thus accounts for its popularity, 'Ce livre faisait en France, au commencement du regne de Francois I., les délices de la jeunesse, et donnait lieu aux prédicateurs d'en blâmer fortement la lecture comme dangereuse.'*

It is a matter of great regret that those who write and publish for the millions too frequently circulate opinions and supposed facts without personal investigation. Mr Chambers, the popular publisher at Edinburgh, whose works find readers as far as the English language is known, has joined those who appear to detract from Bunyan, by charging him with plagiarism.

In his *Encyclopedia of Literature*,† speaking of Gawin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, a celebrated Scottish poet, he observes, 'The principal original composition of Douglas is a long poem, entitled, *The Palace of Honour*. It was designed as an epilogue for the conduct of a king, and therefore addressed to James IV. The poet represents himself as seeing, in a vision, a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour. He joins them, and narrates the particulars of the pilgrimage. The well known "Pilgrim's Progress" bears so strong a resemblance to this poem, that Bunyan could scarcely have been ignorant of it.'

* *Hist. des Hommes illustres*, 44 tom. Paris, 1725.

† Vol. i. p. 44.

With some trouble I found a copy of this very rare tract by Douglas. It is a *short poem*, but being in the ancient Scottish dialect, it is quite long enough to weary an Englishman's patience. Had it been Douglas's long poem, a translation of Virgil, it would have defied any attempt of mine to read it; but, by the aid of a good modern glossary, I read it through, and, to my extreme surprise, found that it has not, either in the plot or detail, the slightest similarity whatever to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and that it is written in terms that a poor unlettered minister could not have understood.

The principal character in the story is represented as being in a desert, when, hearing the noise of an approaching cavalcade, he gets into a stock [a hollow tree], and sees them pass. He then follows them to the Palace of Honour, and gives a description of what took place. Had Bunyan seen and read the following stanza, *and understood it*, how indignant would he have felt at the author's notion of baptismal regeneration:—

'Ze bene all borne the sonniss of Ire I ges
Sine throw Baptisme gettis grace and faithfulness.
Than in zone Carwell surelie ze remane,
Oft stormested with this worldis brukilnes
Quhill that ze fall in sin and wretchitnes
Than schip brokin sall ze drown in endles pane
Except be faith ze find the plank agane
Be Christ, wirking gude warkis I vnderstund
Remaine thairwith, thir sall zow bring to land.'*

Surely Mr Chambers could not have imagined that the representation of a large party going *up a hill* of polished marble, and on *the summit* seeing the infernal regions as narrated in the following verses, could have aided Bunyan in his solemn account of the Christian's feeling in the *Valley* of the Shadow of Death:—

'As we approchit neir the hilles heid
Anę terribill sewch birnand in flammis reid
Abhominabill, and how as hell to se
All full of brintstane, Pick and bulling Leid,
Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid.
And miserabill catiues zelland loude on lie
I saw, quhilk den nicht weill compairit be
Till Xanthus the flude of Troy sa schill
Birnand at Venus hest contrair Achill.
Amid our passage lay this viglie sicht
Nocht braid bot sa horribill to euerie wicht
That all the world to pas it suld haue dreid.
Weill I considderit na vppermair I nicht
And to discend sa hiddeous was the hicht
I durst not auenture for this eird on dreid.
Trimbland I stude wt teith chatterand gude speid
My Nympe beheld my cheir and said let be
Thow sall nocht aill, and lo'the caus (quod sche)
To me thou art commit, etc.'

There may be as much poetic beauty in these lines as there is melody in the drone of the bagpipe, but there is not the slightest similarity, nor even any idea in the whole poem, that could by possibility have aided the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The Pryke of Conscience.†

A very curious old English poem; it is theological and descriptive, but not allegorical.

* *Encyclopedia of Literature*, vol. I. p. 44.

† Brit. Mus. Bib. Egert. 846. B.

The Myrroure of Lyfe, by William of Nassyngton, 1418.*

An ancient English poetical treatise on religion; excepting the title, it has no pretence to allegory.

Castellum Amoris. Le Chateau D'Amour, by Robert Grosteste.

A fine copy of this curious poem, in Norman French, is in the British Museum.† It narrates the creation and fall of man; the four daughters of God, Mercy, Truth, Patience, and Peace, unite to devise the means of man's restoration. The divisions are—I. The Prophets predict. II. The Saviour is born in the great Palace of Love. III. The Palace is described with its keepers. IV. Satan attempts to overcome the keepers. It is a very curious poem, and is called at the end, *Scala Cali*. I venture to give a specimen of this singular composition, and have selected the following, because it treats upon the subject of baptismal regeneration, which at present occupies so much of the public attention. The author was evidently of that party who pretend to believe that the God of love will send a poor babe to everlasting misery, if its parents neglect or refuse to have it christened!! As the French is old and contracted, a translation is added:—

'O baptize treslour fussent Et nomi Deu pater et Deo fiz. Et du saynt espirit Kar qi baptize ne serra Ca en cel ne entera Mes ci creaut cy baptize Serront mys a sauueete.'	'They were then baptized In the names of God the Father and of the Son And of the Holy Ghost For whoever is not baptized He in heaven shall not enter But those created in this baptism Shall be put into salvation.'
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Scala Perfectionis Englyshed. The Ladder of Perfection, written by Walter Hilton, about 1380.

This was one of the most popular of the monkish writings, and so much esteemed in the reign of James II., as to have been published by the court to promote the influence of popery in these realms; it was then very much altered, and *not* improved.

The only allegory in it is the Ladder, placed upon the earth to ascend by steps to heaven. It was intended for monks and nuns, to guide them in devotional exercises, so that their affections might be gradually raised from earthly things. It is the most scriptural of all the monkish manuscripts, but the evangelical truths are omitted in the more modern printed editions. Thus he says, if we were only infected by original sin, and had escaped the pollution of actual transgression, we must have perished but for the sufferings of Christ.‡ To speak for thy profit and my own, 'say I thus that thou neuer so moche a wreche, hadest thou done neuer so moche syn, for sake thi self and al thi werkes gode and bad, cry mercy and aske oneli saluacion be vertue of the precious passion mikel and trusteli and with outen doute thou schalt haue it, and fro this original syn and al other that thou have done thou sal be saf.'§ Dr Dibdin considers this a wild and dangerous exposition of the consoling doctrines of the Christian religion made by an enthusiastic writer!§ Hilton gives a faithful warning against placing dependence upon happy feelings, unless they arise from a living faith. 'I had rather feel, and have a stedfast desire and a pure spiritual union with my Lord Jesus, though I cannot see him with my ghostly eye, than to have without this desire the fruit of all the bodily penance of all living men, or all the visions and revelations of angels' songs and sounds.' 'Jesus leadeth the soul into itself. The secret voice of Jesus is fully true, "My

* Brit. Mus. Eg. 657.

† Brit. Mus. Roy. Lib. 17, c. viii.

‡ Copied from a fine and perfect MS. in the Editor's library, chap. xlv.

§ *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 37.

sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they know me." There is no feigning in it, nor fantasy, nor pride, nor hypocrisy; but softness, meekness, peace, love, and charity. And it is full of life, love, and grace; and, therefore, when it soundeth in the soul, it is sometime of so great might, that the soul suddenly layeth off hand all that there is, praying, speaking, reading, or thinking, and all manner of bodily work, and listeneth thereto, fully hearing and perceiving, in rest and in love, the sweet steuen * of this spiritual voice, as it were ravished from the mind of all earthly things. Sometimes Jesus sheweth himself as a master, sometimes as a father, and sometimes as a lovely spouse; and it keepeth the soul in a wondering reverence, and a lovely beholding of him, that the soul liketh never so well as then.†

It is delightful to meet with such beams of the Sun of righteousness in a dark age, like the dayspring from on high, breaking through a dismal night with its cheering rays.‡

The Pilgrimage of Perfection; supposed to be written by William Bond. 4to, printed by Pynson, 1526.

A fine copy of this rare book is in the extensive and valuable library of my kind friend, the Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore, rector of Marcweil, near Wrexham, by whose permission the following analysis was made:—

This work is more particularly intended for the monastic orders, to promote what, in those days, were called pious feelings; by which it was intended to treat the gifts of providence, the comforts, and even necessities of life, with contempt; to abstain from reasonable enjoyments; to retire into solitudes where no relative duties could be performed; lacerating the body; submitting the soul, with blind obedience, to the will of men; a looking forward with dread to the future; contemplating the God of love, not as the forgiver, but as the avenger of sin; and to which may be added, that climax of pride, fanaticism, and folly, in which Jews, Mahometans, and all antichrist glory—that there is no salvation out of the pale of their own sect.

The volume commences with the tree of grace and the tree of vice; under the branch of avarice, a nun is told to *Note yt a pin or a nedell kept contrary to ye commaundement of their soueraine it is dampnable.*

It is divided into two parts: first, 'sheweth howe the lyfe of euery cristian is as a pilgrimage: second, the iourney of religion—man is never contented in the cage of this world; wherefore it appereth that ther is an hyer cage and another place for his full contentation.'—'As the iewes spoyled Egypt of their riches, so the christians have spoyled both iewes and philosophers of the noble veritees of philosophy;'

'In heuen euery man and woman shalbe as an emperour and empresse.'

The journey begins with the sacrament of baptism, professing by it to be pilgrims; openly forsaking the devil, pomps, mortal sins, honours, riches, and pleasures; for daily sustenance, is given the blessed body of our Lord in the sacrament, by which these pilgrims are raised above nature to immortal glory. John vi. 53 is thus translated:—'Except ye eat the flesh of the son of the virgin, and drink his blood, ye cannot have life in you;' but it is silent as to the cup being denied to the laity. 1 Pet. ii. 2, 3 is thus translated:—'As infants and young children: whom our mother, holy church, hath brought forth, by the regeneration of baptism in the faith of Christ Jesus.'

Then follow very extensive instructions to the pilgrims, without any attempt at allegory. Many portions of Scripture are given, but they are strangely translated. The Lord's prayer:—'O father in heuen delyuer vs fro all euyll of payne and synne. Suffre vs nat to be ouerthrowen in temptacion. Forgyue vs our offences as we forgyue them that hath offended vs. Gyue vs our dayly sustenance and

* Melody, from 'streuen,' or strain.

† Cap. xlv. part 2.

‡ It is very surprising that so little appears to be known of this good man; he was a Carthusian monk of Sion, or Shene, and author of about twelve different works.

necessaries. Thy wyll be fulfilled in erthe, as it is in heuen. Thy kyngdome come to vs. Thy holy name be sanctified.' 1 Cor. iii. 13 :—'But yet (as saynt Poule sayth) the fyre of purgatory must proue his workes.' When suffering pain from fasting, he adviseth that such pain be allayed by using these words :—'Ah, caryon carion and wormes meate : what vauntage shalte thou haue, ever to stufte and fyll the greedy gutte of thy bely with delicate meetes and drinkes which damn the soule.' Praying to our blessed Lady and to the saints is ordered, because Job was commanded to 'call to some of the sayntes of heuen, and they wil answer,' Job v. 1. In the ten commandments, the second is omitted, and the tenth is divided into two, to make up the number. The Virgin Mary can obtain blessings for us, because 'The mother of God sheweth to her son her pappes and brestes, with the which she gaue hym sucke !! therefore make supplication to her, to have mercy on this present church militant, releue, socoure, and helpe it.' The heavenly anthem is translated :—'Glory be to god in heuyn, and peace in erthe to man or woman, that hathe a good wyll,' Luke ii. 11. The pilgrimage is divided into seven days, and on the seventh the soul approaches to perfection ; and here the feelings or experience of the pilgrims strongly remind us of some modern sects, such as the Irvingites—'Some in this vnwont ioye haue been compelled to syng, some to wepe, some coude nothingspeke ; but Jesu, Jesu, Jesu. Some coude nat saye so moche, but *onely expresse suche voyces, that be nat in use to signifye any thyng* : one Masseus in such ioye coude speke nothing but v v v.' With the Quakers, 'Some other in such jubile, trymbled or quaked in all the ioyntes of their bodyes.' Like the Ranters, 'Some were constrained to leape and daunce for ioye, and some to clappe their handes.' Some have arrived at so high a state of mortification, that if asked 'whether they coude be contented, for the love and pleasure of god, and to fulfill his wyll, to lye for euermore in the paynes of hell, without remedy, they wolde answer : ye with all their hertes.' In such a state was St Bernard, who was ravished before the cross when the body 'losed itself from the crosse, and halsed * and kyssed hym most swetely ;' the holy Brigit was lifted up in the aire, and her face was made to shyne brighter than the sonne !!!

The reader need not be told that Bunyan could have had no help from this impure source.

The Pye, or Tonne of the lyfe of perfection. 4to, 1532.

This is an allegorical work for the instruction of nuns, written by the old wretch of Sion ; † and although it is not a pilgrimage or a dream, it is a guide to female pilgrims. Under the idea of wine being kept in a pipe or tun, is represented :—1. The life of perfection, as *the wine* ; 2. Religion, *the pipe* ; 3. Essential vows, obedience, wilful poverty, and chastity, *the staves* ; 4. Holy rules, *the hoops* ; 5. Ceremonies, *the wickers*, by which the hoops are made fast. If these wickers fail, the hoops open, the cask falls to pieces, and the wine is lost ; *all depends upon the ceremonies*. This curious book was published to prevent the spread of heresy 'by newe fangle persones,' aided by the New Testament, which had then been about six years in circulation in England ; for 'Luther, with all his disciples, deprave all maner of religyons, except onely (as they call hit) the religyon of Christe. Wherefore I thought it necessary to answer the perilous poison of such blaterers.' The work is divided into three parts : 'Of Obedience,' 'Wylfull Pouertie,' and 'Chastite ;' being the three great vows made by the nuns to whom it is addressed. 1. Of Obedience. Without implicit obedience, there is not the slightest hope of salvation. This related, not only to the obedience due by nuns to the pope, the priest, and the abbess, but also to the obedience due by a wife to her husband. If married ladies acted in the same spirit then as they do now, might not the sorrowful inquiry have been made, 'Lord, are there [even a] few that be saved ?' 'Kynges as sone as they were conuerted and baptized, left their dyademes and were subiects unto the clergie, and under theyr obedience ;' a peculiar kind of

* 'Halsed' ; bowed the head, embraced, saluted.

† Richard Whytforde, a monk in the monastery of Syon, near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames.

antinomianism reigned in the church; 'I say, that no temporall lawe maye bynde any spirituall persone. This have we said vnto Tyndale that arche heretike.' Some of the rules and examples show that nuns were sad women, who could 'braule and chide; eat and drynke to excess'—'they be in right great jeopardy of nawfrage* and wracke of chastite.' Obedience in ecclesiastical payments is enforced by a very odd translation of Numb. xviii. 22 :—'Those persones that wolde nat be obedient duely to pay theyr tythes, were judged by our Lord vnto deth;' and whether God, or the vicar of God, gave any manner of commandment, it is all one, and by like reverence to be performed; 'our lorde god, in maner makying the prelates and souereynes equall with hymselfe.' The extent of obedience is thus illustrated :—'that man that in obedience to his souereyne dyd caste his owne chyld quicke into a hole flamynge ouen has now laude, prayse, thanke, and grace, because he was obedient as he would have had indignation of god and vengeance if he had not obeyed.' 2. Of Wylfull Pouertie. This vow was so strict that no monk or nun was to consider their clothes their own, but the property of the establishment; and, to terrify the poor votaries, a story is told, fol. cc., of a monk that did appear after his death to one of his companions, showing that he was in marvellous great pains, 'for bycause he gaue a payre of olde shoues vnto a pore body without leaue.' All the efforts and threats to prevent the monks from getting money was in vain; and our unhappy author laments that there are few monasteries in England but where the monks lend and borrow; play for money at all manner of games; dice, cards, bowls, and sometimes at worse or more inconvenient things; while the nuns enjoy their gains, make good cheer, sing and laugh, play and sport, and be as merry as lay people. We close our account of this singular volume by extracting a curious version of Ps. cxxxvii. 9 :—'Blessed be that person that doth hold and restrain his children, and that doth thrust and crush their head unto the stone, that is unto Christ and his passion and death.'

No one can for a moment suppose that Bunyan could have gained a hint from this volume.

Viaggio Spirituale, nel quale, facendosi passaggio da questa vita mortale, si ascende alla celeste. Del R. P. Cornelio Bellanda, di Verona, 4to, with the Aldine mark. Venetia, 1578.

This spiritual pilgrimage, from mortal life to the celestial, has nothing in it allegorical, but in ten chapters treats of penance, confession, the judgment, heavenly blessedness, &c. It is a very rare volume, elegantly printed by Aldus, jun.†

The Vision of Pierce Plowman.

'I am inclined to think,' says Mr D'Israeli, in his *Amenities of Literature*, 'that we owe to Piers Ploughman, an allegorical work of the same wild invention from that other creative mind, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." How can we think of the one, without being reminded of the other? Some distant relationship seems to exist between the Ploughman's *Dowell* and *Dobet*, and *Dobest*, Friar *Flatterer*, *Grace*, the Portress of the magnificent Tower of *Truth*, viewed at a distance, and by its side the dungeon of *Care*, *Natural Understanding*, and his lean and stern wife *Study*, and all the rest of this numerous company, and the shadowy pilgrimage of the "Immortal Dreamer" to the "Celestial City." Yet I would mistrust my own feeling, when so many able critics, in their various researches after a prototype of that singular production, have hitherto not suggested what seems to me obvious.' Such a notice by so popular a writer, led me very closely to examine this severe satire. It is written in language that to Bunyan would have been almost as impene-

* 'Naufrage,' shipwreck.

† In the Editor's library. See *Renonard Annales, de l'Imprimerie des Alde*, vol. i. p. 397.

trable as Hebrew or Greek. It is a very curious poem, composed about the time of Wicliff, by one of the Lollards, said to be by Robert Langland. In a poetical vision or dream, he exposes and reproves vice, and extols Christian virtue. 'The printer [R. Crowley, 1550] states, that it was written in the time of Edward III., when it pleased God to open the eyes of many to see his truth, giving them boldness of heart to open their mouths, and cry out against the works of darkness. This writer feigneth himself in dreams most Christianly to instruct the weak, and sharply rebuke the obstinate blind. He godlily, learnedly, and wittily rebuked vice in all classes.' There is nothing in this very interesting book that could, in the slightest degree, have aided Bunyan, if he had been able to read it. It presents a melancholy picture of the state of the clergy, and of society generally, at that time; and, according to his account, pilgrims were very sad story-tellers.

'Pilgrames and Palmers plyght hem togyther
For to seke S. James and sayntes at Rome
They went forth theyr way, wyth many wyse tales,
And had leau to lye all hyr lyfe after.'

The hermits appear to have had a still worse propensity—

'Hermetis on a heape wyth hoked stauis
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenches after.'

Mr D'Israeli must have been dreaming when he imagined the slightest resemblance between *Piers Plowman's Vision* and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' either in the plan, or in any of the details of this curious poem.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

Were told on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas-à-Becket; and it is evident that these pretended holy journeys were full of vice and profligacy.

Erasmus, *On the Religious Pilgrimages.*

The very droll colloquy of Erasmus, called the *Religious Pilgrimage*, is preceded by an account of a shipwreck, when all the passengers and crew are calling each on his patron saint, promising pilgrimages and offerings. Among them—'one vowed to *St Christopher*, in the great church at *Paris*, "as loud as he could bawl," that he might be sure to be heard, a *wax candle*, as big as himself, and he was rather a mountain than a statue: a friend gave him a touch. *Have a care what you promise*, says he, *for if you should sell yourself to your shirt, you are not able to purchase such a candle.* Hold your tongue, you fool, says t'other softly, for fear the saint should hear him; *let me set foot a land once*, and he has good luck if he get so much as a tallow candle of me!!' This pilgrimage has a long letter from the Virgin Mary, written by one of her Secretaries, in droll terms, complaining that it is of no use that hundreds should pray to her at once, for she could only hear one at a time, and had no power to assist her worshippers.

No one can suppose that Bunyan gained any hint from such satirical works as these.

Spenser's *Faëry Queen.*

To this work Dr Adam Clarke considered Bunyan to have been indebted for some ideas in his 'Pilgrim,' or 'Holy War.' It must require

no ordinary degree of penetration to discover that which is, to many, perfectly concealed.

This is a very long but elegant allegorical poem, composed of seven legends: 1. The Knight of the Red Cross, or Holiness. This gallant knight, properly caparisoned and accoutred, rides forth with Truth, represented as a fair lady; his first adventure is with a monstrous dragon called Error, who is slain. They take refuge in the cell of an aged sire, who acted the part of a holy hermit, but proved to be a most unholy enchanter; he calls spirits from the vasty deep, and transforms them into a gallant knight and a beautiful woman. He kindles a flame of jealousy in the breast of the red cross knight, so that he abruptly quits his fair companion, and in his journey meets with a knight called 'Sans Foy'; they fight, and Sans Foy is killed, and a lovely lady, his companion, is taken captive; she proves to be 'Falsehood.' He is taken prisoner by the contrivance of Falsehood, and is thrown into a dungeon in the castle of Giant Orgoglio, where he lies in despair for three months. Truth induces Prince Arthur to attack the Giant, whose body disappears when he is slain after a fearful combat; he relieves the red cross knight from a cell—

'Where entred in, his feet could find no floor,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell.'

He is then led to a house of holiness, and is taught repentance. Our knight then seeks and fights the old dragon fiend for three successive days, and kills him. He visits the infernal realms; sees what the classic poets have described; meets again with his lady Truth, and his adventures close with their marriage. The next legend is that of Temperance narrating the exploits of Sir Guyon. He attacks and overcomes Furor, Incontinence, and Mammon. He recounts from a friar's book 'a chronicle of Briton's Kings.' His startling description of our forefathers is a good specimen of his versification and stanzas:—

'But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and halfe-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebuck through the fen;
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazed their sternness to behold.'

Temperance is besieged, but relieved by Prince Arthur. Then follows the legends of Britomartis, or Chastity: all the chapters are headed with poetical contents; as—

'The witches sonne loves Florimell,
She flies; he faines to dy.
Satyrene saves the squire of Dames
From Gyauntes tyranny.'

The other legends are of friendship, justice, courtesy, constancy, and mutability. The first legend of Holiness is the only one that bears the slightest resemblance to any part of the 'Pilgrim' or 'Holy War.' In this we have a battle with the old dragon fiend, a descent into hell, and being a prisoner in a giant's castle. It is not at all likely that Bunyan could have found time, even had he the inclination, to have read the *Fairy Queen*. His poetry is from the school of Francis Quarles, and not of Spenser. The knightly hero seeks the old dragon fiend; the pilgrim is sought by Apollyon. Apostolic injunctions would naturally lead our allegorist Bunyan to portray the dreadful combat. 'The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour,' WHOM RESIST. Clothed in the armour described in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and wielding the sword of the Spirit, his final success was certain—'resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' Such texts, with his own experience of the saint's conflict with the powers of darkness,

naturally suggested the fight with Apollyon, without the aid of any uninspired author.

Ali Spenser's imagery of the Infernal Regions is taken from Ovid, Virgil, and Dante. But the pilgrims' fears, while passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, depict the author's personal feelings, and the experience of David. 'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow' (1's. cxvi. 3). The strong language of Job (ch. xvi.), 'A dreadful sound is in his ears; he believeth not that he shall return out of darkness;' and the emotions of the psalmist, 'an horrible pit and the miry clay,' led to an intensity of *feeling*, under doubts and fears, which knightly poetry, however elegant, could never have engendered. Spenser was a philosopher well acquainted with heathen literature, from which his images are drawn. While Bunyan, shut out of the enticing treasures of human learning, possessed in that Inspired Volume, which was his daily solace under severe privations, the most noble model for his allegorical imagery, he neither wanted, nor could he have gained, the slightest hint from Spenser.

Le Voyage du Chevalier Errant. Par F. J. de Cartheny. Written about the year 1311. 8vo, Anvers, 1557. Published in English under the title of *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight*. Showing the whole course of Man's Life; how apt he is to follow Vanity, and how hard it is for him to attain to Virtue. Devised by John Cartheny, a Frenchman; and Translated out of French into English by W[illiam] G[oodyeane] of Southampton, Merchant; a work worthy the reading and dedicated to Sir F. Drake, Knt. London, Printed by Thos. Snodham, 4to. No date, but about 1611. (See Herbert, p. 1022.)

The knight determines to seek the palace of true felicity, and first tries riches, pleasure, and honours; but he adds, 'I was as very a fool in this as he who hoped to catch fish by angling in the air, or hunt the hare with hounds in the open sea.' Under the guidance of Folly, he obtained from an armourer named Evil-will, a shirt of lasciviousness, a doublet of lewd desires, hose^{*} of vain pleasures, armour of ignorance, a corselet of inconstancy, vambraces[†] of arrogance, gauntlets of idleness, a gorget of licentiousness, a helmet of lightness, a buckler of shamelessness, a gilt cap of vain-glory, a girdle of intemperance, a sword of rebellion, and a lance, named Hope of Long-life. 'Then Folly prepared me a galloping horse, called Temerity. At last Folly apparelled herself lightly with a cloak of leathers, and mounted upon a jenet; and opening her feathers and wings with the wind, away she flew; and I also, at a wild adventure, set spurs to my horse, and away we went both.'

During their ride Folly tells him her triumphs in such gross terms, that the knight found fault with this insatiable empress, and calls her some very unpolite names; but not having received God's grace, he was unable to forsake her. They come to two paths, one a goodly green meadow; the other rocky, narrow, and full of mountains; and here met with two elegant ladies, on chargers richly caparisoned. Lady Voluptuousness pictures to him the pleasures of idleness, with all worldly delights; and Lady Felicity, the advantages of industry and virtue. As the husbandman could expect no corn unless he prepared the ground and sowed the seed; so that man is marvellously misinformed who thinketh to achieve true blessedness unless he prepares his way by virtue and good deeds. But while Reason preferred the good advice of Felicity, Folly prevailed, and led him to the palace of Voluptuousness. The palace is minutely described, with all its wanton and luxurious enjoyments. After leading a *beastly life* eleven days, he goes out hunting, accompanied by his gay ladies; when suddenly the palace sinks into the earth, yielding such an air of brimstone, that the like hath not been felt. The

* Stockings.

† Armour for the arms.

knight 'sunk into a beastly bog up to his saddle,' and his companions changed into serpents, snakes, toads, and venomous worms. He fell into despair, howled, and scratched his face; he tried in vain to get out, and found 'that after a man be once sunk in sin, he will not be able to recover himself unless he have the help of God's grace.' After bitter repentance, he prays; and a splendid lady, called God's-Grace, relieved him, and he left Temerity his horse, and Folly his governess, in the bog to fish for frogs. 'Thus you see that God's grace draweth us from sins without any merit of ours; howbeit not without an inward heart-grief and sorrow for sin, which is a special gift of God's grace.' His new guide showed him the ruins of the palace of worldly Felicity converted into a great bed of iron, red hot, upon which his late companions were tormented. He is then led to the school of repentance, which is surrounded with a moat, called Humility. Here all his follies are brought to his remembrance; he sees what torments he had deserved for them, and was half in despair. Portions of Scripture are exhibited, which comfort and convert him. Understanding now preaches him a sermon on the history of Mary Magdalene. The knight then receives the communion, and is carried to the palace of Virtue. The third part of the voyage describes the happiness which he felt in company with Lady Virtue. At length Faith, from the top of a tower, shows him the city of heaven. It concludes with a prayer, the creed, and ten commandments, and an exhortation to perseverance until the knight shall attain the glorious city of paradise.

Although this work was doubtless intended for good, yet such is the indelicacy of many of its scenes, that it was more calculated to excite evil passions than to lead an inquirer to happiness. The way of salvation is confined to moral observances, without that spring of virtue which flows from faith in Jesus Christ, and its consequent evangelical obedience. There is no similarity between this Voyage and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' except it be the foresight of the heavenly paradise, which has been, and is, one of the enjoyments of the real Christian from the Revelations of John to the present time.* There is no ground for supposing that the persecuted Bunyan ever saw this *Chevalier Errant*.

Whitney's *Emblems*. 4to, Leyden, 1586; pp. 179. The cut over one of the emblems represents a man swimming, with a pack upon his back.

'Desire to haue, dothe make vs muche indure,
In trauaile, toile, and labour voide of reste :
The marchant-man is caried with his lure,
Throughe scorching heate, to regions of the Easte :
Oh thirste of goulde, what not ? but thou canst do :
And make mens hartes for to consent thereto.

'The trauailer poore, when shippe doth suffer wracke,
Who hopes to swimme vnto the wished lande,
Dothe venture life, with fardle on his backe,
That if he scape, the same in steede maye stande.
Thus, hope of life, and loue vnto his goods,
Houldes vp his chinne, with burthen in the floods.'

Another Emblem has a cut, representing a pilgrim with his staff leaving a globe [the world] behind him, p. 225. Peregrinus Christianus loquitur.

* Mr Lowndes, in his *Bibliographical Manual*, says that Bunyan, in his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was much indebted to this Wandering Knight !

Adve deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest :
Nowe, others with thy shewes delude ; my hope in heauen doth rest.*

Inlarged as followeth :—

- ' Even as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall;
So is our state : now here, now hence wee passe :
For, time attendes with shredding sithe for all.
And deathe at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge, doth strike :
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.
- ' Yet, if we marke how swifte our race dothe ronne,
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee :
Then shall we know, when that this life is donne,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see.
For, here wee are but straungers, that must flitte ;
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.
- ' O happie they, that pondering this arighte,
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past,
Resigne this world : and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.
And whilst they may, there, treasure vp their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for euermore.
- ' This worlde must chaunge : That worlde, shall still indure.
Here, pleasures fade : There, shall they endlesse bee.
Here, man doth sinne : And there, hee shalbee pure,
Here, deathe hee tastes : And there, shall neuer die.
Here, hathe hee griepe : And there shall ioyes possesse.
As none hath seene, nor anie harte can gesse.'

These are the poems from which Mr Montgomery conceives Bunyan might perhaps have inspired his first idea !

The other of Whitney's Emblems upon pilgrimage, is under a cut representing Mercury and two men travelling upon a road.

- ' The traauylinge man, vncertaine where to goe,
When diuers wayes before his face did lie,
Mercurius then, the perfect pathe did shoue,
Which when he tooke, he neuer went awrie,
But to his wishes, his iorneys ende did gaine
In happie howre, by his direction plaine.
- ' This traauilinge man : doth tell our wandring state,
Before whose face, and eeke on euery side,
Bypathes, and wayes, appeare amidd our gate,
That if the Lorde bee not our onlie guide :
We stumble, fall, and dailie goe astraye,
Then happie those, whome God doth shew the waye.'

The Pilgrimage to Paradise. Compiled for the Direction, Comfort, and Resolution of God's poore distressed Children in passing through this irksome Wildernesse of Temptation and Tryall. By Leonard Wright. 4to, London, 1591.

Full of sound instruction, but not allegorical.

* Adieu.

Benoist (Father-Confessor to Mary Queen of Scots),
le Chevalier Chrestien.

This is a dialogue between a Christian knight and an infidel, whom he attempts to instruct in the knowledge of God and the Romish faith. It has cuts representing the knight's horse, and the various parts of his armour and habiliments, which are spiritualized. Some of these instructions to an infidel are curious, 'Comme l'Eglise, second Paradis, à esté plantée et est contenue en la Vierge, monde mystique.*' 'De la descente de Jesus Christ en enfer, ou il a remporté encore une autre victoire sur Satan, brisant ses prisons, et deliverant les Peres qu'il y tenoit captif.†' This is the true meaning of the descent into hell in what is called the Apostles' Creed. Among other curious discoveries which the author makes is, that if Adam had not been persuaded to sin by his wife, his posterity would not have been corrupt.‡

The Pilgrimage of Princes. By L. Lloid, one of Queen Elizabeth's Sergeants at-Arms.

There is nothing allegorical in this entertaining volume. It is a pilgrimage to the characters and works of princes, which are curiously exhibited. A few are in poetry, such as that of King Herod!

' When *Herod* reigned in *Juda* king
His life so loathsome led,
On sucking babes and infants blood,
This cruel tyrant fed.
To seek our Saviour Christ, he kill'd
The Babes of *Juda* land;
And thought our God could not escape
His fomie bloody hand.
Of worms this *Herod* was devoured,
Of vermin loe, and mice;
His bones, his flesh, was all consumed
And eaten up of Lice.'

The Plaine Man's Path-way to Heaven. By Arth. Dent. 1601.

There is a rare tract under this title in black letter, with a woodcut of the author, 12 leaves; but the book that was made a blessing to Bunyan is a small octavo volume. This little book made a considerable part of the worldly goods which Bunyan's first wife brought as her portion, and it became one of the means by which he was awakened from the dreary sleep of sin, and therefore an invaluable portion. It is singular that no one has charged him with taking any hints from this book, which is one of the very few which he is known to have read prior to his public profession of faith and holiness in baptism.

The author, in his epistle, calls it a 'controversie with Satan and Sinne.' It is a dialogue between 'a Divine, an Honest Man, an Ignorant Man, and a Caviller.' They commence about buying a good cow, then worth *four pounds*, and are drawn into religious conversation. The author is so high a Calvinist, that, speaking of infants, he says, 'some, no doubt, are saved through the election of grace.' He commences with the new birth; arguments are adduced to show why good and worthy men are lost, because they esteem a preacher no more than a shoemaker, nor the Scriptures than their old shoes. He places lying among the principal sins, which he calls the Beelzebubs of the world. He introduces very familiar illustrations and well-known proverbs. Speaking against pride, he says, 'How proud

* Edit. Rouen, 1609, 8vo p. 97.

† P. 160.

‡ P. 48.

many (especially women) be of baubles. For when they have spent a good part of the day in tricking and trimming, pricking and pinning, pranking and pouncing, girding and lacing, and braving up themselves in most exquisite manner, out they come into the streets with their pedlar's shop upon their backs and take themselves to be little Angels—they are one lump of pride—the time will come when they and all their gay clouts will be buried in a grave—what will all this profit them when their bodies are buried in the dust and their souls in hell-fire? what then will they say of these doubled and redoubled ruffs, strutting fardingales, long locks, fore tufts, shag haire and new fashions? He complains of two marks being paid for a pair of stockings [L1, 6s. 8d.]! 'What say you to our artificial women, which will be better than God hath made them? they like not his handy work, they will mend it—they will have other complexions, other hair, other bones, and other . . . than God made them.' Modern refinement prevents one of these words from being copied; but the monstrous deformity shown by some ladies of our day, appears then to have been in fashion. Dent calls such ladies pictures, puppets, and peacocks. Had Bunyan been a plagiarist, how readily might he have borrowed an idea from Dent of the Muck-rake. 'The gripple muck-rakers had as leve part with their blood as their goods. They will pinch their own backs and bellies to get their god into their chest.' But Bunyan's Muck-rake is all his own. 'Mony lazie lozels and luskish youths do nothing but walk the streets, sit on stalls, and frequent Ale houses. Many rich women do ordinarily lie in bed till nine of the clock, and then forsooth rise, and make themselves ready to goe to dinner. And after they have well dined, they spend the rest of the day, and a good part of the night also, in playing, prattling, babbling, cackling, prating, and gossiping. Fie on this idle life.'*

The enmity of the natural man against those who bear the image of Christ is thus expressed: 'It is a wonder to consider how deadly the wicked hate the righteous, and almost in every Thing oppose themselves against them: and that in most virulent and spiteful manner. They raile and slander, scofie and scorne, mocke and mowe at them, as though they were not worthy to live upon the earth. They esteeme every pelting Rascall, and prefer every vile Varlet before them. And though they have their liues and liberty, their breath and safety, and all that they haue else by them [for their sakes], yet for all that, they could be content to eate their heart with garlick: so great, so fiery, so burning and hissing-hot is their fury and malice against them. They may be compared to a man that standeth upon a bough in the top of a tree, and with an axe choppeth it off, and therewithall falleth down with it, and breaketh his necke.'† Dent, speaking of the entrance by the strait gate, says: 'It must be done by great strife against the world, the flesh, and the Diuell—none can enter in without vehement crowding and almost breaking their shoulder-bones—many which seek shall not bee able to enter.' How different to Bunyan's description: 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Yet both are right: one places his obstacles long before the pilgrim arrives at the gate; then, having overcome the world and the flesh, the devil shoots at him; the other reserves all the Christian's opposition to the time when entering the gate. Dent's language is picturesque: 'We haue all the Diuels in hell against vs, with all their horns, heads, marvellous strength, infinite wiles, cunning devices, deepe slights, and methodical temptations. Here runs a sore streamie against vs. Then haue we this present euill world against us, with her innuenerable baits, snares, netts, gins and grins to catch vs, fetter vs and entangle vs. Here haue wee profittes and pleasures, riches and honour, wealth and preferment, ambition and couetousnesse. Here comes in a Camp-royall of spiritual and inuisible enemies. Lastly we haue our flesh, that is, our corrupted nature against vs: wee haue our-selues against our-selues.' This book was written fifty years after the Reformation; but so slow were the clergy to teach, or the people to learn, that when a farmer is asked, 'What is the end of receiving the sacrament?' he answered, 'to receive my maker.' And when asked how many sacraments there were, his answer was, 'Two, Bread and Wine!' Bunyan must have felt the force of such language as the following: 'Every sin that a man committeth is as a thorn thrust deep into the soul; which will not be got out again but with many a sigh, and many a sorrowful Oh! Oh! Every sin is written with a pen of iron and the point of a

* P. 170.

† P. 221.

diamond upon the conscience, which, if not felt in this life, then with woe, and alas! when it is too late.' The farmer being deeply affected with a sense of his danger, Atheist advises him to read '*The Court of Venus, The Palace of Pleasure, Bewis of Southampton, Ellen of Rummin, The Merry Jest of the Friar and the Boy, The Pleasant Story of Clem of the Clough, Adam Bell, and William of Cloudesley, The Odd Tale of William, Richard, and Humphrey, The Pretty Conceit of John Splinter's Last Will*—excellent books against heart qualms and dumpishness.' To which the zealous minister replied: 'They are good to kindle a fire—they were devised by the devil, seen and allowed by the Pope, printed in Hell, bound by Hobgoblins, and published in Rome, Italy, and Spain.'*

This volume must have been exactly suited to the warm imagination of Bunyan. It had proved invaluable to him as a means of conversion; but, after a careful and delightful perusal, no trace can be found of any phrase or sentence having been introduced into the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.'

The copy which the Editor has used in extracting the above account is the nineteenth impression, 1625, and has the name of M. Bunyonn written on the bottom of the title; probably the very volume which his wife brought him as her dowry.†

The result of long, anxious, and expensive inquiries is, that, from the first idea to the completion of his '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' it entirely flowed from Bunyan's own soul. Well might he say—

'Manner and matter too was all mine own.'

Sir Walter Raleigh's *Pilgrimage*. Written by himself, and published in his remains.

'Give me my scalop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory, hope's true gage, ‡
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's only balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer, §
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.
Over the silver mountains,
Where springs the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more.
I'll take them first to quench my thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets,
At those clear wells, where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in chrystal buckets.
Then by that happy blestfull day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me;
And when our bottles and all we
Are fill'd with immortality,

* Pp. 371, 372. Edit. 1625.

† In the Editor's library.

‡ 'Gage'; a pledge or challenge to combat.

§ 'Palmer'; a pilgrim, from their carrying a branch of palm, especially on return.

Then the blest parts we'll travel;
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel.
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted vices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forg'd accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey,
 For there CHRIST is the king's attorney;
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath Angels,* but no fees;
 And when the twelve grand million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls, black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker (taintless pleader,
 Unblotted Lawyer, true proceeder)
 Thou would'st salvation e'en for alms,
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is my eternal plea
 To him that made heaven, earth and sea,
 That since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head.
 Then am I ready, like a Palmer, fit
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ,
 Of Death and Judgement, Heaven, and Hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.'

The Plain Man's Pilgrimage, or Journey towards Heaven, wherein if he walke carefully he may attain to everlasting life. By W. W[ebster]. 18mo, 1613.

First, To set out on the journey, we must get rid of covetousness. Second, For speed, we must begin young—give God the heart, and number our days. We have a long journey to go in a short space of time—a day. A short life is like a winter's day; a long life like a day in summer. One of his similes is far beyond ordinary comprehension. 'For as the windows of the temple were large within and narrow without; so they which are within the church have greater light than they which are without.' Another extract will show the doctrinal views of the author. 'We must put on his (Christ's) righteousness, which is as strange a vesture to us, as our flesh was to him; it requires great cunning to wear it cleanly and comely, from foyling† and rending it, lest it should be taken from us again.'

The author gives much good advice as to searching the Scriptures and prayer, but there is nothing allegorical in this rare little volume.

The Pilgrim.

This old comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, could afford no hint to Bunyan, and it is very probable that he never wasted one of his precious minutes over a play.

To a late period, and even to the present day, in Roman Catholic

* 'Angels'; gold coins, one-third of a sovereign, afterwards raised to ten shillings; or the spirits of heaven.

† 'Foyling'; pressing, creasing, rumpling.

countries, the word *pilgrim* is only understood as relating to a meritorious pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint. In the *Glossographia Anglicana*, 1719, the meaning of the word *pilgrim* is 'one that travels upon account of religion, to visit holy places; to pay his devotion to the relics of dead saints.' The principal places were Rome, Loretto, Jerusalem, Compostella, and the local shrines with which every country in Europe abounded. In former times it was a duty inculcated upon all classes, from the king to the peasant, from the archbishop to the humblest clerk, all bent beneath the custom of the times; and two visits to a neighbouring shrine were considered equivalent to one at double the distance. Such as were unable to go in person, gave money to have the duty performed by proxy. A dream or vision, a penance ordered, or a vow made in the hour of danger, were frequently the prelude to a pilgrimage; and the belief was general, that if they were not made during life, they might, with greater trouble, be performed after death.

‘Some went for payment of a vow
In time of trouble made,
And some who found that pilgrimage
Was a pleasant sort of trade.’*

Frequently two hundred thousand pilgrims were at Loretto at one time. They formed processions round the palace of our Lady, on their bare knees, five, seven, nine, or twelve times. We can scarcely credit the accounts of the number of devotees who practised all sorts of vices, going and returning, to secure the pardon of sin, by visiting the shrine, and invoking the aid of the saint—so besotted and intoxicated were mankind made by the Church. In six months, from January to June 1435, the King of England granted licenses to two thousand eight hundred and fifty pilgrims, to Compostella alone; and it is impossible to give any idea of the myriads of Europeans who perished on pilgrimages, especially to the Holy Land. The church constantly prayed for these votaries, as the Church of England now prays for those who travel by land or by water.

The Rev. W. Acworth, at a meeting of the Bible Society, related an anecdote, which may be useful to travellers in popish countries: † ‘A gentleman who had travelled before me from Rome, had with him some Bibles, Testaments and tracts, on the top of which he had placed good old John Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress.” When the package was opened, the Douanniers examined this book, and not being very good English scholars, they knew not what to make of the title, Bun—Bun—Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress! “What is that?” said one. “Oh,” replied the other, “’tis some work on the advantage of pilgrimages;” and consequently the whole were immediately allowed. Now, I had my regular passport; but I venture to say, that good John Bunyan’s Pilgrim was a better passport for the Bible than any other which could have been found on that occasion.’

The Pilgrim’s Practice, containing many Godly Prayers. By Robert Bruen. 8vo, Lond. 1621.

The Pilgrim’s Profession.—This is accompanied by *The Pearl of the Gospel; with a glass for Gentlemen to dress themselves by*. By Thomas Taylor, D.D. 8vo, 1624.

There is nothing allegorical in these volumes.

* Southey.

* *Report*, May 1836, p. 392.

The Pilgrim of Castele ; written in Spanish, translated into English ; 4to, 1623 ; and republished many times.

This is a romance, probably invented in English. It represents a lover in the disguise of a pilgrim. He suffers shipwreck, and is picked up by some fishermen, who mistook him, when covered with weeds and mud, for a fardel of cloth ; but found it to be the pilgrim in a trance. They restore him to strength, and he enters upon some very extraordinary adventures. In his journey, he gives a good illustration of the then popular faith in haunted houses. Being benighted, he found a lodging in a hospital, deserted 'in regard of a strange noyse which every night was there heard, which hath happened ever since the death of a stranger who came thither to lodge, nobody hath dwelt there.' The pilgrim having made the sign of the cross, laid down to sleep, but in the deep silence he awoke, for 'his bed did move as a ship or a horse, which did carry him ;' he opened his eyes, and saw horsemen enter by two and two into the chamber, who, lighting torches which they held in their hands at the candle which he had left burning, cast them against the ceiling of the chamber, where they stuck fast with their bottoms upward, which dropt down burning flames upon his bed and upon his clothes. He covereth himself as well as possibly he could, leaving a little hole to look out at, that he might see whether his bed did burn or no ; when as instantly he saw the flames out, and that upon a table which was in a corner of the chamber, four of them were at primero, they passed, discarded, and set up money, as if they had truly played. At length they, debating upon a difference, fell into a quarrel in the chamber, which made such a noise with clashing of swords, that the miserable pilgrim called for help upon our lady of Gadalupe ; when the clattering of swords, and all other noise ceased, and he was all of a sweat with fear. Presently he felt that the bed and the clothes were pulled away from him by the uttermost corners, and he saw a man come in with a lighted torch in his hand, followed by two others, the one with a great brazen bason, and the other sharpening a little knife. Then began he to tremble, and all his hair to stand on end ; he would have spoken, but was not able ; when they were near him, the torch was put out : and the pilgrim, thinking that they would kill him, put his hands forth against the knife, when he felt that they laid hold on him, he gave a great cry, and the torch instantly kindled again, and he saw himself between two mastiff dogs, who held him fast in their teeth. JESUS, cried out the pilgrim ; at which name all those fantastic illusions vanished away, leaving him so weary and so affrighted that he could stay there no longer. He then went to a holy hermit, who had a stone for his pillow, his staff for a companion, and a death's head for his looking-glass ; who learnedly attributed all these midnight revels to 'angels fallen from the lowest quire, who suffer less pains than other, as having not so much sinned, but do take pleasure to displease men with frightings, noises, rumours, subtilties, and such like things, which they do in the night in houses, which thereby they make altogether uninhabitable, not being able otherwise to hurt but by these foolish and ridiculous efforts, limited and bound by the Almighty.'

It appears by numerous stories in this book, that the Pilgrim's habit was frequently assumed by runaway lovers, of whom this volume contains many romantic accounts. It contains nothing allegorical, but *professes* to be a relation of matter-of-fact adventures.

The most curious book which has fallen under my notice, upon these painful pilgrimages, is

The Pilgrim of Loretto performing his Vow made to the Glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God. By L. Richeome. 4to, Paris, 1630.
Dedicated to Mary, Queen of Charles I.

This work is intended to show the merits and advantages of pilgrimages to holy places ; because the Jews were pilgrims to Jerusalem three times a year. The kings, or sages, made their pilgrimage, guided to the star of the world. Our Lord was a pilgrim in Egypt, and he has left many places to which Christians

should undertake holy pilgrimages, and obtain the fruits of his graces; among these, Loretto is the most famous. This chapel is forty feet long, twenty wide, and twenty-five high, built of ordinary small stones, hard and squared long, of the colour of brick; the walls adorned with paintings of sacred stories, a stone altar—'breathing as it were something divine.' The image of the Blessed Virgin, crowned with precious stones; her gown of cloth of gold, with a sky-coloured mantle. On her left arm the little child Jesus, having a countenance full of grace and majesty. In the year 1291, the 9th of May, this house was at night carried by angels from Galilee into Slavonia, and remained there four years. On the night of the 19th of November 1294, it was removed, first into the Mark of Ancona, to a forest, the property of a lady named Loretto; but the forest being infested with thieves, it was removed to a hill hard by. In less than a month, it was again removed to Reccanata, and there remains. Dr Franklin says that three removes are as bad as a fire, but this house, with all its contents, was bodily removed, without injury, four times; and to prevent scepticism, the author recounts some wonders performed by angels—'we know by their natural force, they rouse about the huge frames of the celestial Bodys, from East to West with an admirable swiftness and constancy now these six thousand yeares together, without any paine or difficulty: a work without comparison more difficult, than to carry a house once or twice, from one country to another, although it be miraculous, and admirable for the rarenes.' He adds the testimony of Francis Prior, which, *if true*, decides the fact: 'he had often heard of his grandfather, that he did see the house of the blessed Virgin, when being carried in the air it lighted in the forest;' besides which, it was honoured with innumerable miracles. The result was, that emperors, popes, and princes presented gifts to the Virgin, until the massive gold and silver plate, diamonds, and baubles accumulated to an incredible value; it has been thought that millions of pounds sterling would not have paid for them, at a fair valuation.*

This pilgrimage is completed in forty days; thrice seven going, being the number of penance and purgation; nine to spend at Loretto, for the orders of angels, the intellectual light; and ten to return, it being the number of perfection. The pilgrim is to use his rosary of sixty-three beads, the age of the Virgin when she died; saying upon the small beads an Ave Maria, and upon the larger, every tenth, a Paternoster. Having confessed and communicated, three pilgrims commence the pilgrimage; and the first day's meditation was on the condition of man, as a pilgrim and stranger upon earth. It closes with a canticle, of which this is the last stanza:—

'Merrily then, let's march apace
Unto this blessed Virgin's Hall,
There shall we see the heaven's grace
Inclosed in a Chappel small:
And learne to be of this mayde-wife
Perfect Pilgrimes all our life.'

Similar instructions are given for each day's meditation. After the ten commandments follow the five, which were forgotten or omitted in the decalogue, and are called the Commandments of the Church. 1. To keep the feasts. 2. To hear mass. 3. To fast Lent, &c. 4. To confess. 5. To take the sacrament at Easter: to which are added, 6. Not to marry in times forbidden: and 7. To pay tithes.

When they had arrived at Loretto, themes were given for this nine days' meditation, during his sojourn there: as, a meditation upon the holy eucharist; on the conception of the blessed Virgin; on her ancestors; presentation; espousal of Joseph and Mary, both being virgins to the time of their death; the incarnation, nativity, &c. Before leaving Loretto, they pray to the Virgin; the close of this prayer is—'*to stirre us up to yield honour, praise, and immortal thanks to the Sonne and the Mother, who with their honour have made thee so honourable.*'

On their return, these pilgrims were mistaken for thieves, and narrowly escaped death. Many miracles are talked over; and among them, one narrated by Fisher,

* See *Library of Learning*, 8vo, p. 465.

Bishop of Rochester, in 1526, in his book against (Ecolampadius, of a priest who lived many months without food or hunger, and in the midst of snow, without feeling cold, BY LICKING A STONE.

The best sentence in the volume is in the thirty-fifth day. The meditation is upon the preaching of John: 'he that in his preaching maketh himselfe admired, and not Jesus Christ, and draweth the harts of his hearers after himselfe, and not after Jesus Christ, is a thiete, employing his Maisters money and gifts to his owne uses, and not to his Maisters honour.' The three pilgrims being benighted, climbed an oak to pass the night. One of them said, 'If it rains, what shall we do?' 'We will doe,' answered another, 'as they do in Normandy.' 'And what do they there?' replied he. 'They let it rain,' quoth the other. At eleven o'clock at night they are alarmed by a horrible spectacle. A monstrous old goat, with a black candle burning blue between his horns, read in a book, making a circle, when sixty-six sorcerers and witches came riding through the air, to this devil's ball. As they arrived, they did the old goat homage, by kissing under his tail, and commenced dancing. Upon a bank they made an altar, and parodied the sacrifice of the mass. At length, the old goat caught sight of the pilgrims; in a moment the dance was dashed; three of them were turned into fierce wolves, who mounted the tree to devour the pilgrims; but they made the sign of the cross, and said, '*Jesus Maria*;' the wolves fell down like sacks of corn, and the assembly vanished, leaving a most horrible stench behind them; * as if the plague had there burnt all the rags of her infection. All this is narrated, not as an allegory, but as a matter of fact. When such abominable stories were believed, we can hardly wonder at the brutal severity of our laws against poor old women, called witches.

In the morning, among gobbets of flesh and other foul matters, they found a piece of turnip, cut to resemble a host,† with a silver chalice and paten; these they carried to the nearest monastery, from which they had been stolen.

A merchant, who had befriended the pilgrims when in the most imminent danger of being murdered, vowed to devote himself to religion, and was instantly carried, by invisible agency, through the air, for many miles to a monastery, where he took the vows.

The pilgrims meet some beset with pretended reformation, and recover them to holy church, by narrating some miracles; among others, one of a priest who was captured by the Turks and on his refusing to turn Mahometan, they took out his bowels and heart, and put them into his hands, leaving him to be devoured by wild beasts. But in fulfilment of a vow that he had made to the blessed Virgin, he got up and walked to Loretto, with his heart and bowels in his hands; recounted to the officers of the church what had happened, showed them his empty body and his life in his hand, and fulfilled his vow! A painting of this miracle is preserved in the chapel. The pilgrims, on the fortieth day, return in safety, and become monks. This curious and rare volume ends with the Litany, Rosary, and Corone of the blessed Virgin, in English: being the official prayers to Mary, as sanctioned by the church. These illustrate the dispute as to whether or not she is an object of worship with the Romish Church. The following is 'The Oblation of the Assumption':—

'O Soueraigne Lady and Virgin, the honour of mankind, and beauty of the heavens, I humbly offer unto thee 10 *Aves* and one *Pater-noster*, to the glorious mystery of thy Assumption; when by the B. Sonue, thou wert called to his everlasting glory, & deseruedst at thy happy passage to haue present the holy Apostles thy seruants, & wast receiued body and soule into the heavenly habitations of the celestially spirits, as Queene of the Angels & mother of their Lord & maister.'

The lady who, with considerable talent and great humility, published Bunyan in epic poetry, under the signature of C. C. V. G., in a note to a *Key*, says, 'It is a certain fact, and one not very generally known, that a complete design of a Pilgrim's Progress is to be found in Lucian's "*Hermotimus*"; it is not to be imagined that Bunyan could have seen it there, from the limited educational advantages he possessed; yet, the

* Pp. 356, 357. This volume is of extreme rarity; it is in the Editor's library.

† 'Host,' the consecrated wafer.

obvious allegory occurred to his mind, unschooled as it was, in a similar arrangement with that suggested by Lucian.*

Mr Tooke thus translates the passage : † 'Hermotimus, of Cladomena, of whom it is related that his soul often quitted him, and after having wandered a long while about the world by itself, returned again into its body, and that Hermotimus was several times taken for dead, and always rose again.' To this Mr Wieland adds a note : 'It was a singular gift that he had of being able to leave his body, and come into it again ; and as a proof that his soul, while its body lay for dead, was actually out of it, he knew, not only to give account of the remotest places, and of what he had there seen and heard, with accuracy, and in conformity to truth, but also foretold sundry future events, as earthquakes and other calamities, which actually came to pass. And this he carried on so long, that his faithful wife was induced to deliver up his body to his enemies, during one of these emigrations of the soul, who immediately burnt it ; and thus for ever stopped all re-entrance to the poor soul. The learned Bishop Huet directly pronounces this beautiful story to be an old wife's tale.' Where the poor burnt-out soul obtained another habitation we are not told. This notion of the soul wandering about without the body has been lately revived, among other absurdities called *Mesmerism* ; but what idea Bunyan could get from this absurd story is far beyond my comprehension.

Bernard's *Isle of Man* ; or, the Legal Proceedings in Manshire
against Sin.

This interesting little volume was very popular. The author, a Puritan member of the Church of England, who, profiting by the personal respect felt for him by his bishop, escaped punishment, and was permitted to enjoy his living of Batcomb. The purity of his life ; his zeal for the conversion of perishing sinners ; and his obedience to the dictates of his own conscience, would, but for such protection, have subjected him to persecution. The late Dr Adam Clarke ‡ considered that there was much reason to believe that *The Isle of Man*, or Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, gave birth to the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Holy War.' Dr Southey § imagines that Bunyan had seen this book, because his verses introductory to the Second Part have some similarity to Bernard's *Apology for his Allegory*, which closes the volume. Such authorities induced me to a careful re-perusal of a book which had given me much pleasure in bygone days.

Sin is the Thief and Robber : he stealeth our graces ; spoileth us of every blessing ; utterly undoeth us, and maketh miserable both body and soul. He is a murderer ; spares no person, sex, or age ; a strong thief ; no human power can bind him ; a subtle thief ; he beguiled Adam, David, yea, even Paul. The only watchman to spy him out is Godly-Jealousy. His resort is in Soul's Town, lodging in the heart. Sin is to be sought in the by-lanes, and in Sense, Thought, Word, and Deed Streets. The hue and cry is after fellows called *Outside*, who nod or sleep at church, and if awake, have their mind wandering ; Sir Worldly-wise, a self-conceited earth-worm ; Sir Luke-warm, a Jack-on-both-sides ; Sir Plausible Civil ; Master Machiavel ; a licentious fellow named Libertine ; a snappish fellow, one Scrupulosity ; and one Babbling-Babylonian ; these conceal the villain Sin. To escape, he pretends to be an honest man ; calls vices by virtuous names ; his relations, Ignorance, Error,

* This also struck Mr Southey. See his letter to Sir E. Brydges, in his *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 285.

† Lucian's *Works*, translated by Tooke, with Wieland's Notes, 4to, 1820, vol. ii. p. 268.

‡ Postscript to Wetherall's *Life of Bunyan*, prefixed to *The Pilgrim, an Epic Poem*, by

C. V. G., Parsons' Town, 1844.

§ *Life of Bunyan*, p. xci.

Opinion, Idolatry, Subtily, Custom. Forefathers, Sir Power, Sir Sampler, Sir Most-do, Sir Silly, Vain Hope, Presumption, Wilful and Saint-like, all shelter and hide him. The Justice, Lord Jesus, issues his warrant, God's Word; to the Constable, Mr Illuminated-Understanding, dwelling in Regeneration, aided by his wife Grace; his sons Will and Obedience, and his daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, with his men Humility and Self-Denial, and his maids Temperance and Patience. Having got his warrant, he calls to aid his next neighbour Godly Sorrow, with his seven sons Care, Clearing, Indignation, Fear, Vehement Desire, Zeal, and Revenge; these are capable of apprehending the sturdiest thief. He goes to the common inn, an harlot's house called Mistress Heart, a receptacle for all villains and thieves, no dishonest person being denied house-room. Mistress Heart married her own father, one Old-man, keeping riot night and day, to prevent any godly motion from lodging there. The house has five doors, Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling, and Feeling. Eleven maids, impudent harlots, wait upon the guests, Love, Hatred, Desire, Detestation, Vain-hope, Despair, Fear, Audacity, Joy, Sorrow, and Anger, and a man-servant Will. The Dishes are the lusts of the flesh, served in the platter of pleasure; the lust of the eyes in the plate of profit; and the pride of life. The drink is the pleasures of sin; their bedroom is natural corruption. 'In this room lyeth Mistress Heart, all her maids, her man, and all her guests together, like wild Irish.' The bed is impenitency, and the coverings carnal security; when the constable enters, he attaches them all with *apprehensions of God's wrath*, and carries them before the judge, who examines the prisoners, and imprisons them until the assizes, in the custody of the jailer, New-man. 'If any prisoner breaks out, the sheriff Religion must bear the blame; saying, This is your religion, is it?' The keepers and fetters, as vows, fasting, prayer, &c., are described with the prison.

The second part is the trial of the prisoner, and judgment without appeal; the commission is Conscience; the circuit the Soul; the counsel for the king are Divine Reason and Quicksightedness; the clerk Memory; the witness Godly Sorrow; the grand jury Holy Men, the inspired authors; the traverse jury Faith, Love of God, Fear of God, Charity, Sincerity, Unity, Patience, Innocency, Chastity, Equity, Verity, and Contentation; all these are challengers by the prisoners, who would be tried by Nature, Doubting, Careless, &c., all free-holders of great means. This the judge overrules; Old-man is put on his trial first, and David, Job, Isaiah, and Paul, are witnesses against him. He pleads, 'There is no such thing as Original Corruptions; Pelagius, a learned man, and all those now that are called Anabaptists have hitherto, and yet do maintain that sin cometh by imitation, and not by inbred pravity.* Good, my lord, cast not away so old a man, for I am at this day 5569 years old.' He is found guilty, and his sentence is—'Thou shalt be carried back to the place of execution, and there *be cast off, with all thy deeds, and all thy members daily mortified and crucified with all thy lusts*, of every one that hath truly put on Christ.' Mistress Heart is then tried; Moses (Gen. viii. 21), Jeremiah (xvii. 9), Ezekiel, Matthew (xv. 9), and others, give evidence, and she is convicted, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment under the jailor, Mr New-man. All the rest of the prisoners are tried; the juries called in due order; prisoners plead; witnesses are called; defence heard, verdict given, and sentence passed. One among the prisoners, named Papistry, has a long trial with numerous scriptures brought to testify against him: his sentence closes the book—'That thou, the Master of Iniquity, with the Old Serpent called the Devil, or Satan thy father, with thy lewd mother that great whore, drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, which sitteth upon a scarlet-coloured beast; as also with that false prophet, the son of perdition, thy guide and governor, shall

* Acts xxviii. 22. This slander was thus published in 1683. In the face of the Baptist Confession of Faith, printed in 1646, presented to Parliament, and many times reprinted, the eleventh Article in which is—'In the beginning God made all things very good; created man after his own image; full with all meet perfection of nature, and free from all sin; but long he abode not in this honour, Satan using the subtlety of the serpent to seduce, first Eve, then by her, seducing Adam, who, without any compulsion, in eating the forbidden fruit, transgressed the command of God and fell, whereby death came upon all his posterity, who now are conceived in sin, and, by nature, the children of wrath, the servants of sin, the subjects of death, and other miseries in this world, and for ever, unless the Lord Jesus Christ set them free.' How marvellous, that a pious clergyman, while presenting to the world the Trial of Sin, should be guilty of so great a piece of iniquity, as this gross and uncalled-for misrepresentation!

be cast alive where the dragon is, into the lake of fire burning with brimstone, there to be tormented with all the marked ones in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; without rest day and night, the smoke of which torment shall ascend up for ever and for ever, without mercy or hope of redemption.' The contents form a key to the allegory.

There is not the slightest similarity between this and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the only resemblance it bears to the 'Holy War' is making the senses the means of communication with the heart or soul—an idea usual and universal in every age, the use of which cannot subject a writer to the charge of plagiarism. A correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine** imagines the following strange genealogy or descent: Bunyan from Bernard; from Fletcher's *Purple Island*; from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; from Gawin Douglas's *King Hart*; from the *Old Mysteries and Moralities*. *He might have added, from the dreams of the Fathers!!!*

Scudder's *Christian's Daily Walk*, 1625.

This excellent book was much read by the Puritans and Nonconformists, and was strongly recommended by Dr Owen and R. Baxter.

The sum of it is a Christian's directions to walk with God. The moral actions of man's life are aptly resembled by the metaphor of walking; no man while he liveth here is at home. There are two contrary homes to which every man is always going, either to heaven or to hell. Every action of man is one pace or step whereby he goeth to the one place or the other; so that God's own children, while they live in this world as pilgrims and strangers are but *in the way*, not *in the country* which they seek.

The book that has been most noticed as likely to have been seen by Bunyan, is

Bolswert's *Pilgrimage of Duyfkens and Willemynkens*, 8vo, Antwerp, 1627.†

It was translated into French, and became somewhat popular. This book was noticed by two gentlemen from Yorkshire, who called to see my extensive collection of early English Bibles and books, about twenty-four years ago. Among other books they noticed a very fine copy of this rare volume of Bolswert's, the prints in which reminded them of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' and on their return to the north, a paragraph was inserted in a provincial paper stating that our 'Pilgrim's Progress' was a translation. The falsehood of such a statement has been fully proved by Mr Southey, to whom the identical volume was lent, for the purpose of fully entering into the question, and there appears not to be the slightest similarity in the two stories.

The cuts which struck my visitors were—A man sleeping, and a pilgrim leaning over the bed; through the open door two pilgrims are seen walking; they stoop on the bank of a river, at the head of which, in the distance, the sun is setting. Another cut represents the pilgrims with fools' caps on their heads, driven by a mob, and one of them before a man sitting with his secretary at a table; a third shows the alarmed pilgrim in a circle of lighted candles, while a necromancer produces goblins

* January 1844, p. 32.

† Bolswert was an engraver of great eminence. He illustrated Suquet's *Via Vitæ Eternæ*; the plates to this book are beautifully engraved, and are remarkable for his prolific imagination in drawing devils.

and sprites from an overhanging hill ; a fourth shows the two pilgrims going up a steep mountain, when one of them falls over the brink. The story is, that Dovekin goes to Willemynken to awake her, and she sets out ; they wash in a river which has its source in Rome, and, taking *the Netherlands in its way*, flows on to Jerusalem. They are infested with vermin at a kermes ; * go through a number of ridiculous adventures, until one is blown from a rock, and is lost ; the other arrives at Jerusalem, and is married.

This short analysis is by Mr Southey ; but a translation of this pilgrimage into French lately fell into my hands, and on an attentive perusal of it, the object of the writer becomes perfectly apparent.

Dovekin—Colombelle, the dove—is one who, without inquiry, obeys the church. Willemynken—Volontairette, self-willed, or without restraint—will not submit without inquiry. These two sisters set out on pilgrimage : Colombelle is happy in every adventure, until blessed with a splendid husband and great wealth ; while Volontairette gets into perpetual dangers and difficulties, until she meets a violent death.

The whole object is to prevent inquiry ; to keep the mind enslaved to priestcraft ; to obstruct that research into scriptural truth which the Holy Ghost enjoins, ' Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good ' (1 Thess. v. 21). ' Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world ' (1 John iv. 1). It is almost a wonder that a tale so suited to the same popish, Puseyite sect in this country has not been published in English.

We now come to a similar class of books published during Bunyan's life.

Wholesome Repast for the Soule in her Pilgrimage towards Jerusalem which is above. By John Hodges. A pocket volume, 1638.

This is a series of meditations on passages of Holy Writ, arranged in the order of the alphabet.

The Soule's Progresse to the Celestiall Canaan, or Heavenly Jerusalem. By way of godly meditations and holy contemplations. Accompanied with divers learned exhortations and pithy perswasions, tending to Christianity and Humanity. In two parts. First, on the Nature of God, and second, on the sum of the Gospel. By John Wells, small 4to, 1639.

True Inventory of the Goods and Chattels of Superstition, late of the parish of Ignorance, in the County of Blind Devotion. 4to, 1642.

The Last Will and Testament of Sir J. Presbyter ; with his admonitions to legions of perjured friends. 4to, 1647.

The two last belong to a series of satirical attacks upon Episcopacy.

A Spiritual Duel between a Christian and Satan. By H. J., 1646 ; with a frontispiece representing a Saint armed, supported by Faith, Hope,

* ' Kermes ' ; a Flemish fair.

and Charity, fighting Diabolus, attended by Mundus and Caro. Flame is proceeding from the mouth of Diabolus.

This is a long and dreary conference between a sinner and Satan, with soliloquies and prayers extending over 425 pages, not relieved by anything allegorical.

The Christian Pilgrim in his Conflict and Conquest. By John Castaniza. Printed in Paris, 1652.

A curious but not allegorical volume of popish instructions, with fine plates.

The Pilgrim, from Quarles's Emblems.

'O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.'—Ps. cxix. 5.

1.

'Thus I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth :
I only relish what the world counts vain ;
Her mirth's my grief ; her sullen grief my mirth ;
Her light my darkness ; and her truth my error :
Her freedom is my goal ; and her delight my terror.

2.

'Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee ;
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee ;
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

3.

'The world's a lab'rinth whose anfractuons * ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crooked meanders ;
No resting here ; he's hurry'd back that stays
A thought ; and he that goes unguided, wanders ;
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n ;
So hard's the way from Earth ; so hard's the way to Heaven !

4.

'This gyiring † lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire
Streams closely ‡ sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier ;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

5.

'Where shall I seek a guide ? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?
- What trusty lantern will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of those dang'rous places ?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide ?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

* 'Anfractuons ;' winding about.

† 'Gyiring ;' full of turnings.

‡ 'Closely ;' sliely, secretly.

6.

'An unexpected star did gently slide
 Before the wise men, to a greater light ;
 Backsliding Isra'l found a double guide ;
 A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night ;
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

7.

'O that the pinions of a clipping* dove
 Would cut my passage through the empty air ;
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger, and forgotten care !
 My backward eyes should near commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

8.

'Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray :
 Thou art my path, direct my steps aright ;
 I have no other light, no other way :
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue ;
 His law shall be my path, his heavenly light my clue.

'S. AUGUST. SOLILOQ. Cap. iv.

'O Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life ; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death : the light, without which there is darkness ; the way, without which there is wandering ; the truth, without which there is error ; the life, without which there is death. Say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness ; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering ; I shall see the truth, and shun error ; I shall see life, and escape death. Illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death : and direct my feet in the way of peace.'

'EPIC. 2.

'Pilgrim, trudge on, what makes thy soul complain,
 Crowns thy complaint ; the way to rest is pain :
 The road to resolution lies by doubt :
 The next way home's the farthest way about.'

Under the Commonwealth, a great effort was made to purify the Church, by an examination of all those clergymen who, either from profane conduct, ignorance, or want of talent, were a scandal to their profession ; or whose violent attachment to monarchy led them to foment rebellion against the Government, and who were unfit for the work of the ministry ; all such were ejected from their livings ; and pluralists were strictly limited to one living, the selection being left to themselves. These triers and judges are all named in an ordinance of the Lords and Commons, October 20, 1645, and September 26, 1646. The description of characters they were to try is thus given :—

'All persons that shall blasphemously speak or write any thing of God, his holy word, or Sacraments. An incestuous person. An adulterer. A fornicator. A drunkard. A profane swearer or curser. One that hath taken away the life

* 'Clipping' ; swift flying.

of any person maliciously. All worshippers of images, Crosses, Crucifixes, or Reliques; all that shall make any images of the Trinity, or of any Person thereof. All religious worshippers of Saints, Angels, or any mere creature. Any person that shall profess himself not to be in charity with his neighbour. Any person that shall challenge any other person by word, message, or writing to fight, or that shall accept such challenge and agree thereto. Any person that shall knowingly carry any such challenge by word, message, or writing. Any person that shall upon the Lord's day use any dancing, playing at dice, or cards, or any other game; Masking, Wake, Shooting, Bowling, playing at foot-ball, or stool-ball, Wrestling, or that shall make, or resort unto any plays, interludes, fencing, Bull-baiting or Bear-baiting, or that shall use hawking, hunting or coursing, fishing or fowling, or that shall publickly expose any wares to sale, otherwise than as is provided by an ordinance of parliament. Any person that shall travel on the Lord's Day without reasonable cause. Any person that keepeth a known stewes or brothel house, or that shall solicit the chastity of any person for himself or any other. Any person, father or mother, that shall consent to the marriage of their child to a papist, or any person that shall marry a papist. Any person that shall repair for any advice unto any witch, wizard, or fortune teller. Any person that shall assault his parents, or any magistrate, Minister, or Elder in the execution of his office. Any person that shall be legally attainted of Burretry, Forgery, Extortion, or Bribery. And the severall and respective Elderships shall have power likewise to suspend from the sacrament of the Lords Supper all ministers that shall be duly proved to be guilty of any of the crimes aforesaid, from giving or receiving the Sacrament of the Lords Supper.' With power to appeal to the provincial Assembly, to the Nationall, and from thence to the Parliament.*

The commissioners, called triers, ejected many from their livings who had been a disgrace to their calling. The character of the clergy was at a very low standard. Bunyan called them proud, wanton, drunkards, covetous, riding after tithe-cocks and handfuls of barley.† And the exclusion of such from their livings has been since called *the sufferings of the clergy!* To ridicule the efforts of these triers, and, at the same time, some of the Calvinistic doctrines, a small volume was published, entitled, *The Examination of Tilenus in Utopia*, London, 1658; said to have been written by Bishop Womack;‡ and merely because the names of the supposed triers are Dr Absolute, Mr Fatality, Mr Fri-babe, Dr Damman, Mr Take o' Trust, Mr Narrow Grace [Philip Rye], Mr Know-little [Hugh Peters], Dr Dubious [R. Baxter], &c., therefore it has been asserted § that Bunyan must have read and profited by this book, in composing his allegorical works.

It is neither a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a 'Holy War,' nor a 'Heavenly Footman'; and to imagine that Bunyan was assisted by this book, merely because the triers are named after some doctrinal or practical bias, is as absurd as to suppose that the boys in a grammar-school were aided by Bunyan, because they nicknamed their master, 'Dr Flog'em,' for his unmanly and absurd attempts to drive Latin by force into his pupils.

In the *Journal* of George Fox, one of the founders of the Society of Friends, under the year 1659, is the copy of a long letter sent by him to these triers. In this he calls upon them to dismiss all ministers who are 'evil beasts, slow bellies, given to wine and filthy lucre, proud, and that have fallen into the condemnation of the devil.' He instances one Ralph Hollingworth, priest of Phillingham, whose parishioner, Thomas Bromby, a thatcher, having refused to pay a sum under six shillings for tithe-dues,

* An original copy, in possession of the Editor, pp. 5-7.

† 'Vindication of Gospel Truths,' vol. ii. p. 178.

‡ Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 92.

§ A most intelligent bookseller, and a great admirer of Bunyan, lent me two volumes, observing that it was universally admitted that the triers had aided our Author; but if he had ever read the triers, it must have tried his patience, and satisfied him that there was not the slightest ground for such an admission.

instead of preaching the glad tidings of salvation to him, and his wife and family, sent him to jail, and had then kept him there eight and thirty weeks.

We now come to a short *Pilgrimage*, which has in it one feature similar to the perseverance of Christian. It is one of the delightful poems of George Herbert's, in his pocket volume called *The Temple*,* entitled

The Pilgrimage.

- ' I travel on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.
- ' And so I came to Phansies meadows strewed
With many a flower ;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.
- ' That led me to the wild of Passion ; which
Some call the world ;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich,
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel,† which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.
- ' At length I got unto the gladsom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart ; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.
- ' With that abash'd and struck with many a sting,
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King !
Can both the way and end be tears ?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceived.
- ' My hill was further : so I slung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, *None goes that way
And lives* : If that be all, said I,
After so foul a Journey death is fair,
And but a chair.'

The only similarity is that Christian goes up the hill Difficulty ; he hears the cry of Timorous and Mistrust :—' Just before us lie a couple of lions ; if we came within reach, they would presently pull us in pieces.' Christian's reply was—' If I go back, I shall perish. If I can get to the celestial city, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture.'

* Eleventh edition, pp. 135, 136.

† 'Angel' ; a gold coin, in value one-third of the ancient sovereign.

A Dialogue between Life and Death. Very requisite for the contemplation of all transitory Pilgrims, and pious-minded Christians. 1657.

This little book consists of only twenty-four leaves, and might have been seen by Bunyan as a religious tract previous to his writing the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It contains nothing allegorical as to pilgrimages, nor any idea that could have assisted our author in composing his great work.

It is a Dance of Death, illustrated with very rude cuts, and printed with a homely rhyme to each.

A Spiritual Journey of a young man towards the Land of Peace to live essentially in God, who met in his journey with three sorts of dispute. With some proverbs or sentences, which the old age spake to the young man. Also a Spiritual Dialogue, whereunto is annexed a round or chorus dance, whereunto the vain heathenish lusts, with their wicked confused loose minds and thoughts (as well in confusion as in a show of holiness), assemble from all corners of the earth, and dancing hand in hand, skip and jump to Hell. Translated out of Dutch. London, printed by J. Macock, 1659. Small 4to.

There is nothing allegorical in this volume; it consists of disputations, proverbs, and dialogues, the whole intent of which is to show that an illuminated uniform spirit must be sought, not from the Bible, but from inward light, and that to seek knowledge from the Scriptures without that spirit is like journeying by night with a lantern in which there is no light—fighting with a scabbard without a sword—quenching thirst with a vessel in which is no wine, or being contented, when hungry, with a cupboard or bin without bread.

Reading's Guide to the Holy City; or, Directions and Helps to an Holy Life. 4to, Oxford, 1657.

The Pilgrim's Pass to the New Jerusalem. By M. R. Gent, London, 1659, small 8vo.

This volume contains a series of meditations on passages of Scripture, intended to convey the consolations of a good hope, through faith in the Redeemer, to his pilgrims. It contains nothing allegorical.

Pordage's Mundorum Explicatio, or the Explanation of an Hieroglyphical Figure; wherein are couched the mysteries of the Eternal, Internal, and External Worlds, showing the true progress of a Soul from the Court of Babylon to the City of Jerusalem; from the Adamical fallen state, to the regenerate and Angelical. A Sacred Poem. 8vo, 1661.

There is nothing allegorical in these volumes.

Jesus, Maria, Joseph; or, The devout Pilgrim to the ever blessed Virgin Mary. 12mo, Amsterdam, 1663.

This is a mere guide to devotees, in their approaches to the Virgin Mary.

Philothea's Pilgrimage to Perfection. Described in a Practice of Ten Days' Solitude. By Brother John of the Holy Cross, Frier Minour. Small 8vo, Bruges, 1668.*

A rare volume, published during the time that Bunyan was writing his 'Pilgrim's Progress;' and it is not at all probable that he saw this Roman Catholic production; but if he had seen and read it, he could not have gleaned a hint to use in his wondrous 'Dream.' It is dedicated to the Countess Dowager of Sussex.

In this, Brother John Cross has made a wonderful discovery—that countesses, being the more refined images of God, above the vulgar, have, by their noble descent, a clearer aptness to sublime thoughts and actions! What could such a man have thought of the son of a carpenter, of fishermen, of publicans, of tent-makers, or of tinkers? The pilgrim's name is 'Philothea'; she enters on her pilgrimage with the author's good wishes, expressed in the language of Holy Toby: '*Walk well, God be in thy way, and his holy Angell accompany Thee.*' The journey is divided into ten days' solitary employment, that the pilgrim might be ravished into the heavenly paradise, to hear and see what we are loath to leave and cannot utter. To attain this, very minute directions are given as to time, place, posture of body, method, choice of a guide, &c. The guide he describes as 'a medicine of life and immortality.' 'Woe be to him that is alone,' says Brother John, probably feeling under his state of celibacy. His qualification is knowledge, charity, and discretion; he will securely lead thee to rest and peace. Her exercises are to be vocal prayer, reading spiritual books, corporal mortifications, and manual labour; use only one meal a day; to this, add a hair-cloth next the skin, and occasional floggings. These are general instructions, which are followed by objects for meditation on each day's journey, so as to arrive at perfection in ten days; solitude, humility and austerity, patience and charity, vileness by sin, the sacrament, mortification, flight from earth, spiritual life, God speaking to man, love's ascents and descents, the soul's repose in God, union with Christ, and ending with meditations upon the Passions.

An Hue and Cry after Conscience; or, The Pilgrim's Progress by Candle-Light, in Search after Honesty and Plain Dealing. Represented under the Similitude of a DREAMER. Wherein is discovered The Pritty manner of his setting out. His Pleasant Humours on his Journey. The Disappointment he met with after all his Search. Together with his flight at last into another Country, where he is still on his Rambles. Written by John Dunton. 1685, 18mo.

The advertisement to the reader says, that, as the author's previous work was of the pilgrim's journey to an heavenly country, so now of all sorts of wicked pilgrims, of either sex, that are either posting directly to hell, or madly dancing and frolicking upon the brink of destruction. Progressing by candle-light, all manner of vice and roguery is painted to the life, in its proper colours; and then brought to light as a fatal spectacle to the thinking and gazing part of mankind, together with the most eminent cheats of all trades and professions.

This is a display of vice, villainy, and deceit of every description, without any continuous plot; and it adds one to a thousand proofs of the degraded and debauched state of society in the reign of Charles II., and of our happy exemption from such scenes. Morality and purity have extended, as voluntary efforts to spread Divine truth increased; awful was the state of society when none but state-paid priests were permitted to teach the glad tidings of salvation.†

* In the Editor's library.

† A copy of this book is preserved in Dunton's *Works*, No. 700, A 3, in the British Museum.

Bishop Patrick's *Parable of the Pilgrim*. 4to, 1687.

Whoever has patience to wade through ten pages of Bishop Patrick's *Parable* must be fully convinced that his Lordship's limping and unwieldy *Pilgrim* will never be able, with all his hobbling, to overtake, or even to get within sight of John Bunyan by many a thousand miles—a striking proof that exquisite natural ability casts a brighter and more captivating lustre than the deepest acquired parts. The bishop's *Pilgrim* has only one description which has the slightest similarity to Bunyan's style.

A gentleman rides up to the pilgrims, 'very civil and inviting,' but they observed that he had a sword by his side, and a pair of pistols before him, together with another instrument hanging at his belt, which was formed for pulling out of eyes. They told him—'We are strongly possessed against those who would make us believe we cannot see our way unless we let them pull out our eyes, and who are not content to labour by reason to bring them to their bent, but shoot them to death if they stiffly refuse, as if they were but rogues and thieves.' The learned bishop does not approve of the Roman Catholics using force, pulling out of eyes, or shooting churchmen; while, at that very time, his own church, if dissenters refused, to use his own phrase, to have their eyes pulled out, sent them to prison, tormented them, and, in some cases they hung, drew, and quartered them! On getting rid of him, another man, more sad and melancholy, crossed their way, with a dagger by his side and a pistol peeping out of his pocket—he represents the Presbyterians or Independents; and to him the Episcopalian says, 'I retain my own eyes, but use also those of "the Conductors of Souls"; and am glad with all mine heart that I have met with one both to teach and to watch over me. Your dagger will soon grow to a sword; you pretend to liberty, and will give none.' How true is the saying, 'with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.'

The very crime which the learned bishop imputes to others was most prominently his own; for at that time no Church was more hostile to the Christian's duty of seeing with his own eyes, or judging for himself from a personal examination of the Sacred Scriptures. The bishop exclaims against those who persecuted his Church, but veils the infamous Protestant persecutions by which that same Church was spotted as with a leprosy.

After all, Patrick, with some excellences, is but a sorry pedlar, dealing in damaged wares; for, instead of Christian experience formed from Scripture, we find scraps from the philosophers and heathen mythology. Patrick and Bunyan were writing their 'Pilgrims' about the same time: they do not appear to have anything in common. Patrick was a learned man, and his elaborate work requires the pains to read it which he took in its composition; while Bunyan's story flowed freely from his rich imagination, and the reader enjoys it with the same flowing pleasure.

The sixth edition of the *Parable of the Pilgrim* has a finely executed frontispiece, representing a pilgrim leaving a city, and going a roundabout way to the New Jerusalem, which shines forth in the clouds.*

Patrick's *Pilgrim*, slightly abridged, was published in the Englishman's Library; and still more abridged, in a neat pocket volume, at Oxford, by Parker.

* London, 1687.

APPENDIX II.

APPENDIX

II.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE EDITIONS OF THE 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS' PUBLISHED DURING THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, WITH NOTICES OF THE MORE PROMINENT MODERN EDITIONS.

THE first edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was published in a foolscap 8vo, in 1678. This volume is of extraordinary rarity; only one copy being known to exist, and that in the most beautiful preservation, in the original binding, clean and perfect. It was discovered in a noblemen's library, and, judging from its appearance, had never been read. It is now in the cabinet of H. S. Holford, Esq., of Weston Birt House, Tetbury, Gloucestershire. To that gentleman the public are deeply indebted for his liberal permission, given to me on behalf of the Hanserd Knollys Society, not only to copy it for publication by that Society, but also to correct the proof-sheets of the edition by a careful comparison of them with the original. Having with great care and labour edited that edition, I can certify that it is an accurate reprint, not merely verbal, but literal, including the punctuation, and the use of capitals and italics. The volume contains 253 pages, with a black-letter headline. It has no portrait or cuts. In it are some words and sentences which were omitted in all the subsequent editions until that in 1847, by the Hanserd Knollys Society.

The second edition was published also in the year 1678. The title is nearly similar to the first, with the words, 'The second Edition with Additions.' And to this very considerable additions had been made. A copy of this book, wanting the verses at the end, is in the British Museum; and a very fine and perfect one is in the library of W. B. Gurney, Esq., Denmark Hill.* It is comprised in 276 pages, and has no portrait or cuts. It has many more typographical errors than the first edition, but the spelling is greatly modernised and improved.

The third edition appeared in the following year, 1679, by the same publishers. A most beautiful copy of this rare volume, bound in olive morocco, to all appearance new, is in the library of the Rev. ——— †

It contains 287 pages, with a portrait of the author, engraved by R. W[hite]. f. marked upon the rock, but no other cut or illustration. This portrait is well engraved, and a credit to the eminent artist, who was a personal friend of Mr Bunyan's. It is very superior to the miserable imitations which *ornamented* later editions. In this a considerable addition was made; and this completed the allegory. From that time to

* The same book was lent to Thos. Scott by Mrs Gurney, Holborn. See Preface to the 'Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes, by the Rev. Thomas Scott.'

† Lent to me by my worthy friend, Mr Leslie, Bookseller, Great Queen Street.

the author's decease, every edition presents some little additions of side-notes or references.

The fourth edition is by the same publishers, in 1680; it contains 288 pages, and has the portrait. A copy of this is in the Editor's possession. Another copy of this same edition, lent to me by Mr Pickering, bookseller, Piccadilly, has on the back of the portrait, *An Advertisement from the Bookseller*:—

'The *Pilgrims Progress*, having sold several Impressions, and with good Acceptation among the People, (there are some malicious men of our profession of lewd principles, hating honesty, and Coveting other mens rights, and which we call *Land Pirates*, one of this society is *Thomas Braddyll*, a Printer, who I actually found printing my Book for himself, and five more of his Confederates,) but in truth he hath so abominably and basely falsified the true Copie, and changed the Notes, that they have abused the Author in the sence, and the Propriator of his right (and if it doth steal abroad, they put a cheat upon the people). You may distinguish it thus, The Notes are Printed in Long Primer, a base old letter, almost worn out, hardly to be read, and such is the Book it self. Whereas the true Copie is Printed in a Leigable fair Character and Brevier Notes as it alwaies has been, this Fourth Edition hath, as the third had, the Authors picture before the Title, and hath more then 22 passages of Additions, pertinently placed quite thorow the Book, which the Counterfeit hath not. N. P.'

'This is Brevier, and the true Copy.' | 'This is Long Primer Letter.'

The additions alluded to are quotations from Scripture, and side-notes. Dunton had a high opinion of Braddyll, and calls him a first-rate printer, active, diligent, and religious.* Ponder certainly did not unite in these encomiums.

The fifth edition is also by Ponder, and was published in 1680; it contains 221 pages. This has the portrait, and one woodcut on page 128—the Martyrdom of Faithful, with the verse beneath. A fine copy is in possession of my excellent friend Mr Pickering.

The sixth has not been found in a perfect state.

The seventh, in very beautiful preservation, is in the library of R. B. Sherring, Esq., Bristol. It was published by Ponder, 1681, containing 286 pages, handsomely printed, with the portrait, and the cut of the Martyrdom of Faithful, *on a separate leaf*, between the pages 164 and 165. It was a copy of this edition which Bunyan used in writing his Second Part, all the references in which, made to the First Part, correspond with this edition. On the back of the portrait is a manuscript memorandum, that the book was given to Thos. Hayward, Aug. 1682. Pretium, 1s. 6d.

There were two eighth editions in 1682; they have 211 pages, and two leaves of a list of 'Books,' printed for Ponder, the publisher. A fine copy of one of these is in Sion College Library; and the other, somewhat imperfect, is in the Editor's possession. On the back of the frontispiece is the following *Advertisement*:

'The *Pilgrims Progress* having found good Acceptation among the People to the carrying off a Seventh Impression, which had many Additions, more than any preceding: and the Publisher observing, that many persons desired to have it illustrated with Pictures, hath endeavoured to gratifie them therein; And, besides those that are ordinarily Printed to the fifth Impression, hath provided Thirteen Copper Cuts curiously Engraven for such as desire them.'

Of these cuts, which were sold for one shilling, nothing is known, unless they are the set of neat engravings inserted, four in a sheet, in Chandler

* *Life and Errors of John Dunton.*

and Wilson's edition of Bunyan's Works, 2 vols. folio, 1737, very fine impressions of which appeared in an early German translation, published in London, under which are the *English* verses; they are sixteen in number, but if the three 'that are ordinarily printed to the eighth impression' be deducted, the number then agrees with the advertisement. The whole of these designs were cut in wood, and with the verses were printed in the thirteenth edition.

This eighth edition looks as if it was printed with a Dutch type; sheet D, pp. 49-72, differs from the rest of the volume, and it is very singular, that in the two following editions the same difference is found in sheet D, which is a sharper type, and more closely printed.

Gay, in his *What-d'y-e-call it?* a farce, represents a man about to be shot, when a countryman offers him a book to pray by; he takes it, and says:—

'I will, I will.

'Lend me thy handkercher. [Reads and weeps.] "The Pilgrim's Pro—"

'I cannot see for tears! "Pro—Progress,"—Oh!

"The Pilgrim's Progress—eighth—edi-ti-on,
Lon-don—print-ed—for—Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton:

With new ad-di-tions never made before,"

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more!'

This farce was first acted in 1715, and proves that the 'Pilgrim' was then a most popular religious book. The late Mr Heber, and Mr Wilson, supposed that this referred, not to the eighth by Ponder, but to the *eighteenth* edition, which was printed for N. Boddington; but might it not more probably refer to the *eighth* edition of the 'Pilgrim,' Part II., which was printed by that celebrated publisher, a fine copy of which is in the Editor's collection?

There are two ninth editions, both bearing the imprint of N. Ponder; the first of these is dated 1683, 212 pages. A copy of this is in the Editor's library, and another in possession of L. Pocock, Esq., Montague Street. It has a different portrait, but the same woodcuts as the eighth, with the addition of Doubting Castle on p. 145, numbered 135.

Another and *distinct* edition is called the ninth, also by N. Ponder, with the same cuts as the last, on 212 pages, but with a different type; this bears the date of 1684. A copy is in the extensive library of Joshua Wilson, Esq., Highbury. On the back of the portrait there is the advertisement of the thirteen copper plates, in addition to those 'ordinarily printed to the eighth impression.'

The tenth edition, by Ponder, 1685, on 200 pages, is in the Editor's collection. In the title the name is spelt *Bunian*, but he signs the Apology as usual, *Bunyan*. This has the frontispiece and two woodcuts only; that of Doubting Castle is omitted. On the reverse of the title is this *Advertisement*:

The Pilgrims Progress from this World to that which is to come; The Second Part: delivered under the similitude of a *Dream*, wherein is set forth the Manner of the setting out of Christian's Wife and Children, their Dangerous Journey, And Safe Arrival at the desired Country, by *John Bunian*. *I have used Similitudes.*
Hos. 12. 10. Price One Shilling.

The eleventh edition was in 1688, as advertised at the end of 'The Water of Life.'

Twelfth, in the Editor's collection, dated 1689, also by Ponder.

The thirteenth edition has fourteen woodcuts, with the verses under each; the last of which affords a curious proof of the extreme carelessness

with which this popular work was published. This cut, in the former copies, represented the pilgrims triumphantly rising on the clouds to the Celestial City, attended by angels, with a crown over Christian, and under this was a suitable verse. Imagine this cut exchanged for one in which you see the two pilgrims in distress, wading through the river of death; one sinking in despair, the other standing firm, and holding his companion's chin above water; and you read, under this picture, the same verse that was placed under that of their triumphal ascent:—

'Now, now, look how the holy Pilgrims rise;
Clouds are their Chariots. Angels are their Guide.'

A more complete travesty could hardly have been devised.

Bunyan gives a hint, in the verses with which the First Part is concluded, of his intention to continue the allegory. This was not done until 1684, and the great popularity of his work induced unworthy men to publish continuations, intended to cheat the public into a belief that they came from the pen of Bunyan. He thus warns the public, in the verses prefixed to the Second Part:—

'Tis true, some have, of late, to Counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set;
Yea, others, half my name and Title too;
Have stitched to their Books, to make them do;
But yet they, by their *Features*, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose ere they are.'

No trace has been found of the book or books which appeared before 1684, under Bunyan's initials or half his name. The only counterfeit which has been discovered is in the library of the Baptist Mission House, wanting the frontispiece.* It was published under the following title:—'The SECOND PART of the *Pilgrims Progress*, from this present World of Wickedness and Misery to an eternity of Holiness and Felicity, exactly described under the similitude of a Dream, &c. *They were Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth*, Heb. xi. 13-16. *Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us*, Heb. xii. 7. London, for Thomas Malthus at the Sun in the Poultry 1683.' The frontispiece has two whole-length portraits, one sleeping with his head resting on his hand—both in clerical garb.

The author dedicates, with some pomp, his little work to Jehovah, and signs it T. S. There are two poems at the end of the volume by R. B., and the author's Apology for his Book. It is very probable, from this Apology, that the author was one of those who, when consulted about publishing Bunyan's First Part, said, 'No.' He calls Bunyan's volume 'a necessary and useful tract, which hath deservedly obtained such an universal esteem and commendation;' and he then destroys all his commendation by discovering a four-fold defect in that discourse: First, nothing is said of man in his first creation; second, nor of his misery in his lapsed state, before conversion; third, briefly passing over Divine goodness in reconciling sinners; and, fourthly, the reading of it occasioned, in vain and frothy minds, lightness and laughter.

Such carping criticism is utterly unworthy of comment. Bunyan finds his pilgrim fallen from his first creation into a state of misery, and under a sense of his danger, crying, 'What shall I do to be saved?' He unfolds, in multitudinous variety, instances of Divine goodness in reconciling sinners, and almost irresistibly leads his reader to accompany the poor pilgrim in his way to the celestial city, full of the solemnity of his heavenly calling.

* A perfect copy is also in the Editor's library.

Who the author of this *Pilgrim's Progress* is, it may be difficult to ascertain. He dreams that multitudes are dancing in the broad way to misery, and only two or three toiling on the narrow uphill path to happiness. He accounts for this, first, from infant baptism leading them to imagine that they are in the right path, and that no profaneness can prevent them attaining that eternal inheritance which they vainly imagine to be a right conferred upon them in their christening; secondly, they delight in sin; thirdly, preferring to go to hell with a multitude, rather than to heaven with a few; fourthly, because their reward is of merit, and not of gift; fifthly, 'many refuse the narrow way because of its simplicity: they must have their glorious colleges and splendid ministers, their beautiful quires, and raised altars, with hangings of arras and tapestry, furnished with the finest silver and gold of Ophir, a gaudy and pompous worship and musick to delight their spirits,' &c. He found these people dancing with mirth and jollity round a bottomless pit to the outcries and screeches of the damned, and playing with the flames of hell. One of these madmen becomes alarmed at the preaching of Boanerges, and Conscience and Judgment do their utmost to terrify him. Then comes Affection, and promises the poor penitent wings to fly above the clouds. Will huffs and hectors, and must have him leave off canting and whining; but after a long dialogue, Will consents to go on pilgrimage. They meet with Apollyon, and have other adventures: a poor, spiritless copy of the inimitable First Part by Bunyan. After passing more than half his pilgrimage, his old heart is taken out, and a new one given to him. Under the idea of a feast, where the guests are fed on dishes of gospel mysteries, sauced with eternity, the author states his peculiar notions. He at length arrives at the River; Faith and Hope support him; he is received by the Shining Ones, and enters the city. In all probability, this book never reached a second edition, being totally eclipsed by the real Second Part, in 1684.

The author of this forgery, in his Apology, refers to a custom among the Puritans of giving the mourners at a funeral a book instead of rings, gloves, wine, or biscuit. 'This,' he says, 'would prevent trifling discourse, as is too commonly used on such occasions. Among those few who have practised this, abundance of good hath been done by that means; and who knows, were it more generally used at our burials, what good might be effected thereby?'

At length, in 1684, Bunyan published the Second Part of his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in a similar volume to his first. It has 224 pages. For the use of a fine copy of this rare book, we are indebted to the kindness of the executors of the late Lea Wilson, Esq. In this volume seven pages are in a larger type than the rest, from p. 100 to 106 inclusive; p. 106 is numbered 120. It has only one cut—the dance round the head of Giant Despair. The next edition which we have been fortunate enough to obtain has a similar title to the first; it has no indication of what edition it is, but bears the date of 1687. These two editions were published by N. Ponder in the Poultry. The sixth edition appeared in 1693, by Ponder and Boddington, in Duck Lane; the seventh in 1696, by Ponder; the eighth by Boddington, in 1702; the ninth is by N. Boddington, at the Golden Ball, in Duck Lane, 1708.†

Since that time, innumerable editions have issued from the press; but before giving a short account of the most prominent of these, we must

* One of these books is the memorial of a most valuable Seventh-day Baptist: *The Last Legacy of Mr Joseph Dutton*, who departed this Life, February 16, 1704, being a Brief Account of the most Material Circumstances of his Life and Profession. Written by himself, and given at his Funeral to his Friends and Acquaintances, &c. Within a black border. Another book used for this purpose was Dr Bates's *Everlasting Rest of the Saints in Heaven*. My copy has, within a black border, 'In remembrance of Mrs Mary Cross, the late wife of Mr John Cross, &c. &c. This book she had a particular respect for; and therefore it is hoped it will by her Friends be more acceptable than *Gloves*.' It is bound in black, with a gilt skull and cross-bones on the cover. Another of these volumes was Dr Bates's *Four Last Things*, with his Portrait. On the title is printed, 'Recommended as proper to be given at Funerals.' Second edition, 1691. It is dedicated to Rachel Lady Russel. See the bookseller's advertisement, as to custom of giving a book at funerals.

† All these editions are in the Editor's library.

not forget an impudent forgery, called the Third Part of this popular allegory.

It was probably the intention of Bunyan to write a Third Part. Christian's four boys, with their wives and children, are represented as remaining to be a blessing to the church. He closes his Second Part with these words : ' Should it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it, an account of what I here am silent about ; meantime I bid my reader, *Adieu*.' His design might have been to display the difficulties of maintaining a course according to godliness in the busy scenes of life, among mechanics, tradesmen, and others. His death, in 1688, cut short his labours.

The extensive circulation of Bunyan's Works, and his extraordinary fame as an author, excited the cupidity of contemptible scribblers to forge his name to productions quite unworthy of his great natural and acquired talent. He had scarcely entered into rest, before a tract appeared, which might, from its title, have imposed upon those not well acquainted with his style of writing. It is a quarto tract, entitled, 'The Saint's Triumph, or The Glory of the Saints with Jesus Christ. Describing the joys and comforts a believer reaps in heaven, after his painful pilgrimage and sufferings on earth. With weighty encouragements to draw poor doubting Christians to Christ. Laying open the main lets and hindrances which keep them from him. With helps to recover God's favour. To which is added : The Glorious Resurrection in the last day, for them that sleep in Jesus Christ. Discoursed in a Divine ejaculation, by J. B. With a bold woodcut portrait of John Bunyan on the title-page. London Bridge, printed for J. Blare, at the Looking Glass, 1688.' Neither the style, nor sentiments, nor the use of Latin quotations, have the slightest similarity to our great author's works.

In a very few years there was published

The Pilgrim's Progress, &c., the Third Part—to which is added, The Life and Death of John Bunyan, Author of the First and Second Part : this completing the whole Progress.

This Third Part made its appearance in 1692 ; and although the title does not directly say that it was written by Bunyan, yet it was at first generally received as such. In 1695,* it reached a second edition, and a sixth in 1705. In 1708, it was denounced in the title to the seventh edition of the Second Part, by a 'Note, *the Third Part, suggested to be J. Bunyan's, is an imposture*.' It is surprising that so contemptible a production could for one moment have been received by the public as written by Bunyan. The late Rev. John Newton, in very happy language, asserts that 'a common hedge-stake deserves as much to be compared with Aaron's rod, which yielded blossoms and almonds, as this poor performance to be obtruded upon the world as the production of Bunyan.'† Dr Ryland justly observes, that 'when the anonymous scribbler of the Third Part of the Pilgrim's Progress tried to obtrude his stuff on the world as the production of Mr Bunyan, the cheat was soon discovered ; every Christian of taste could see the difference as easily as we can discern the superior excellence of a Raphael or a Titian from the productions of a common dauber : and we can as easily distinguish Bunyan from all other writers, as we can discern the difference between the finest cambric and a piece of hop-sacking.'‡ The author of this forgery is as yet unknown.

* The first edition is in the British Museum, but it has no title. The *Life* which is appended to it has the date 1692.

† Preface to the first edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with Mr Newton's *Notes*. 12mo, London, 1776. Many times reprinted.

‡ Preface to Bunyan's Works. 8vo, 1792.

A much more respectable attempt was recently made towards a Third Part, under the title of 'Pilgrims of the nineteenth century ; a continuation of the "Pilgrim's Progress," upon the plan projected by Mr Bunyan. Containing a history of a visit to the town of Toleration ; with an account of its charter, and a description of the principles and customs of its inhabitants. Under the similitude of a DREAM. By Joseph Ivimey. 1827.' The object of this volume is to show the advantages which resulted from the Act of Toleration, by the adventures of Christian's children ; but what they had to do with the nineteenth century may be difficult to ascertain. It is full of political allusions, and proclaims the author's peculiar sentiments. Bunyan's object was to win souls to Christ, under the influence of whose presence the most highly-liberal principles, both political and religious, will be fostered. Intolerance, fanaticism, and bigotry fly from the presence of the Saviour as naturally as the shades of night vanish before the rising sun. There is much valuable and interesting information in Mr Ivimey's volume to Protestant dissenters, but even that is much encumbered. He is so delighted with Toleration as almost to forget that it is only one step towards liberty. When Christianity shall have spread its genial influences over our rulers, all sects will be equally cherished in running the race of benevolence and charity ; then the burning of Christians for their obedience to God, or tolerating them to love and worship their Maker, according to the dictates of their consciences, but still compelling them to support what is in their conviction Anti-Christian, will be equally wondered at as gigantic grievances, and an intolerant abuse of governing powers.

For many years the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was continually printed on very ordinary paper, and innumerable were the copies that issued from the press ; the woodcuts, when worn out, were replaced by an inferior set. Each part was published separately, in the ordinary shilling chap-book form ; these are sometimes met with bound together, and forming a stout volume. Thus Part First, twenty-second edition, with new cuts, 1727, with Part Second, the thirteenth edition, with five cuts and a note, stating that the Third Part is an imposture ; and then Part Third, thirteenth edition, 1743. Another copy has Part First, the twenty-third edition, 1731 ; Part Second, the fourteenth edition, 1728 ; and Part Third, the Twelfth edition not dated. The first edition of the *Three Parts*, uniformly printed, which has fallen under our notice, is by J. Clarke, 1743 ; a MS. memorandum gives the price of the volume, 1s. 6d. The most wretched set of cuts are to an edition printed for D. Bunyan, in Fleet Street ; another, with similar cuts, is sold by J. Bunyan above the Monument, meaning higher up Fish Street Hill than where the Monument stands. In 1728 there appeared a handsome edition of the Two Parts, 'Adorned with curious sculptures by J. Sturt.' The editor of that edition states, that the former were printed for the poorer sort at a cheap rate [in a small type], so that many worthy Christians by age and infirmities were deprived of the benefit of it. This was duly weighed by persons of distinction and piety, who determined to have it handsomely printed, and they generously contributed, by large subscriptions, to secure its being a correct edition. In comparison with all that had preceded it, this shone forth an elegant 8vo volume, fit, at that period, to ornament any library or drawing-room. The engravings are from the old designs, and well executed. This was for many years considered to be the standard edition, and was frequently reprinted ; in 1775 two editions of this volume were published, after which that with Mason's *Notes* superseded it. Who the editor was is not known ; but this book very sadly abounds with gross errors. When Faithful joined Christian, in the conversation about the old man who offered Faithful his three daughters, the editor has altered it to 'one of them.' In Part II. p. 63, 'lines' is put for 'lions ;' another and very serious error occurs in the

catechising of James by Prudence ; she asks him, 'How doth God the Son save thee?' the answer and the next question is left out ; and it appears thus : 'By his *illumination*, by his *renovation*, and by his *preservation*.' The lines that were omitted are : '*James*. By his Righteousness, Death, and Blood, and Life. *Prud*. And how doth God the Holy Ghost save thee?' Mr Mason, in his edition with notes, took as his standard this erroneous copy, and put a note at the bottom of the page [69] :

(f) I cannot prevail on myself to let this part pass by, without making an observation. Mr Bunyan expresses himself very clear, and sound in the faith ; but here it is not so : for what is here ascribed to the Son, is rather the work of the Spirit ; and indeed the work of salvation effected by the Son of God is entirely left out. I am therefore inclined to think that here is a chasm, though not perhaps in the author's original work, but by its passing through later editions. It really seems defective here in the explanation of salvation by the distinct offices of the Holy Trinity.

In the next edition with Mason's *Notes*, he, having discovered his error, very properly inserted the missing lines, but as improperly continued his note reflecting upon Bunyan ; * and it was continued in many subsequent editions in which the text was correctly printed.

A line is omitted in Sturt's edition, Part II. p. 185, and in many subsequent ones. 'How were their eyes now filled with celestial visions,' should be, 'How were their ears now filled with heavenly noises and their eyes delighted with celestial visions.' But a more unaccountable error occurs in the First Part, p. 95, where Bunyan says 'the Brute † in his kind serves God far better than he' [Talkative], the printer has strangely altered the word 'Brute' for 'Brewer.' It is easier to account for an error in printing a missal in Paris, in the rubric of which should be, *Ici le prêtre ôtera sa calotte* (here the priest shall take off his cap) ; but in printing, the *a* was exchanged for *u* in *calotte* : the printer was ruined and the books burnt. It is quite impossible to notice all the errors ; they abound in almost every page of all these interesting editions. Some of these errors have been continued through nearly all the modern editions, with other serious alterations. Thus, when the pilgrims, in the Second Part, leave the Delectable Mountains, they in a song record the goodness of God in giving them, at proper distances, places of rest, 'Behold, how *fitly* are the stages set !' the word 'stages' is altered in many to 'tables ;' ‡ and in other editions to 'stables.' § When the pilgrims escape from Doubting Castle, they sing, 'Out of the way we went,' &c. ; one line of these verses is left out in all the modern editions—an omission which ought to have been seen and supplied, because all these songs throughout the volume are uniformly in stanzas of six lines. In Hopeful's account of his conversion, Bunyan says, 'I have committed sin enough in one duty to send me to hell ;' this is altered to 'one day.' || In the conversation with Ignorance Christian observes, 'When OUR thoughts of our hearts and ways agree with the Word ;' meaning when we sit in judgment upon our thoughts, and our opinion of our thoughts agrees with the Word : but the strength and meaning of this serious passage is lost by altering the words to 'when THE thoughts of our hearts,' &c. This alteration has been very generally, if not universally made. Another very extraordinary error has crept into many

* In possession of S. J. Button, Esq., Racquet Court ; of Mr Gammon, Bethnal Green ; and of the Editor. This singular note, by Mr Mason, is reprinted in an edition of which many thousand copies were sold, published by Plummer & Brewis, Love Lane, Eastcheap. 12mo, 1813.

† It is correct in the edition of 1728, of which Lord Ashburnham and the Editor have very fine copies.

‡ With Scott's *Notes* and Montgomery's *Essay*. Glasgow, by Collins.

§ Editions with Mason's *Notes*, and in the first with Sturt's *Plates*, 1728.

|| Sturt's edition, p. 167.

editions, and among them into the elegant copies printed by Southey, and that by the Art Union with the prints in oblong folio. It is in the conversation between Christian and Hopeful, about the robbery of Little Faith. Bunyan refers to four characters in Scripture who were notable champions, but who were very roughly handled by Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt; they made David (Ps. xxxviii.) groan, mourn, and roar. Heman and Hezekiah too, though champions in their day, had their coats soundly brushed by them. *Peter* would go try what he could do—they made him at last afraid of a sorry girl. Some editor not acquainted with Heman (see Ps. lxxxviii.), and not troubling himself to find who he was, changed the name to one much more common and familiar, and called him 'Haman.'* More recent editors, including Mr Southey and the Art Union probably conceiving that Haman, however exalted he was as a sinner, was not one of the Lord's champions in his day, changed the name to that of Mordecai.† A most unwarrantable and foolish alteration. In the Second Part,‡ 'This Vision' is put for 'This Visitor.' The marginal note 'The Light of the word' is changed to 'The Light of the World.'§ This error is perpetuated by Southey and others. A copy of Sturt's edition, with *every* error marked in the text, appears to be more covered with spots than a leopard's skin.

This wondrous Dream has been translated into nearly all the languages of the world. To Mr Doe's enumeration of one hundred thousand copies in English having been circulated in the life of the author, must be added all the editions in North America. There were then also translations into French, Flemish, Dutch, Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish; and, since then, it has been read by the Christian Hebrews in the holy city, Jerusalem, in their own language, without points; and probably beside the waters of Jordan and Tiberias; and far may it spread!|| It has also been translated into Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Danish, German, Estonian, Armenian, Burmese, Singhalese, Orissa, Hindoostanee; Bengalee, by Dr Carey, 8vo, Serampore, 1821; Tamil, Marathi, Canarese, Gujaratti, Malay, Arabic, in a handsome 8vo volume, with woodcuts, printed at Malta; Romaic,¶ Samoan, Tahitian, Pichuana, Bechuana, Malagasy, New Zealand.** And in Dr Adam Clarke's library was a copy in Latin, entitled *Peregrinatus Progressus*, a J. Bunyan Lat. edit. a Gul. Massey, 4to. A copy of the Welsh translation, published before Bunyan's decease, but which had not come to his knowledge, is in the library of Miss Atherton of Kersell Cell, near Manchester. That lady, not understanding the Welsh language, most readily and kindly furnished me with some particulars of this rare volume, extracted in Welsh; and it appears that the title-page exactly follows the English editions. The preface is signed S. H. It has the marginal notes and references. Licensed by R. Midgley, 23rd of November 1687. Printed in London by J. Richardson, 12mo, 1687, the 10th of January. 'The translator advises such as desire to learn to read Welsh to buy the *Primer* and *Almanack* of Mr Thomas Jones, because the letters and syllables are in them.' The late Mr Thomas Rodd informed me that he possessed a copy in Welsh, translated by Thomas Jones, published in 1699, small 8vo. The Dutch edition was very neatly printed, with superior cuts, †Utrecht, by Jan van Paddenburgh, 1684.

* Editions by Birds & Co., Edinburgh, 8vo; Mosley, Gainsborough, 1792, &c.; London, with Newton's *Notes*, 1776; and by D. Bunyan, 1768.

† It occurs also in an edition by Hodson and Deighton, London, 1792.

‡ Sturt's edition, p. 9. § P. 178.

|| *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1844. It is in a small 12mo, the price of which is 6s.

¶ Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Romaic, by S. J. Bilson 8vo, Melitæ, 1824. Brit. Mus. Addl. Books.

** See *Lists by Tract Society*, in *Report*, 1847; and in *The Pilgrim*, a tract. Also, copies in possession of the Editor.

The French translation is a neat pocket volume, with copper-plates, very superior to any embellishments in the early English copies, Amsterdam, chez Boekholt, 1685. The frontispiece represents our pilgrim with his burden on his shoulders, knocking at the wicket-gate. The title is *Voyage d'un Chrestien vers l'Eternité*, par Monsieur Bunjan F.M. en Bedford. The 'Lecteur ami' comprises fourteen pages. In it he describes

'The author of this book, Mr John Bunyan, is, at this time, an upright and faithful minister at Bedford, in England—a man of unexampled piety and devotion; such an one as Demetrius, of whom John speaks in his 3rd Epistle and 12th verse. Every one bears witness that, in this little volume, and in his other works, appear a manifest and peculiar wisdom, very great experience, and a penetrating sight into spiritual things. The design of our author is simply to present a *penitent soul seeking God on his journey towards Eternity*. How he turns from his former state of perdition, leaves his home, and sets his steps towards the Jerusalem on high; his adventures by the way; his view of those that choose for themselves bypaths that lead to hell; we doubt not but that some, in turning over these leaves, will read their own experience ingeniously drawn out, and their own portrait placed before their eyes, as if they saw themselves in a glass. The Christian traveller, the true citizen of Zion, is skilfully portrayed to the life. If a hypocritical professor should have his eyes illuminated, he will here see himself under another name than that of Christian—his foolish imaginations overthrown—his hopes perish, and all his expectations swept away like a cobweb. If any one judge that this mode of writing is not sufficiently solemn for such spiritual matters, and doubt the propriety of representing them as a dream and under such images, they should recollect that our author was unintentionally led to this manner of writing, and found himself very much embarrassed as to the propriety of publishing it to the world; and did not venture to print it until persuaded by many learned and pious men. Our Bunyan wrote allegorically, in the hopes that Divine truth might reach the very depths of the heart. Many great theologians have treated the most important truths in the same figurative manner, following the footsteps of our great and sovereign Rabbi Jesus Christ, who taught by similitudes, as also the prophets were constrained by the Holy Spirit to speak. Oh that our readers may find themselves to be true citizens of Zion, with their feet in the Royal Highway, that they may be fortified, consoled, and instructed; and, if convinced of backsliding, may return to the paths of peace, to love King Jesus, the Lord of the Hill. And may many take our Christian by the skirt of his robe, and say, We will go with thee. May it arrest the attention of the Flemings as it has that of the English, among whom, in a very few years, it has been printed many times.'

This interesting preface, which we have somewhat abridged, ends with a quotation from Acts xx. 32.

Bunyan's language is so purely English, his style so colloquial, his names and titles so full of meaning, that it must have been a most difficult book to translate. This is seen on turning to the fifth question put by Prudence, on the Pilgrim's arrival at the Palace Beautiful.

'*Pru.* Et qui est ce, je te prie, que te rend si désireux de la montagne de Sion?
'*Chres.* Quoy, demandes tu cela? O mon Dieu! comme le cerf brâme apres le décours des eaux fraisches, ainsi mon cœur * désire apres toy le Dieu, le Grand Dieu vivant. C'est là où j'attends de voir en vie celui que je vis autrefois mort, et pendu sur la croix; c'est là où j'espère d'être une fois déchargé de toutes ces choses, qui me causent tant de peine, tant de douleur, tant de dommage, & m'en ont causé jusques à ce jour icy; c'est là, a ce qu'on ma dit, qu'il n'y aura plus de mort; c'est là où je jouiray d'une compagnie, a laquelle je prendray le plus grand plaisir. Car, pour te dire la vérité, je l'aime; voire

'Je t'aimeray en toute obeissance.

Tante que vivray, O mon Dieu, ma puissance.

* Uniformly spelt, in this book, *cœur*.

Je dis, je l'aime, à cause qu'il a illuminé les yeux obscurcis de mon entendement par une lumière divine, procédée des rayons du soleil de sa grace, lumière qui m'a servi de guide pour me conduire en ce chemin ; mais aussi je l'aime, pource qu'il ma déchargé de mon fardeau : & je me trouve las à cause de mon mal intérieur ; ah que mon cœur soupire après ce lieu, où je serai délivré de mourir ; après cette compagnie, où l'on chantera à jamais, saint, saint, saint, est l'Eternal des armées.'

The answer in English is one hundred and two words ; in French, extending to two hundred and twenty.

The Slough of Despond is called *Le Bourbier Méfiance* ; Worldly-Wiseman, *Sage Mondain* ; Faithful, *Loyal* ; Talkative, *Grand Jaseur* ; Pick-thank, *Flatteur* ; My Old Lord Letchery, *Mon vieux Seigneur Assez Bon* ; No-good, *Vautrien* ; Live-loose, *Vivan Mort* ; Hate-light, *Grand Haineux* ; Bye-ends, *Autrefin*. The poetry would have seriously puzzled the worthy translator ; but instead of attempting it, he supplies its place from French psalms or hymns. The copper-plates are rather fine specimens of drawing and engraving. Sweeping the room at the Interpreter's house, and Attempting to awake the Sleepers on the Enchanted Ground, are new designs.*

There is a copy in the British Museum somewhat modernised, Rotterdam, 1722 ;† and a very handsome edition, with plates by an eminent Dutch engraver, printed at Rotterdam, 1757 :‡ and one with woodcuts, 12mo, Basle, 1728§ &c. &c. These are French Protestant translations ; besides which, there have been many editions of a Roman Catholic translation into French. This is greatly abridged, and, of course, Giant Pope is omitted ; and so is the remark about Peter being afraid of a sorry girl. They are very neat pocket volumes, printed in Paris, 1783 ; at Rouen, 1821, &c. &c., entitled, *Le Pèlerinage d'un Nommé Chrétien Traduit de L'Anglois*. In the preface, the Roman Catholic translator calls the English nation *judicieuse et éclairée*. The Editor bought a copy of this book in a convent in France. The lady-abbess assured him that it was a most excellent work to promote piety and virtue !—a sentence which first led him to the discovery that the old lady had a remarkably sweet voice.

Dr Cheever accounts thus for the extensive popularity of our 'Pilgrim':—

'It is a piece of rich tapestry, in which, with the Word of God before him as his original and guide, and with all these heavenly materials tinged in the deep feelings of his own converted heart, he wove into one beautiful picture the spiritual scenery and thrilling events of his own journey as a Christian pilgrim. It is all fresh and graphic from his own experience, vivid with real life, freshly portrayed from the Word of God ; nor can you tell that Bunyan was of any sect, save that he was a living member of the Church of Christ.'

This work has afforded the deepest interest to the painter ; and it has also excited the poet to sing our Pilgrim's adventures, both in rhyme and blank verse. The ornamental embellishments were at first good woodcuts for a chap-book,|| faithful copies of which will be found in this edition ; these dwindled down, in succeeding editions, to the cheapest and most contemptible cuts that can be conceived. The worst of these is in an edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' by a namesake of the author, Mr D. Bunyan. The next series were the copper-plates to Sturt's edition ; fine impressions of these designs are found, four on a page, in the first complete edition of Bunyan's Works, 1737. Since then, many beautiful

* A fine copy is in the library of S. J. Button, Esq., Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

† British Museum, 1113, b.

‡ In possession of Mr Thornton, The Cottage, Clapham Common.

§ A fine copy in possession of the Editor.

|| Books sold by hawkers.

sets of engravings have been published in the editions by Heptinstall and Scott, between 1788 and 1793, the most beautiful being a series of sixteen elegant designs by Stothard, engraved by Strut.* These were reduced, and published in 4to, with Sonnets by George Townsend, *Prebendary of Durham*. Thus, at length, we find that Bishop Bunyan keeps company with other dignitaries. Twenty-four original outlines were published by Mrs Mackenzie; and a set of very beautiful engravings, with a valuable letterpress accompaniment by J. Conder. The edition by Southey is elegantly illustrated. The Art Union has favoured the public with a series of illustrations in oblong folio, some of which, however elegantly designed, would probably puzzle even the keen, penetrating eye of Bunyan to discover what work they were intended to illustrate.† A more serious defect is observable in this oblong edition. Bunyan's terms are considered as too vulgar, and two of his words are exchanged for the more polite term of 'harlot';‡ while, on the corner of page 36, an indecent cut is exhibited! The *Introduction* and *Life of Bunyan*, by Godwin and Pocock, are well written and handsomely illustrated. A similar series of outline engravings to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' by the daughter of a British Admiral, were given to the subscribers to the Sailors' Home in Well Street, London. They were on tinted paper, the same size as those by the Art Union, but very inferior both in design and engraving. A large sheet of beautiful woodcuts was lately published by that eminent artist, Thomas Gilks. The most elegant edition for a drawing-room or library that has been published is one just finished, by Mr Bogue. It is not only a correct text, but is rich in illustrative woodcuts and borders, and has a deeply-interesting Memoir of Bunyan, from the pen of Dr Cheever.

In 1844, a very handsome edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was published in folio, on fine paper, for purposes of illustration. It has a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. Thomas Scott.

* Sturt and Strut were men of a different era.

† The meeting of Christian and Faithful, one of them with a crucifix; the destruction of By-ends, &c.

‡ See page 47.

APPENDIX III.

APPENDIX

III.

VERSIONS, COMMENTS, AND IMITATIONS OF THE 'PILGRIM.'

THE earliest poetical attempts to promote the circulation of the 'Pilgrim' is of the First Part, done into verse by Francis Hoffman, printed by R. Tookey, 1706. Not only is the prose versified, but he has, according to his taste, versified Bunyan's verse. Thus, the long controversy as to the propriety of publishing the work, in Hoffman's verses, is—

'One Part said, Print it; others it decry'd;
Some said, it would do good, which some denied:
I, seeing them divided to Extreams,
Could from them hope no Favour but the Flames;
Resolving, since Two Parties could not do't,
Being Third my-self, to give the casting Vote,
And have it printed.'

It has a smart hit at occasional conformity. Thus Apollyon says—

'Tis with professors, now in Fashion grown,
T' espouse his cause a while to serve their own;
Come, with me go occasionally back,
Rather than a preferment lose, or lack.*

Judging from these and other specimens, it is not surprising that the work was never republished. It has some woodcuts, and is very rare.† Many attempts have been made to render Bunyan's 'Pilgrim' a popular work in poetry, but all have failed. The most respectable is by J. S. Dodd, M.D., 8vo, Dublin, 1795. This is in blank verse, and with good engravings; it has also an index, and all the passages of Scripture given at length: not only those that are directly referred to, but also a number of others which might have suggested ideas to the author that he embodied in his work. The notes are well written, and short. They were reprinted, without acknowledgment, in an edition of the 'Pilgrim,' in three parts, published by Macgowan: London, 1822.

George Burder, the well-known author of the *Village Sermons*, published, in 1804, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part the First, versified, which passed through several large editions, and was much used in Sunday-schools; it has woodcuts. A very handsome edition of this has been

* Page 60.

† A perfect copy in the library of W. B. Gurney, Esq.; and another in the library of Lord Ashburnham. Mr Pickering has one without the translator's name: this is merely a new title, probably to make the rhyme pass as Bunyan's. It is referred to by Mr Southey in his *Life of Bunyan*, p. xcvi.

lately published, with the Second Part, by the author of *Scripture Truths in Verse*, and is profusely ornamented with woodcuts. T. Dibdin also published Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' metrically condensed, in six cantos. This embraces only the First Part. The author claims having kept the simplicity of the original, and a rigid observance of every doctrine enforcing the certainty of the one only road to safety and salvation.* The late Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, published *Bunyan explained to a Child*, being pictures and poems founded upon the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' two very neat and interesting little volumes, each containing fifty cuts.†

Dr Adam Clarke considered that our Pilgrim might be more read by a certain class if published as an epic poem.

'The whole body of the dialogue and description might be preserved perfect and entire; and the task would not be difficult, as the work has the complete form of an epic poem, the versification alone excepted. But a poet, and a poet only, can do this work, and such a poet, too, as is experimentally acquainted with the work of God on his own soul. I subscribe to the opinion of Mr Addison, that, had J. Bunyan lived in the time of the primitive fathers, he would have been as great a father as any of them.'‡

A lady who wrote under the initials, C. C. V. G., has recently made the attempt, and she does not appear to have been aware that Dr Dodd had gone over the same ground. It is a highly respectable production, divided into six cantos, but includes only the First Part.

The Pilgrim's Progress Versified. By the Rev. W. E. Hume, B.A.
2 vols. fcp. 8vo, 1844-5.

In this poetic attempt, each part is divided into six cantos. At the first glance, it appeared more like a parody than a serious effort to convey the sense; but the author seems to be in earnest. A very few lines will show the poetic talent which is displayed. The pilgrim about to start:

'Trembling he was, and tears I well could track,
Till broke he forth, and cried, "What shall I do, alack!"'

On Ignorance arriving at the gates of the Celestial City,

'They told the King, but down he would not run.'

The First Part ends thus:

'The way to hell, from gate of heaven, was there,
E'en as from Ruin's town. I woke—had dream'd, declare.'

A Free Poetic Version of the First Part of the Pilgrim's Progress. In Ten Books. By J. B. Drayton. With a Memoir, and Notes selected and abridged from the Rev. T. Scott. 12mo, Cheltenham. No date.

This first appeared under the title of *Poetic Sketches from Bunyan*, fcp. 8vo, 1821. 'To tempt those who slight the original as a coarse and illiterate production to give it a perusal, and they will find that its merits are of the highest order—conceived in the true spirit of poetry—like a rude but luxuriant wilderness.' The

* Post 8vo, Harding & King, 1834.

† Post 8vo, London, 1835.

‡ Postscript to a *Life of Bunyan*, 1844.

Christian's burden is called 'a sordid pest.' His description of the Interpreter will give an idea of Mr Drayton's style :

' Meek was his mein,
 Yet fiery keen,
 The ordeal inquest of his eye,
 And blent with hoary majesty,
 A stately wand he bore ;
 But, ere he taught his mystic lore,
 He asked the Pilgrim's late abode,
 His errand, and his destined road.'

When Christian met the men running from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, his inquiry is anything but poetic—

' Hold ! What's the Damage ?'

Little interest has been excited by these endeavours to versify the 'Pilgrim.' All the attempts to improve Bunyan are miserable failures ; it is like holding up a rushlight to increase the beauty of the moon when in its full radiance. His fine old vernacular colloquial English may be modernized and spoiled, but cannot be improved. The expression used to denote how hard the last lock in Doubting Castle 'went,' may grate upon a polite ear, but it has a deep meaning that should warn us of entering by-path meadows.

Bunyan's poetry, interspersed throughout the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' displays the perpetual bent of the writer's mind. No show, no attempt at parade, all his object is to fix truth upon the conscience ; and some of his homely rhymes ought never to be forgotten. The impression made in childhood 'sticks like burs.' Who that has once read the lay of the Shepherd's boy will ever forget the useful lesson ?

' He that is down need fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.'

Mr Burder of Coventry divided the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part I. into twenty, and Part II. into fifteen chapters, with short notes at the end of each ; * it has been several times republished ; but this innovation was not well received.

Numerous have been the editions with notes, to illustrate the author's meaning, by men of some eminence ; but Montgomery's beautiful description at once shows that, doctrinally or experimentally considered, they are not needed. 'Bunyan's allegory is so perfect, that, like the light, whilst revealing through its colourless and undistorting medium every object, yet is itself concealed.'

A Key to the Pilgrim's Progress ; designed to assist the admirers of that excellent book to read it with understanding and profit, as well as pleasing entertainment. By Andronicus.

This contains some useful information ; it passed through two editions in 1797.

* Brit Mus. 113, b.; Editor's library.

A Course of Lectures Illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress, delivered at the Tabernacle, Haverford West. By Daniel Warr. 8vo, 1825.

These lectures, twenty in number, embrace only the First Part. They proved acceptable to those who heard them, and were published by subscription. Nine hundred and twenty-eight copies were subscribed for at 8s. each.

Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of Bunyan. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., of New York.

This is the work of one of Bunyan's kindred spirits. If there was any foundation for the Chinese theory of the transmigration of souls, one might imagine that Bunyan had been again permitted to visit the Church on earth, in the person of Dr Cheever. The numerous editions of these lectures which have been sold on both sides of the Atlantic has proved how acceptable a work it is ; to give its beauties would be to copy the whole ; they that have read it will read it again and again with renewed pleasure. They who have not read it may safely anticipate a choice literary treat.

Attempts to explain the spiritual meaning of such a writer have sometimes deserved the reproof contained in the following anecdote :—‘A late eminent and venerated clergyman,* published an edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim,† which he accompanied with expository notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Some time afterwards the poor man was met by the clergyman, who inquired, “Well, have you read the Pilgrim's Progress?” The reply was, “Yes, sir.” It was further asked, “Do you think you understand it?” “O yes, sir,” was the answer, with this somewhat unexpected addition, “And I hope before long I shall understand the notes!””‡ Still there can be no doubt but that notes from other of Bunyan's treatises, and from eminent authors, must be highly illustrative and interesting.

The ‘Pilgrim's Progress’ has also been abridged. One of the early publications of the Tract Society was the ‘Pilgrim's Progress, Part the First,’ divided upon Mr Burder's plan, into twenty chapters. It is in eight Parts, at 1½d. each, with a recommendation that the children should find the texts referred to, and repeat them when convenient ; it has a woodcut to each Part.

An Extract of the Pilgrim's Progress, Two Parts, divided into chapters, 12mo, Dublin. For the Methodist Book-room, 1810. Price 3s. 3d.

This contains nearly the whole : Giants Pagan and Pope are excluded, so also are the fiend's whispering evil thoughts into the Pilgrim's ears. Christiana speaks of her *old* husband instead of her *good* husband. The narrative is injured by the omissions and alterations.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan ; abridged for the use of schools. By J. Townsend. With a Sketch of the Author's Life.

This little book was extensively circulated, especially in Sunday Schools.

* Thomas Scott, author of the *Commentary on the Bible*, and other valuable works. Sir James Stephen, in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, says of Thomas Scott—‘He died neglected, if not despised, by the hierarchy of the Church of England ; although in him she lost a teacher, weighed against whom the most reverend, right reverend, very reverend, and venerable personages, if all thrown together into the opposing scale, would at once have kicked the beam.’—Vol. ii. p. 123.

† 12mo, with Plates. Coventry, 1797.

‡ Pritchard's *Life of Twimey*, p. 139.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.

A miniature abridgment, with cuts, title printed in gold on a blue-glazed paper, the edges gilt, has been lately selling in the streets of London for 1*d.* each!

A strange attempt was made by Joshua Gilpin, rector of Wrockwardine, Shropshire, in 1811, to fit Bunyan with a modern and fashionable suit of clothes, and under the tuition of a *petit maitre*, train him for elegant drawing-room company. How odd an idea to dress Bunyan *à-la-mode*, place him in an elegant party, chill him with ices, and torment his soul with the badinage of a *Mrs Perkin's Ball*. It was entitled 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; in which the phraseology of the author is *somewhat improved*, some of his obscurities elucidated, and some of his redundancies done away.' A handsome 8vo volume, 1811. Mr Gilpin complains that the Pilgrim's defects are conspicuous and offensive, but gives no specimens of them. Instead of Faithful telling Christian the common feeling against Pliable, in plain English, 'O, they say, Hang him, he is a turn-coat; he was not true to his profession;' Mr Gilpin prefers, 'They tauntingly say, that he was not true to his profession.' And as to the unfashionably pointed remarks by the Interpreter, that a Christian profession, without regeneration, is like a tree whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be *tinder* for the devil's *tinder-box*;^{*} this is too bad to be mended, and is, therefore, struck out altogether. The public did not encourage Mr Gilpin's metamorphoses, and the book is forgotten. In the following year Mr Gilpin published, anonymously, *The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God*. It was intended for the instruction of his children. It is free from sectarianism and slander; being the adventures of two young Pilgrims, who become ministers. The whole of the plot is taken from Bunyan; is a pious imitation, but, like many others, it is even now forgotten.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the attempts which have been made to copy Bunyan's allegory. A few of them deserve notice. One of these was an impudent forgery. It was under the title of

The Progress of the Pilgrim, in Two Parts. Written by way of a Dream. Adorned with several new pictures. Ho. xii. 10, *I have used similitudes*. London, by J. Blare, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge, 1705.

In this, which is published as an original work, Evangelist is called Good-news; Worldly-wiseman, Mr Politic Worldly; Legality, Mr Law-do; The Interpreter, Director; The Palace Beautiful, Grace's Hall; Giant Desperation of Diffident Castle; Mr Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid are called, One Much-cast-down, and his kinsman, Almost Overcome. Whoever was employed in stealing this literary property, and disguising the stolen goods, appears to have been a Roman Catholic; he omits Giant Pope; and Faithful, called Fidelius, is hanged, drawn, and quartered, that being the punishment inflicted on the Roman Catholics by Elizabeth and James I.

Bugg's *Pilgrim's Progress from Quakerism to Christianity*. 4to, and 8vo, 1698.

The author had been a Quaker, but conformed, and attacked his old friends with great vituperation. It is not allegorical.

^{*} P. 245.

Desiderius; or, the Original Pilgrim. By L. Howell, M.A.

This was written in Spanish, and has been published in Latin, Italian, French, Dutch, and German. Mr Howell says in the preface, 'I am assured that Mr Royston, the bookseller, very well knew that Dr Patrick took his pilgrim from it.' It is the mode by which a gentleman curbed his passions, and became a good church-going man, and qualified himself (p. 124) to trust in God. It was not published in English until 1717.

The Young Man's Guide through the wilderness of this world to the heavenly Canaan: showing him how to carry himself Christian-like, the whole course of his life. By Thomas Gouge. 1719; small 8vo.

This is a valuable work, but not allegorical.

The Statesman's Progress, or a Pilgrimage to Greatness; delivered under the similitude of a dream, wherein are discovered, The manner of his setting out, his dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the desired country; with the manner of his acting when he came there. By JOHN BUNYAN. With a Latin quotation from Horace. London, printed, and Dublin reprinted in the year 1741. 8vo.

This is a shrewd attack upon Sir Robert Walpole, one of the most corrupt of English statesmen, just before his final fall. It was he that said 'every man had his price,' and who attacked Mr Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, on his youth; exciting a reply which must be admired to the latest age. This Pilgrimage represents Walpole under the name of BADMAN, on his course to Greatness Hall, where grew the golden pippins. He is introduced to Queen Vice, behind whose throne stood Death with ropes, axes, and daggers in his hand. Badman attains his object, has possession of the golden fruit, and by its aid exercises absolute sway. The allegory is kept up with great spirit.

Our readers need not be reminded that Bunyan's name was used because he was the prince of allegorists, in the same way that Homer's name would have been used if it had been a poem, or Juvenal, had it been a satire in verse. It is of great rarity; the account is taken from a copy in the Editor's library.

The celebrity of Bunyan led to another impudent forgery, in a pamphlet entitled, *The advantages and disadvantages of the Marriage State, as entered into with religious or irreligious persons, delivered under the similitude of a DREAM.* With notes explanatory and improving. By J. B * * * N, Minister of the Gospel. The sixth edition, with addition of new cuts. Bosworth; Printed by Robert Grinley, for the author, 1775. The frontispiece is the Sleeping Portrait on the Lion's Den, with skull and cross bones; above are the Pilgrim with his burden, and the Wicket Gate; under this is inscribed John Bunyan of Bedford. It was impudent enough to publish this for the author in 1775, Bunyan having died in 1688.

The Spanish Pilgrim; or an admirable discovery of a Romish Catholic.*

A tract to show the easiest way to invade Spain.

The Pilgrim; or, a Picture of Life. By a Chinese Philosopher, 2 vols. by Johnston.†

A caricature, exhibiting English manners, in the reign of George III., through a distorted medium.

* British Museum, 1103, e.

† King's Library, British Museum, 245, f. 7.

The New Pilgrims; or, the Pious Indian Convert, containing a faithful account of Flattain Gelashenin, a heathen who was baptized into the Christian Faith by the name of George James, and by that means brought from the darkness of Paganism to the light of the Gospel, of which he afterwards became an able and worthy minister; and the wonderful things which he saw in a vision. London, 12mo, 1748.

A Voyage through Hell, by the Invincible Man of War, Captain Single-Eye. 8vo, 1770.

This is a very curious allegory; part of the crew demur to signing the articles because they are Unitarian. The mob who see the ship sail abuse the Captain. After many adventures, she arrives in hell, and the crew and officers are tried; all the Unitarians are acquitted, and sail on to heaven, but all the Trinitarians enter into eternal torment. This volume is very rare.

Shrubsole's Christian Memoirs; or, New Pilgrimage to the Heavenly Jerusalem. 1777; republished 1799, and in 1807.

This was supposed to contain allusions to certain persons of some note, and was for a time a popular book.

The Female Pilgrim; or the travels of Hephzibah, a description of her Native Country, with the State of the Inhabitants thereof. By John Mitchell.

This contains some account of the religious state of this country in the latter end of the reign of George III.; it has plates, and passed through several editions. The author states, that he has not been influenced by malice to those persons whose characters he has drawn as odious!

A second Pilgrim's Progress from the town of Deceit to the kingdom of Glory. By Philalethes. 8vo, 1790.

This is an allegory, but not a dream. It is the adventures of Wake-heart, who gets to glory.

The Progress of the Pilgrim, Good Intent, in Jacobinical Times. By Miss Anne Burgess, of the Vale of Honiton.

This was, for a time, very popular, and went through as many as seven editions at least, in the years 1800 and 1801: it arose out of the French Revolution, and was intended to counteract republican principles, and free inquiries into practices called religious. It has some witty passages, and a tender attachment to the crown and mitre. It represents philosophy as having for its father Lucifer; and its mother Nonsense!† That the mitre assumes no control. Lawful government and church establishments are venerable, and to be admired and supported; that the rights of man teach plunder and robbery; that those who oppose the church, as by law established, seek to promote atheism. The authoress invents a she-devil, called Mental Energy, who invites men to destruction, by thinking for themselves.

It must have required the aid of some church wealth and influence to have pushed this book into circulation; it is now nearly forgotten.‡

The Sailor Pilgrim; in Two Parts. By R. Hawker, D.D. 1806.

This passed through several editions, and was a valuable means of awakening seafaring men to the importance of religion. It abounds with interesting anecdotes.

* Page 63.

† In the Editor's library. First Edition, 1800, and Seventh Edition, 1801.

Zion's Pilgrim. 1808.

This, and *Zion's Warrior*, by the same author, are full of anecdotes, useful in their day. They are not allegorical.

The Travels of Humanias in search of the Temple of Happiness. An allegory. By William Lucas. 12mo, 1809.

The Prodigal's Pilgrimage into a far Country, and back to his Father's House; in fourteen stages. By Thomas Jones, Curate of Creaton. 1825.

This is the adventures and return of the prodigal, founded on the parable in Luke xv., but is not allegorical.*

The Sojourn of a Sceptic in the Land of Darkness, to the City of Strongholds, in the Similitude of a Dream. Edinburgh, 1847.

The prose and poetry in this volume are equally contemptible ;

‘Who follow lies they love (that walk or crawl),
A lie, at last, to ruin may pursue ;
Who swallow greasy camels, hump and all,
A gnat may scandalize, and strangle too.’†

This is one of those books which, in the words of Porson, ‘will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.’

The Great Journey, a Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the living God.

This is an unassuming little book, which the author calls, a borrowed ray from the ‘Pilgrim's Progress.’ It is neatly ornamented with cuts. A desirable present to the young.

The most beautiful ray from the ‘Pilgrim's Progress,’ which has reached us, is from the pen of that elegant writer, Dr Cheever of New York. It is *The Hill Difficulty*, or *The Jewish Pilgrim's Progress, The Plains of Ease*, and other allegories. It has, in addition, some extremely interesting papers. Unfortunately it has not been reprinted in England, but what is worse is, that parts of the volume, leaving out the most beautiful, and selecting those that suited a certain purpose, have been printed under the title of Dr Cheever's *Hill Difficulty*—a forgery exceedingly vexatious to an author of such high repute. It is hoped that some honest publisher will favour us with an accurate and cheap reprint of this instructive allegory. A part left out in the first chapter of the London edition refers to a controversy which has for some time agitated this country, even to the calling forth of a decision in the House of Lords. It is an attempt to get over the Hill Difficulty without trouble ; it is thus narrated :

‘There has been constructed there a great balloon, to avoid climbing, named Baptismal Regeneration, in which, by an ingenious chemical use of a little font of water, a very subtle light gas was manufactured to fill the balloon ; and then the adventurers, having been made to inhale the same gas, stepped into a car to which the balloon was attached, and were carried along quite swiftly. These adventurers all lost their lives in the end, unless they got out of the car, and took to the real pilgrimage. Still the patentees insisted upon this being the only way to salvation.’ He goes on with great humour to show that the Pope was the original patentee.

* British Museum.

† Page 113.

THE END.

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